Along the
MISSION TRAIL

In Japan

18996

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Along the Mission Trail

The Buddha of Kamakura

Along the Mission Trail

V. In Japan

By

BRUNO HAGSPIEL, S.V.D.

WITHDRAWN

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Foreword

It is by no means an easy thing, during a comparatively short sojourn in a foreign country like Japan, to form a ready judgment which shall at one and the same time be sufficiently correct and comprehensive to meet all demands; and the feat is the more difficult when it comes to the matter of making a satisfactory appraisal of the missionary situation in Japan, *as the most emphatic consideration for such a report.*

But I am convinced that the writer of the present volume has accomplished just this, that is, in so far as it possibly could be accomplished as a result of observation and study carried on under restrictions of time and opportunity which had to be yielded to in the present instance.

During Father Hagspiel's visit to Japan, I am personally aware that he embraced every least opportunity to look about him with an open eye, to enter into personal and conversational touch with missionaries and other, highly representative, persons, all over the land. He listened to the narratives of numerous workers of various nationalities, who were engaged in multifarious enterprises; he himself plunged into the very heart of our mission life, as it were, associated himself with our labors, our problems, and our hopes and fears. Thus he came upon the REALITY of our mission situation, at first hand; and he has succeeded well in setting just this forth, in its true light. It is in this manner that his book about Japan and the Japanese mission has come into being; and it is in this manner that a book has been produced of the sort

of which, it is the writer's humble opinion, we have all too few in our Catholic English literature.

In the pleasing dress of a missionary travelog, we are given a very vivid and lucid picture of the land and of the life lived in it, and, finally, of the new mission *life, the seeds at least of which are being everywhere sown and are, quietly and unobtrusively, taking root, here, and everywhere, without much noise of comment being made about it at the present time. Indeed, in perusing the pages to follow, the reader will feel as though actually transported into our* missionary midst; *and the author has rendered this impression the more vivid by inserting, now and again, in delightfully opportune ways, little touches of spiritual reflection and meditation that greatly enhance the work and make it truly* missionary *in character.*

Therefore, not only American and English readers, but every missionary in Japan also, will be most pleasingly and helpfully allured and affected by the entire narration, and especially by the spirit of warm sympathy and rapport *which is breathed forth from every line of the book. It is said that one comes to know a man thoroughly only by living with him in his home, and by observing him in the midst of his family circle. This is precisely what the author of this volume has done with regard to Japan and those to whom the spiritual charge of Japan has been given over. He has entered within the inner family circle, as it were, and has, in so far as time permitted, penetrated to the deepest "family" secrets. He has taken a personal interest in us, — that is, in Japan, Japanese, and Japan's mission messengers, — has, it would seem, come to the conclusion that the Japanese people deserve all the fellowship and sympathy that their predominant traits and characteristics have truly earned them from mankind at large. He has come to see them as they are — as a people*

with decidedly amiable characteristics and noble qualities and as a people who, once become Catholic, would be worthy to be looked upon as a most lustrous racial gem in the diadem and firmament of Christ our King.

One more, rather novel, truth the book reveals — the fact that the Japanese and the American people are really bound to become dependent, one upon the other. It is true that an ocean does not separate but rather unites peoples; but unless the fact *is discovered in time, grave issues are liable to ensue. On the other hand, it is almost equally true that, among the civilized nations of the earth, perhaps no two could be found so utterly different as to historical development, racial proclivities, outlooks, habits of thought, and the like, — yes, diametrically opposed in many of these things; and even geographically speaking, the two nations represent Farthest East and Farthest West. Yet it is but an instance where extremes must meet and harmonize, for the sake of the full development and salvation of either one and of both. And as a matter of fact, Japan has already accepted so much of American civilization, and is so constantly appropriating more and more, and assimilating as she goes, all that she really takes, that we must look upon it as certain that she will never long rest in any lack of* understanding *of her Western neighbor. Therefore, let the politics of the nations (God grant it!) but become a little more conciliatory, and a little more* reasonable. *Then, by mutual and indispensable association, work and growth together, these peoples will come truly to KNOW each other, to set aside all hostile competition, and to derive ever greater and greater profits, both materially and spiritually, because of the fact.*

If one stops to consider that in Eastern Asia, including the islands of Japan and the Indian peninsula, one half of all the people of the world dwell today, and that it is

Japan in their midst that is taking the leading rôle in the modern pageant, in the ocean stream of the nations (whether one considers the matter from a purely political or from cultural standpoints), then will come this realization, as the author himself emphasizes, that the importance of the Japanese mission is paramount. *Ah, — and if so, how much more should be done by Westerners to see to it that this Japanese mission fully succeeds! O God, what would not a Christian and Catholic Japan mean for the entire range of the future of Holy Church!*

Nagoya, Japan, May 28, 1927

Joseph Reiners, S.V.D.,
Prefect Apostolic of Nagoya.

Introduction

This volume is the fifth and last of those proposed as comprising the travelog series which was inaugurated under the general title, *Along the Mission Trail.* It contains an account of the experiences and impressions gained during what was the last of a number of visitations made to the mission fields of the Society of the Divine Word, on which visitations it had been the author's great privilege to accompany the Father Superior General, of the Society of the Divine Word, the Very Reverend William Gier, S.V.D.

And what differences, in mission life, mission needs, mission methods, and mission experiences had been come upon! First there had been the Philippines, ostensibly a great Catholic people and country established in the very heart, as it were, of the pagan Orient and Far East (including the South Seas). Next came the East Indies, with its infinitely varied mixture of Malay and Indian cultures, influenced on the one side and then on the other by Hindu, Mohammedan, Dutch, and finally, sheer primitive traits and dispositions. Then there were the further island regions of New Guinea and the South Seas, with cultures almost totally primitive when not greatly depraved for what is *worse than primitive.* In time came six-months' sojourn in China, in the midst of an ancient culture that had all but stagnated and was now turned in revolt upon itself, stirred up by the incentives which Western civilization had engendered. And finally, here Japan, how like in some respects, yet how utterly different from all the rest: Japan, an Oriental nation also, with an Oriental culture; yet a nation which has come to be not only one

of the most progressive nations in the Far East, but also, in some sense, in the world of modern civilization, although it has succeeded to a remarkable degree in retaining the essential characteristics of its ancient identity, in all ways of essential character, social, and religious life.

And just because of Japan's tenacious and self-contented hold on the past, especially in regard to religious customs, practices, and outlooks, both the country and the people attract the special interest of students of missionary life and work. Here is a country where missionary activities, as such, seem as yet to be almost wholly thwarted, yet where the introduction of Christianity if once really received for its intrinsic spiritual worth rather than its outward effects, would surely work the most far-reaching results that can be imagined toward the salvation of the world.

So the great question for missionaries in Japan is: How shall we break down the ancient barriers against the reception of Christ and His Holy Church?

For the author personally, the tour in the country was most beneficent in this, that it completely overturned former impressions and prejudices concerning the hopelessness of ever truly reaching these wonderful people and actually *touching* them with the "balm of Gilead" which Christ Our Lord brings to the healing of all nations. Of course the realization was not lacking that HIS healing message was for all, and was bound eventually to be accepted by all; yet there was a feeling of the gravest doubt as to the possibility of ever, at least in this our present age, gripping these people with the fire that keeps alight the torch of Faith in Christendom.

But as has been stated, this prejudicial sense of things was completely overturned. The charm and beauty of the land, passing all description, and the wonderfully attrac-

Idyllic Summer Scene in Japan

Miyajima: An Unusual Picture of the Famous Torii on the Inland Sea, Showing a Girl and Two Stone Lanterns in the Foreground, with an Overhanging Pine Tree, and in the Distance a Sailing Vessel

A Typical Japanese Mother, with Baby Carried in the Usual Fashion

tive characteristics of the natives — their grace, courteousness, marvelous intelligence, and wonderful faculties of adaptation — brought the conviction that this people would be brought in the not too distant future to cast to one side the already unsatisfactory results of a too materialistic culture, and to seek to lay hold on certain spiritual foundations which would insure to them those things that they most treasure through the channels of art, beauty, affection, order, wholesome refinement, and an ultimate claim upon truly eternal values. And so it comes about that the main desideratum in writing this final volume has been to bring before Catholic readers the full force of circumstances and reasons which have personally caused this change of front concerning the Japanese. Therefore, if the book succeeds, even in some slight degree, in winning converts to FAITH IN THE JAPANESE, the task will presumably have been fully justified.

Techny, Illinois, May 26, 1927 B. H.

CHAPTER I

The Land of Hidden Destiny

Departure from China — Japan in reminiscence — Topography and climate — Weather and soil — Historical sketch — The night before arrival.

With mingled feelings of joy and sadness, hope, expectation, and above all, vivid, quickened interest, I paced the deck of the S.S. *Empress of Russia*. It was the 'darkest hour before the dawn' on that early morning of February 26, and we were floating on the bosom of the Yellow Sea. Shanghai, the great seaport of China, lay behind us; and Japan, the land of the missioners' prayers, was drawing nearer with each throb of the mighty engine.

Japan! How my heart leaped at the very name, and, on the wings of imagination, flew far ahead to contemplate what in reality we were going to experience at first hand — the customs, the beauty, and the charm, that, like a rosy mist, folds round this land of culture!

On our way to the Philippiness, the first prospective of our missionary tour, we had paid a fleeting visit to the lovely Japanese Islands, just long enough to whet our interest and increase our desire to spend a more leisurely time in this country of song and story.

It all came back to me as I strained my eyes, looking across the darkness of the rolling water. With what concern I had gazed upon the miniature stores, houses, and vehicles! I could still sense the strange feeling that came over me when I rode in the small rickshaw with its human runner; and I could see the narrow streets and the narrow roads, built for rickshaw comfort.

I remembered the cheerful, smiling countenances and the courteous manners of the people; and the tiny houses, open to the street, with rows of sandals at each threshold.

I had seen the Holy Mount of Japan in a glow of golden glory — a bright sheen that seemed to me like a symbol of God's grace falling on this privileged nation.

I had visited Shinto shrines, a Chinese pagoda, and some Buddhist temples, and had noted the close hold Buddha exerted on the Japanese.

"Hail, O Buddha of Boundless Light and Life!" is the confession of their faith — a prayer which, according to their belief, is sure to bring them eternal bliss.

I had seen a huge Buddha in every temple that I had visited in Kobe, — sometimes standing, sometimes sitting, his eyes in a far-away, mystical gaze, as though looking into another world.

I had met and been warmly welcomed by some of my brethren, had partaken of the hospitality of Monsignor Reiners; the Fathers of the Paris Mission Society, Father Heck, the Jesuit Fathers (who had among their faculty a native Japanese priest), and others. I had the great happiness of saying Holy Mass in churches rich in memories, and of visiting Catholic schools and institutions.

Father General and I had been inexpressibly cheered by the statement of a veteran missionary, Father Walter, who told us of most encouraging conditions concerning the hope of Japan's embracing the Faith. His assertion was based on a number of reasons. He spoke of the increasingly favorable disposition of the government; of the realization of the importance of diplomatic embassies at the Vatican; of the object lesson of religious strength during the war; of the sale of Catholic literature; of the result of the quiet, persistent work of the Brothers and Sisters; of the fact that, nowadays, Japan comes often in

close touch with the Vatican; the formation of the Catholic Young Men's Association; and finally, of the increase of vocations for the priesthood and religious life.

All these things had been crowded into the compass of a few days. Was it any wonder, then, that we yearned for more — that we longed to probe deeper, and at greater length and leisure, into the conditions, especially those that are of most interest to the Catholic priest?

The lights of Shanghai had faded away. The great ship seemed alone on the mighty deep.

As I stood on the cold deck with my face toward the Land of the Rising Sun, like a huge map I fancied its outline spread before me — a chain of islands lying east of Siberia and China and stretching between the Tropic of Cancer and 50 degrees north — a chain of islands so bright with color and so sparkling with cleanliness that poets have compared it to a necklace of jewels or a garland of blossoms.

In reality these islands form the topmost ridge of a gigantic mountain chain whose base rests in the unfathomed depths of the ocean.

The principal features of the great upheaval prove its relation to the mainland of Asia. The long, undulating crest even forms the advance border of eastern Asia. The ocean between Korea and Japan is so shallow that a comparatively slight convulsion would permit a path of dry land between the two countries.

As one might picture, there is a great length of coastline, — so great that, when compared with the area of the empire, a ratio of one mile of coast to nine square miles of land is established. This line, often deeply indented, affords many good harbors, most of them confined to the Pacific Ocean.

A Typical Conceit of Japanese Artistry

A Chrysanthemum Show in Japan, the Home of the Chrysanthemum

The abundance of fish, which for centuries has been a staple food of the Japanese, as well as these fine facilities for landing, has given rise to a large fishing industry and reared a sturdy race of sea-faring men.

Nature's aspects in Japan are filled with variety. There is the wildest grandeur and there is also the most surpassing beauty. There are among her mountains active volcanoes that spurt forth fire and lava; the fearful tidal wave sweeps in from the ocean; the typhoon rages; the land trembles; great rains in summer and autumn cause landslides and inundations along the coast; the tides and winds vary, and the shores are lined with cruel rocks, some above and some beneath the water. These things give rise to fear, especially among those superstitiously inclined.

But the reverse side, the glory of Nature, outdazzles her passing gloom. The wonderful vegetation, the beauty of the landscape, the clarity of the atmosphere, and the variety of the climate, bring joy and peace to the spirit. The sea and the changing wind cool the heat of summer; and the *Kuro Shiwo*, the gulf-stream of the Pacific, lessens the winter's cold. Many people rarely see ice over an inch thick, or snow more than a day old.

The climate of Japan varies more than that of any other country of equal area in the whole world, and that by very reason of its contour and situation. Its northernmost islands extend somewhat beyond 50° longitude and its southernmost, somewhat below 22°, while the principal island, Honshu, lies very largely south of 40°, or in the same latitudinal region or below that of southern Italy. The climate in general is, nevertheless, very much harsher than that of southern Italy: it is given, on the whole, to longer winters and shorter summers, although the summers are very hot. But the mere extension of the country

through so many climatic regions renders any *general* description of the climate well-nigh impossible. In the extreme north there is sub-arctic winter; in the extreme south, sub-tropical summer.

In some portions of Japan frequenty thronged with tourists there is much rain, with a prevalence of sea fogs and mists; and this is so much the case as sometimes to cause bitter disappointment to the visitor. But on the other hand, there are beautiful days, days with clear blue skies and shining water, that far surpass any misty uncertainties that pass for fine weather in Great Britain.

Then the huge vertebrae of mountains that runs through the principal islands works many varieties of atmospheric change within comparatively short distances. One side of a mountain may be drenched with rain and fog while the other is all sunshine and brightness. And these principal changes in Nature, both as to topography and weather, seem to exert some little modifying influences on the character of the people. But the Japanese love pilgrimages, and to be abroad generally; and now that the railroads form a network running in every direction across the country, whatever marked changes there may have been between people on different sides of mountain heights, or in northern or southern regions, has largely been obliterated. Yet, taking the Japanese as a whole, and not by way of making contrasts between them, we can see how country and clime has molded them. Adding to the great natural contrasts of weather, from one part of the country to another, whether the changes come from longitude or the separation of the mountain ridges, the fact that the Japanese live mostly in frail houses of paper and wood, and that these dwellings are subject to quick and complete destruction by fire, and must, therefore, often be rebuilt, renders it little surprising to find here a people

full of life, and impressionable as well as artistic, also stoical, persevering, and — fatalistic.

Three fourths of the country is untillable by reason of the mountainous regions which form the backbone of the country; and this scarcity of cultivable land has done much in developing the resourceful energies of the inhabitants.

No place inland is far from the mountains, and all are within call of the sea. Among the crags and peaks and grassy slopes are many exquisite bits of scenery; and each particularly lovely landscape has its presiding deity in whose honor a shrine is erected. The number of these places of worship is amazing.

Among the towering upheavals there are about two hundred volcanoes, of which one hundred are still active, the eruptions sometimes causing distressing damage and loss of life.

The most beautiful of the apparently extinct volcanoes is the huge cone-shaped peak, Mt. Fuji San, the Matchless Mountain. It rises to the majestic height of 12,400 feet, and for the greater part of the year its mighty summit is snow-capped. This great mountain is specially loved by the Japanese. Poets sing of its beauty in musical rhyme and glowing word-picture. Artists depict its glory when the sun's rays kiss its snowy purity; and from the white peak smile crimson, purple, and gold, gradually melting into the softer shades of rose, lavender, and mauve. Its glory, told and sung and painted over and over and over, seems never to grow old, but always to be filled with a newer and more vital interest. Truly it is a matchless mountain.

During the two months of summer, when the peak is accessible, a constant stream of thousands of white-robed pilgrims journey to its summit to worship the mountain deity. They must be white-clad, as proof of the purity of

heart and purpose they desire; otherwise they could expect no return from the pagan god.

As a compensation for the disastrous volcanoes, in Japan there are many hot springs and mineral springs. Among the mountains are hundreds of these, which, because of their medicinal qualities and ease of access, are much frequented. The Japanese people are very cleanly, and the daily hot bath is considered a necessity among the better class. Knowing this, we may readily understand the appreciation and constant use of these natural means of ablution.

Though so much of the land is uncultivable, the natives make good use of the remaining portion. Moreover, the flora is very prolific. Many of our own most cherished blossoms come originally from Japan, — for instance, the Easter lilies, the chrysanthemums, and many of our most beautiful evergreens; and we in the United States are every year importing and introducing more and more Japanese flowers into our gardens, and procuring more and more seeds.

There is also the wonderful grandeur of the rivers. As these flow from the mountains into the ocean, the distance being comparatively short, they are mostly raging torrents too fierce for ordinary navigation, though they are often traversed on rafts which thus relieve much of the congestion of road traffic. After a storm or the melting of snow, these streams swell into mighty floods whose deltas open into the ocean a half-mile or more in width.

Formerly a shrine was erected to the river god, and here the peasantry came in the spring of the year to implore his patronage, in order that their unprotected rice fields and mulberry plantations might be spared against the floods of autumn.

The waterfalls, in variety and beauty, are unsurpassed. Liquid silver tumbles from the mountain, catching the sparkle of diamonds, and changes to shining gold, irradiant emerald, or flowing azure, before it reaches its ultimate destination.

One of the most widely known is the Cascade of Kegon, which falls in one unbroken column to its rocky base, 250 feet below. This large waterfall is famous — or, should I use the word *famous*, in consideration of the number of suicides that have taken place there? During one month, in 1908, one hundred and eighty young students ended their lives in the Cascade of Kegon.

These facts that I had read and heard, and some of which I had learned during my former brief visit, lay very vividly before me, lighting the darkness with their realism. Then my mind wandered to a consideration of the government.

The form of government in Japan is an hereditary and constitutional monarchy, very ancient and very modern. It is ancient because of the fact that the same dynasty has reigned since the foundation of the empire in 660 B. C. (according to the Chronicles of Japan), the present emperor being the 123rd descendant of Emperor Jimmu. His name is Yoshihito. He succeeded his father, Mutsuhito, on July 31, 1912.

The imperial heads of the country have no family name, as they are supposed to be directly descended from the Sun Goddess.

We may think this strange belief a tradition of the past, but in reality it seems to be a fully developed creed and one which offers a great obstacle of the conversion of Japan, as the emperor is ranked higher than any other being, — even God.

The prehistoric period of the empire may be said to extend from 660 B. C. to 400 or 500 A. D. The early historic period extends from 400 A. D. to 671; then comes the Fujiwara Era (673 to 1155 A. D.); then the Feudal Era (1155 to 1866); and finally the Meiji or present era, the modern age, beginning with the Restoration in 1868, culminating in the proclamation of the present Constitution in 1890.

For many years the country had no legal code, being governed only by the moral law and custom. The first legislative period commenced with the reign of Kotoku (645 A. D.); and while the Emperor Mommu occupied the throne (701—703), certain supplementary measures were enacted in the code, which, with some further modifications, remained in force until the time of the Restoration.

At this time intercourse with the different nations and study of the laws governing these countries seemed to emphasize the necessity of having a legal system more in keeping with their present position. Consequently, aided by foreign lawmakers, they began the task, and after twenty years completed the working out of renewed and efficient legislation. These new laws include six special codes: the Constitution, the civil code, the criminal code, the commercial code, the code of civil procedure, and the code of criminal procedure. The emperor employs several ministers for the administration of state affairs, and is also assisted by a privy council. He shares his legislative powers with two large bodies of parliament: the Chamber of Peers and the Chamber of Deputies.

The Japanese are intensely loyal to their government and its head. Patriotism, to them, is a cardinal virtue — a virtue peculiarly emphasized by their worship of the emperor. Extreme sensitiveness concerning this national honor, as well as resentmenet of sharp remarks of for-

Young Orphans of Urakami during a Repast

A Bird's-eye View of Nagasaki from Osuwa Temple

eigners, is also a marked characteristic. And though they love beauty and heroism, and are easily moved by pathos and loyalty, yet from their earliest childhood they are taught to repress and hide their feelings. Their manner is charming and their words and actions full of courtesy.

Their reverence for the dead is another notable feature. The spirits of their departed are supposed to be always with them; and this notion constitutes one of the strongest feelings of the race. Love of country, brotherly love, family love, and loyalty are based on this powerful emotion; and with their clannishness they retain the feudal spirit of the past.

This is the outline of the empire; these, the thoughts that thronged my mind. I was eager to tread the land before me, to make more real the facts by actual contact with them. Yet, with it all I felt I must cry out,

'O Japan, with all your dower of charm and beauty, of intelligence and wisdom, of every creature comfort to cheer and rejuvenate jaded human nature, there is one thing, the one great thing that surpasses all others, that you are leaving out of your plan of existence, — Christianity. Is it any wonder that my spirit sinks when I contemplate the fact that, among your sixty million people, there are but eighty thousand who know and love and worship the true God?'

The sky was filled with storm-torn clouds; but the friendly moon, gliding around the tattered edges, sent down, now and again, a silvery gleam.

'How like the land of the missioners' hope,' I mused, 'the fact of her entire Christianization seemingly as far away as the orb of night, but, please God, just as sure as her rays that kiss the water.'

The calm of the darkness invited rest; but before I sought my couch, my heart went up in gratitude and pleading. Oh, there were so many reasons for offering thanks! God had given me the Faith for which martyrs unnumbered had laid down their lives; He had raised me to His holy priesthood; He had brought me here where I so longed to be for His honor and glory, — where I so longed to be able to do something, to gain something, for His glorious cause! I was coming into the land of martyr's blood and tears and prayers, — I was coming to Japan. It seemed most salutary to pray here, to beg the blessing of the Crucified on His wandering sheep, to beseech the gift of faith for those who were walking in darkness, and to ask the grace of courage and perseverance for those who were laboring among the darkened souls, — laboring even as had the Master of old.

Then, even when my head was on the pillow, before my closed eyes again appeared the beautiful country where I had spent so fleeting a time on my journey out; and, insistently, my prayer went on:

'Pour down Thy grace, O God; these souls *must* be gathered for Thee, for Thee!'

Sleep, however, soon stole softly over me; but in my dreams a Church of the true God confronted my vision, — a Church as mighty as the Fuji San, — and before its altars Japanese priests were celebrating the sacred mysteries.

In the morning, after the happiness of Holy Mass (at which time I again laid my petitions before my Savior), we immediately sat down to breakfast. Breakfast over, we hastened on deck.

The scene had very greatly changed. Though it was daylight, the sun struggled through heavy clouds, and the water had become rough, — too rough for pleasure

in walking. Our *constitutional* was in consequence not very sure-footed, so we turned to the reading of our breviaries, and after, spoke of the experiences that possibly lay just before us.

Time dragged on till the dinner hour came. Then an appetizing meal was served; but after we had eaten, the water became so rough that our cabin appealed to us as the most comfortable place to be in; and in its seclusion we remained until the next morning.

CHAPTER II

The Christian Lore of Nagasaki

Nagasaki the focusing point of Catholic thought in Japan — Clerical greetings and hospitality — the Cathedral — A trip to Urakami, center of Christian life: the schools, the church, the rectory — The pastor and his relics — Return to Nagasaki: its general situation — The port and shipbuilding — Business center — Nagasaki a health resort — Treasures bestowed and received — The Suwa Shrine.

The stars were sprinkling the heavens when, about four o'clock in the morning, we anchored in the harbor of Nagasaki. Here we were delayed. Quarantine and the tedium of passport examinations detained us over four hours.

It seemed very trying to wait quietly until the formalities were completed, for our desires were rushing ahead of us, over the choppy waters and up the distant shore where we beheld paper lanterns flickering here and there. Nevertheless, it is evident that there must be law and order in these things: I realized that readily enough. So, calmly, deliberately, and to us *slowly*, the examinations went on.

I quelled my impatience as best I could; and as the light grew stronger, I was able to look about, marvel at, and admire, the wonderful harbor.

It is, I think, the most beautiful entrance to a country that I have ever seen. Enclosed on three sides by mountains, and sheltered on the entrance side by numerous small islands, it forms one of the safest as well as one

of the finest and most imporatnt, harbors of Japan. Its shores, deeply indented with bays, rise upward in soft curving slopes to thickly wooded heights. It was February; but I could easily imagine these shores in summer attire, with their swelling slopes clad in the velvet of flower-spangled green, and rising gradually until merged in the verdure of the leafy hills.

I gazed, and as I gazed, I dwelt in thought upon what I had learned of the harbor and of the town itself.

It is the first port of entry for ships coming from the south or west to Japan, and it is the port of departure for China, Australia, and other overseas places. It is famous as one of the oldest harbors of the empire, having been open to foreign commerce since the sixteenth century.

Previous to that time the city of Nagasaki (which lies at the head of an inlet about three miles long and varying from one half of a mile to a mile in width) was a small, almost unknown village. It then became the principal settlement of native Christians, also a mart for Spanish and Portuguese trade, and rapidly rose to prominence. Even after the suppression of Christianity and the exclusion and expulsion of all Occidentals save the people of Holland, it continued to be known and recognized as the only place where foreign commerce, in the hands of the Dutch and Chinese, was tolerated.

I thought of all the ships that had come in and gone out during that *long-ago* — ships bringing missionaries fired with zeal and flaming with enthusiasm, and ships carrying away the exiled and with them the sadness of heavy hearts. How their tears must have mingled with the very waters of this bay; how their sighs and prayers must have pierced the very atmosphere of this place!

While my thoughts were still with those heroic ones long gone to their reward, a restless movement recalled

the fact that I had been standing on deck for an unconscionably long time. I looked at my watch: the hands pointed to 8.30. But at that precise moment there was a stir of relief among the passengers of the great ship. We were free. Well, we were surely ready to leave the steamer. It did not take us long to board a launch; and on this little boat we speedily approached the shore — the longed-for shore of Japan.

Among the many awaiting the landing of friends or relatives, it almost seemed as though there must be, somehow, at least one welcoming smile for us. And it was so; for in the next moment, as it were, we found ourselves shaking hands in our American way with our good friend, Bishop Combaz, who in his kindness had come in person to meet and greet us. We thought his patience must have been somewhat tried, as he had been required to wait a full hour for our landing.

After the greetings were over, the Bishop, without further ado, conducted us to his cathedral, the *Église De La Decouverte,* which is not far distant from the docks. Here Father General and I immediately said Mass, Father General having the happiness of celebrating before that famous statue of the Blessed Virgin which served to answer one of the questions of the Urakami Christians, on the notable day of their arrival at the church, during the eighteen-sixties. The missionaries, having come to the country after it had been closed to Christian ministration for more than two hundred years, proved to these native faithful, by their devotion to the Mother of God, that the doctrine they taught was identical with that taught, long, long before, by the noble Xavier.

After Mass a fine breakfast was served; and then, as we were eager to see all we could in the time allotted to us, the Father Procurator took us to Urakami, a journey

The Catholic Mission Church and Seminary at Nagasaki

The Catholic Church at Urakami

The Apostolic School at Urakami

Bright Star Commercial School, Osaka

by street-car of about twenty minutes' duration. We found there a regular native village *Christianized* (as our Reverend Guide informed us); and we were not a little pleased to find ourselves saluted from all sides in real Japanese fashion. The town rejoices in about seven thousand Christians, and on Sundays the church is filled at three different times to its fullest capacity. Here also is situated the Apostolic School.

This latter institution is conducted by a community of the Brothers of Mary, members of a French Order who came to Japan to engage in educational work in 1887. Though the Brothers have been teaching in Japan since that time, the Apostolic School was not opened until 1910. Through a realization of the importance and the efficacy of native instructors, this unique institution specializes in preparing the young Japanese to *carry on* for Christ's kingdom. The students, according to their talents or desires, are fitted to enter the seminary, to become brothers, catechists, teachers, or to return to their villages as better informed and Christian citizens, able to define and live up to the truths of Catholicity and to influence many for good by the example of their lives. The Brothers, having a small farm which helps to supply their table, and relying on the generosity of almsgiving friends for other necessities, have made tuition and board free in this school. Nor do the walls of the school bound their interest in, and solicitude for, the pupils so dear to them. They follow them through their various vocations, with kindly advice and Christian zeal, striving to facilitate their labors, lighten their trials, minimize their dangers, and to have a care for their general welfare. Truly, their work is one of great value to the Master.

The Father Procurator next took us to visit and inspect the rectory. The pastor, a kind and genial person,

spoke lovingly of his flock; and we enjoyed a most pleasant chat with him. Among many interesting things he showed us were some relics of olden times. I noticed especially two square, metal, medallions: one was of the flagellation of the Savior, and on it every attending feature of the suffering, even to each strand of the rope, was closely defined; the other was of the Immaculate Virgin. Then there were two engravings: one, of the Infant Jesus, between His Mother and St. Ann; the other, of the Madonna and her Child. I noted, besides, a discipline, whose hard, knotted ends must have caused exquisite pain to the flesh; several round medallions (one of Pope Gregory XIV); and some old wooden beads. These relics brought back vividly the first days of the Faith in the empire, together with the memory of the Church's apostolic laborers, the responsive zeal they won from converts, and the love and truth they inculcated, and finally, the persecutions and pain and darkness that followed.

Next, we visited the "Asile." This is a school about five minutes' walk distant from the church: it is in charge of native Sisters. Here we found an interesting kindergarten, sewing classes, etc. The little tots smiled a welcome from shining dark eyes, and greeted us in their native courteous manner. They were all squatted on mats in Japanese fashion, some conning their books, some trying with small fingers to overcome the difficulties of a stiff, clumsy needle, some reciting their lessons, and so on. Passing from one class-room to another was rendered very easy by the simplicity with which paper-screen walls were removed.

These little children were so sweet and simple, with their oval faces, their deep creamy skin, their smiling lips, their friendly attitude, and their fragrant cleanliness, that

I looked upon them with a heart full of yearning, and thought,

'What beautiful, beautiful buds! Please God, they will blossom into flowers of perfect Christian charity, scenting the whole empire with the perfume of their Catholicity and their virtues.'

We were loath to leave them; and in their shy, innocent way, they showed that they would be glad to have us remain longer. But time was passing, and we were reminded that we had promised to return to Nagasaki in time for the noon-day meal. I could not, however, resist speaking a few words in parting, saying,

'God bless you, my children. Always remember that you are His precious, precious darlings; and with this memory do you keep your white souls as pure and beautiful as they are today.'

Then we bade them a reluctant adieu, and the little ones bowed down to the matted floor in farewell.

After leaving the "Asile," we had to hurry, taking the car again and arriving in Nagasaki just at the dinner hour. We had the pleasure, at this meal, of meeting and becoming acquainted with all the Fathers; and each seemed to vie with the others in making us feel welcome among them. The director of the seminary was especially kind. Naturally his work (that of educating and preparing native boys for the priesthood) was very near to our hearts. He spoke feelingly of the first poor seminary in Nagasaki, instituted more than half a century before, when the missionaries who had been so long banished returned to teach God's word.

They resolved then to train some native youths for Holy Orders. But feeling was bitter against Christianity, and it was realized that the young lives, as well as their own, might be made to pay the penalty. Undaunted, however,

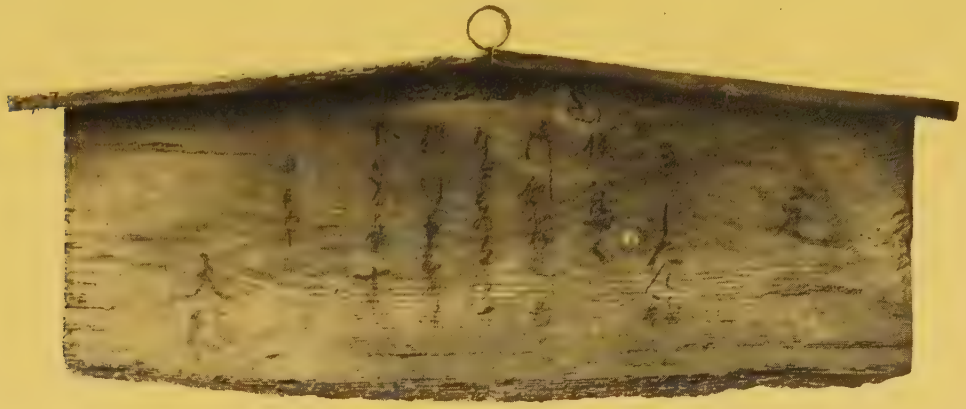
the zealous priests prepared a hidden room, — a low chamber under the roof of the house in which they dwelt, — to serve as a place of educational training for the Lord's chosen ministers. This secret place was dedicated on the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1865. Hence it received the name of the Hall of the Immaculate Conception. The great work was started with three carefully selected, gifted young men whose desire was to be of spiritual service to their fellow countrymen. And this was the beginning of the seminary of Nagasaki.

"At present," the good Father told us, "the number of boys in the seminary is fifty-odd — fifty Japanese, who hope, one day, to be priests of God."

It was with a great deal of interest that we followed him through the building laid out for this purpose. We were taken, first, to visit the dormitories; and there we found bare sleeping quarters. Next, we went to the study hall — the real workshop. All the students were squatted on mats before their low desks; but they rose at our entrance and saluted us with the customary Japanese courtesy. There seemed to be an ardent earnestness in the bright young faces, smiling with us; and we felt ourselves hoping great things for these studious youths. We paused for but a moment, and after receiving and returning a parting low bow from the class, turned to peep into the dining room. Here again bareness and poor furnishings were pathetically evident. Indeed, through the entire tour of inspection, the thing that moved us most forcefully was the impression of dire poverty everywhere.

In his own room the priest gave us much valuable information on the condition of Catholicity and Christianity in Japan, and concerning the apparently unsatisfactory effects of the Fathers' work among the Japanese pagans. Because success is very slow in showing itself,

The Twenty-six Holy Martyrs of Japan



An Old Japanese Sign-board upon Which the Following Edict against Christians Is Printed: "The evil sect known as 'the Christians' is strictly forbidden. Suspected persons must be denounced to the authorities. Reward will be paid."

despite all their efforts, the priests eventually come to be disheartened and to feel that their labors are all for naught. To offset this state of affairs, the bishop keeps changing them from one place to another. After particularly discouraging experiences in their missions, he often sends them to old Christian districts where they will be sure to find earnest faith and a quick response to their efforts and their teachings. This responsiveness soon brings its own cheer; and the priests become filled with fresh courage, and ready with renewed zeal to labor again, even in what had previously seemed to be unfruitful fields. But changes of this kind are possible only in the Nagasaki diocese, where there are many Catholic settlements and most of these established from olden times. In many of the other dioceses or prefectures of Japan discouragement lays an even heavier hand on the apostolic workers, for the very fact that there are not the possibilities for so many refreshing changes.

The good Father continued his remarks, treating of the bad health of the Japanese in general. There seems to be some latent weakness among them, that makes them unfit for long and hard study. Perhaps it is the confinement; perhaps, the close application. Very many suffer from lung trouble. Fifty seminarians had been ordained, thus far, the Bishop informed us; but out of the fifty, only thirty were at the time living. They do not seem to wear long in the ministry. Evidently seminary and priestly life is too rigorous for them.

Finally, there was a discussion over the miserable question of salaries. The Fathers now receive scarcely more than eight hundred francs, which equals practically one hundred dollars in American money in gold, per annum. Yet, with the greatest economy and self-denial, at least thirty yen per month is necessary to keep soul and

body together. This amounts to about one hundred and eighty-three dollars a year. The catechists and teachers expect at least thirty-six yen (approximately eighteen dollars) a month. It is a pity that mere lack of money, often spent foolishly and lavishly, should become a detriment to the spread of Christianity. But alas, such is the fact.

Of course the most interesting things in the city of Nagasaki were, to us, those connected with our dear religion. We could not help experiencing, even during our short visit, the effects of the spirit of Christianity, which, under the zealous guidance of the Bishop and his devoted clergy, exists very noticeably in this favored place. Not only does it exist; but it still retains all the freshness of that *long-ago,* when St. Francis first brought its consolations to the Japanese.

But the city has its quota of other interests as well.

The dwellings of its 180,000 inhabitants lie along the shores, climbing with the rolling ground up the steep, wooded slopes. Its water-front is a half-mile in length, and the hills beyond form sites for many beautiful villas.

It contains the largest shipbuilding plant in the East, the Mitsu-Bishi Dockyards and Engine Works, which gives employment to no less than ten thousand people. It has also one of the best coal fields — the Takashima Colliery — in that part of the world, its great coal seam extending even under the sea.

The principal industries of the town are the manufacture of engines and engine building (that is, the making of special engines, and reconstruction work). Among its main exports are coal, rice, flour, camphor, and tobacco.

One, to me, unique feature of the port of Nagasaki was the coaling of ships by men, women, and children, who passed baskets from hand to hand with amazing dexterity and rapidity, they being meanwhile covered

(until one would think both clothing and features almost unrecognizable) with soot and fine coal-dust. They seemed to know no fatigue (yet individual records show sad tales to the contrary), but with mechanical regularity of action kept on and on. The transfer of coal from lighters into a ship's bunker is accomplished by these *human derricks* with a speed that is scarcely to be imagined.

Pictures of this peculiar industry would be very interesting, and one might wish for a camera to carry away the strange scene. But photographing or sketching is not permitted there, for the reason that Nagasaki and the vicinity belong to a fortified district. One must needs trust to memory and the aptitude (if he have any) for transferring his mental pictures to sheet or canvas, later on.

There are fine hotels, banks, and stores of every description. I noted many where tortoise-shell, satsuma-yaki, and other wares were for sale. There are also shopping centers for silk, porcelain cloisonné, ivory, embroidery, photographs, fans, screens, and curios.

A brisk atmosphere of business pervades the western shore of the city. The eastern shore is more quiet, lying as it does in the tranquil shadow of a hill that is studded with tombstones.

There are some fine health resorts in the vicinity, which are very easy of access. Machino Hot Spring, Obama Hot Spring, and Unzen Spa (the principal one) are frequently visited. Unzen Spa has medicinal sulphur springs which are held in high repute, particularly with foreigners. This spa is a beautiful hill-station on the rolling slope of Unzen-dake (peak). It is 4830 feet above the level of the sea, and is supplied with all modern accommodations, comforts, and attractions, including splendid hotels, golf links, tennis courts, amusement hall,

etc. So, besides the healthful qualities of the invigorating baths, there is the lure of links and courts and all open-air enjoyments to while away leisure hours. For Catholics the place has a sacred significance because of the fact that here, some 300 years ago, many Christians underwent martyrdom.

In Nagasaki there is also the Suwa Shrine, the famous festival of which is held from October 7 to 9. It stands on an eminence in a grove of camphor and pine trees whose spicy and pungent fragrance scents the atmosphere, and whose evergreen branches sway in the clear air beneath the blue. This hill-top temple is especially honored in commemoration of the extirpation of the Christians from the vicinity. Through the temple loggia a magnificent view of the city and bay is to be obtained.

Oh, there were so many, many things to see, that we almost wished the hours were longer. But the time was flying; and at half-past two o'clock we were ready to say good-bye to the hospitable Bishop and the friendly Fathers.

In parting the good Bishop showed his kindness in a manner most unexpected, but that also filled me with delight. As a remembrance of our Nagasaki visit he gave me a very precious treasure. It consists of relics of three Jesuit martyrs who, with twenty-three others, gave up their lives for our holy Faith; and also, a collection of relics of martyrs who made the supreme sacrifice for their religion, in various provinces of China. Though I tried, I could scarcely express my gratitude in words, because my heart was so full of joy; but I think his Lordship understood, for his smile was very kind.

The farewells were repeated. We were on our way. But there was still another treat in store for us. As a last but, I may say, best excursion, Father Procurator took

Father General and me to visit the *Église de la Reine des Martyrs*. This place is about halfway between the cathedral and Urakami, where we had been in the morning. We stood at a lower slope of the *Colline des Martyrs*, where, presumably, the souls of the holy confessors of the Faith went to meet their God.

CHAPTER III

St. Xavier and the Martyrs

On sacred ground — St. Francis Xavier's Japanese mission — Distinctions between despots — Hideyoshi, Christianity's evil genius — Moving tales of heroism and martyrdom snatched from historic records — The gradual breaking of the bonds of religious persecution and restriction.

I shall never forget the feeling of awe that came over me when I stood on the ground that had been drenched with the blood of martyrs. Close against my heart were the relics of those noble heroes, and beneath my feet the very earth they trod, — they whose fortitude and loyalty had given them the honor of opening Japanese martyrology.

I closed my eyes, to shut out all, even the dear friends who stood beside me. I would be alone — alone with those glorious ones who triumphed over death.

I could see (it was on a February day like this) on the Holy Mountain the dark wood of twenty-six crosses outlined against the clear blue sky: with their hands fastened to the outflung wooden arms, there hung those privileged Christians! Three priests were there (they were Spanish Franciscans), six religious (a Franciscan scholastic, a Jesuit scholastic, two Franciscan Brothers, and two Jesuit Brothers), and seventeen laymen (among them were three boys, aged 12, 13, and 15, respectively). All were native Japanese, with the exception of the six Franciscans; and six lay persons, including the famous *Louis* (of 12 years), were from the region of our present Nagoya

A Funeral Procession of Well-to-do Buddhists

A Japanese Living-room

prefecture. Most admirable of all were the youths. These mere children, strong in the grace of the God whom they loved so dearly, willingly and eagerly offered the promise of their young lives in confession of the Faith.

I fancied I could hear their last holy words — their consoling exhortations to one another, their tender expressions of confidence in the promises of Christ, and of humble gratitude that they should be chosen to die the death of their Master, their prayers for their murderers, their pleading for the awakening of Japan.

Then I, too, prayed, and the prayers gushed from my very heart. I prayed for myself, for my little missionaries, for my friends and benefactors, for all who labor in the great cause of making our God better known and loved, especially for Japan — wonderful, charming, pagan Japan.

I turned to Father General and Father Procurator. Neither one had spoken a word. The awe must also have sunk into their souls. But now we began to speak of the past, with all its glorious achievements, its terrible persecutions, bitter disappointments, but undimmed hope and confidence in Christ the King.

It was in the year 1549, on August 15, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, that St. Francis Xavier landed at Kagoshima. Accompanying him were two other Jesuits, Father Cosmas de Torres and Brother John Fernandez, and three Japanese neophytes whom he had met and converted in India, and from whom he had received much information relative to Japan and its people.

What emotion must have filled the glowing heart of Xavier on that day of Our Lady when he saw the picturesque beauty of the land rising before him. How he must have begged God's blessing on its inhabitants, and

on himself, that his labors among them might bear fruit, manifold.

Humble as the lowliest of creatures, but full of confidence in the Master's power and goodness, he began his apostolate with prayer, mortification, and labor. These were the basic virtues of his large undertaking; but added to them were an indomitable courage, a conviction that considered no obstacle insurmountable, and a flaming zeal that longed to bring all to the feet of the Crucified.

Coming to observe the people more closely, there were qualities about them that must have pleased the refined Xavier. They were dignified, intellectual, active, generous, courteous. Yet, beneath the calm exterior, he read, and with his great heart pitied, the restlessness and turmoil of unsatisfied souls. These creatures, whom he prayed to enroll under the banner of the Cross, were slaves of Buddhism: the bonzes had for centuries filled generation after generation with the poison of Buddhist tenets. Against this false religion, as well as against the erroneous teaching of Shintoism, Xavier was called to wage his gentle warfare. His commission was to teach of the good God who loves all, and who died that all might be saved.

From the time he had heard the story of the Japanese whom he welcomed in India, his plan was to visit the Emperor of Japan, to interest him in the doctrines of Christianity, and to convert him from paganism that flooded his country. If this could be accomplished, he felt assured that with little difficulty the whole empire would soon follow in the steps of their ruler.

But when he landed, he found the country a prey to anarchy. The Daimyos, ignoring the weak authority of the Shogun (the Emperor's dictator), were warring among themselves. Finally, after many struggles, three of these Daimyos — Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Ieyasu — asserted

their ascendancy over the quarreling nobles. They made peace in the empire and brought about unity in the country.

As the power of these three men was felt by the young Church of Japan, a word as to their characteristic differences may not be out of place. A well-known caricature represents the part each of them took in accomplishing the unification of the country. It shows them making "mochi" (cakes of rice flour). Nobunaga, choosing the most laborious part of the work, is seen grinding the flour; Hideyoshi is kneading the dough and Ieyasu is eating the completed "mochi."

An epigram also sets forth the traits of these celebrated men.

Nobunaga, demanding instant obedience to his every command, says,

"If the nightingale does not sing, kill him."

Hideyoshi, a little less severe, says,

"If the nightingale does not sing, *make* him."

But Ieyasu calmly, quietly, and patiently smiles and says,

"If the nightingale does not sing, I will wait
wait till he does."

Nobunaga, to the end of his life (1582) was a friend of the missionaries; but subsequent events proved (contrary to fable) the far more cruel and corrupt nature of Hideyoshi and Ieyasu.

Being thwarted in his intention of seeing the Emperor, Francis Xavier, as his first act, went to visit the Daimyo of the province in which he found himself, and through one of his neophytes who acted as his interpreter, explained to him his mission and his hope. He was courteously welcomed by the nobleman, kindly treated, and

given permission to preach and teach publicly in that part of the country.

Here, among a strange people, and with no knowledge whatever of their language, he set to work. There was not much in the way of conversion accomplished during the first year. The time was mostly devoted to mastering the Japanese tongue and (with the aid of Pablo Santa Fe, a young convert) to translating into the native language the principal articles of the Faith together with short treatises which were to be used in teaching and in catechetical work.

As soon as he was able to communicate more fluently with the people, he began preaching and explaining the doctrines of Christianity. But as conversions multiplied, the ill-will of the bonzes was aroused. Jealously they demanded and accomplished the expulsion of Francis from the place. Commanded to leave Kagoshima, he entrusted his neophytes to the care of a worthy catechist, and with his other companions set out for the interior of Japan. Preaching, teaching, converting, baptizing, he reached Miyako (Meako), at that time the principal city of the empire and now known as Kyoto. Here, however, he was unable to progress very rapidly on account of dissensions which were rending the country. Retracing his steps to the very heart of Japan, he spent the next year preaching in some important cities, while forming nuclei of Catholic communities in many places, these increasing with extraordinary rapidity.

After a loving labor of two and a half years in this land of the Rising Sun, St. Francis left these mission centers in charge of Father Cosmas de Torres and Brother Juan Fernandez, and returned to Goa. He never came back to Japan, as his great soul was called to its heavenly home in 1552.

He had, nevertheless, found solace in the Sunrise Kingdom, but he had suffered there too — suffered humiliations and contumely. In some places even the children had hooted him as he walked along the streets, and following him, had flung stones and other missiles at him who labored only for their good. But beneath it all he saw the precious souls, and his fervor remained undimmed. After two and a half years' study and prayer and work among them, there was a harvest of fifteen hundred to two thousand Christians. These, established in centers and under proper guidance, flourished and increased.

St. Francis loved the Japanese. He saw their brilliant capabilities under the sweet influence of Christianity. In one of his letters he wrote: "Of Japan, if I were to speak to you, I would never end . . . . I write of a subject that is most dear to me, — of Japanese Christians, my delights."

In 1582 Oda Nobunaga died, and in 1587 Hideyoshi, now Shogun, issued an edict banishing all Jesuits. Though the Fathers prudently closed their churches, they nevertheless remained at their posts, to be near the dear ones in their charge, to strengthen their courage, and to give them the consolation of precept and example.

A period of relative quiet followed for ten years. Then an incident happened which aroused the despot, and the first martyrdom resulted.

But from the seed of martyrs conversions multiplied. In 1605 the number of Christians had risen to 750,000; and in 1614 to nearly 1,000,000. Alas, that very year, the cruel succeeding Shogun, Ieyasu, at last feeling his position secure, issued an edict of extermination against Christianity. All missionaries were to be banished, churches destroyed, and the faithful to be compelled to choose between apostasy and loss of life.

Examples of the high courage of these followers of the gentle Nazarene are numbered by the thousands. The following instance, culled from the pages of Japanese martyrology, gives proof of the faith and fortitude of these loyal Christians.

Among the Christian noblemen who were called upon for trial were two Samurais (lesser nobles) of high standing and reputation, John Minami Gorozaemon and Simon Takada Gohioe. They were both commanded to allow the ceremony of the "laying on of the book" (which consisted in allowing one of the 'holy' Buddhist books to be placed on the head, in proof of submission to the doctrines of Buddhism).

Between Simon Takada and the governor, Kakuzayemon, a great friendship existed; hence the governor felt keenly the unpleasantness of the situation when he was ordered by his overlord (Kato Kiyomasa) to exact submission from his friend.

Vainly he urged Simon to give some sign, however trivial, that might be accepted as a recognition of Buddhism. But steadfastly the Christian refused, declaring that even the slightest semblance of submission to a false religion must be unlawful.

John Minami displayed the same fortitude.

"Even if you tear all twenty nails from my hands and feet, and beginning with my feet, slice me into a thousand bits, understand well that this shall not make me waver."

When he was arrested and forcibly brought to the bonzes commissioned to place the book on his head, his wife, Magdalen, followed the procession, calling out warningly,

"Be strong! Be on your gaurd. If you permit the bonze to place the book on you, I shall not recognize you as my husband."

And he answered,

"Rather would I permit my head to be defiled a thousand times with filth than to have the idolatrous book placed upon it."

Bound and defenseless, the Christian nobleman knew no other method of showing his contempt than by spitting twice upon the book, and by declaring,

"I am a Christian, and I wish to die a Christian. Go, I pray you, and deliver this my message to your lord and master."

When the prince learned of the firm stand taken by the two Christian Samurais, he grew so incensed that he ordered them both to be decapitated without delay, and the members of their families to be crucified. The execution of the latter was to take place at Yatsushiro, but the two obstinate vassals were to be brought to the capital.

The governor, eager to spare his friend the disgrace of a public death, proposed the following to the prince:

"It will be an easy matter to arrest John Minami, but Simon Takada cannot be taken without resistance. He will fight for his life, and in the struggle we shall lose many. Would it not be better to take him by surprise and murder him?"

The prince gave his consent to this proposal, and John was brought to the capital alone. Here, the governor pleaded with him also, placing before him the seriousness of defying his prince, and mentioning the misfortune he was causing himself and his family. John thanked him for his good-will, but firmly answered,

"Were this merely a matter of life and property, I should most willingly sacrifice both in the service of my

lord and master. But there is something higher at stake — my eternal salvation. You demand that I deny my holy Faith. This I cannot and will not do. Rather will I die a thousand deaths than violate my conscience. Here is my head. Take it as a pledge of my loyalty, and also of my unswerving resolution to die a Christian."

The governor had not expected such a spirited reply. He became stern, and asked,

"Know you not that, if you remain obstinate, you, your wife, and your children will be executed?"

Calmly, the nobleman replied that death for such a cause would be welcomed by him and his family.

At once he was led into a spacious hall. At the entrance he was asked to deliver up his sword (the Samurais carried two swords as marks of the rank, and were spoken of as "Two-Swordsmen"). He was then met by three armed soldiers; and he realized at once that they were about to perform the execution. Without hesitation he knelt, offering his neck. As he invoked the loved names of Jesus and Mary, his head was severed from his body. Thus did John Minami Gorozaemon die the death of a confessor.

The governor, Kakuzayemon, heart-broken at the fate overhanging his friend, Simon Takada, tried with all the eloquence at his command to persuade him to change his attitude. When he went to him, he found him speaking to his mother about the coming martyrdom. With tears in his eyes, the governor addressed himself to the mother.

"As your son refuses to heed the pleadings of his best friend, you, his mother, must command him to send a pledge of allegiance to the prince. You enjoy the reputation of being a wise and prudent woman. The lives of your son and family are now at stake. Save his life — the life you have given him; save your own and that of

his wife, and do not force me to wash my hands in the blood of him I love more than myself."

The aged woman answered,

"Were the matter under consideration of an earthly nature, we could not find a better counsellor than you; but eternal salvation is at stake. Would it be better to prefer a miserable life that will soon end to an eternal life of happiness? I envy my son his good fortune; and could I accompany him, I would count myself the happiest of mothers."

This noble, Christian answer was beyond the pagan's comprehension. Violent with anger, Kakuzayemon shouted at her,

"Woman, what are you, a demon or a wild beast, to speak like this?" And, threatening to degrade her to the slave caste, he left the house.

It was midnight when the death sentence was sent to Simon. The messenger, Yoshikawa, found the confessor spending the night in prayer. The valiant Christian read the message and smiled joyfully.

"You could not have brought me more pleasant tidings," he said; "I pray you, give me but a little time to prepare for death."

This request being granted, he first said a prayer of thankksgiving, then imparted the joyful news to his wife and mother. A warm bath was prepared for the master, as though he were going to a great feast; and he was attired in rich silk. Begging his household to cease weeping and to rejoice with him, he entered the hall surrounded by his wife, his mother, and his servants. Facing his favorite picture, the *Ecce Homo*, he joyfully bade farewell, threw back the collar of his garment, and, bowing profoundly before the image of his Savior, pronounced the Sacred Names and offered his neck to the executioners.

A single stroke severed the head, which the mother, caressing, kissed again and again.

Toward evening, Magdalen and her son, Lewis, comprising the family of John Minami, were brought to the home of the martyred Simon. All were to be crucified. As soon as it was dark, the three women and the child were taken to the place of execution. Joanna, Simon's mother, was the first to be put to death. When they were fastening her to the cross, she said,

"Bind my arms and legs as fast as you can; but leave my throat free, so that I may pray unhindered."

Although it was late at night, many people had assembled to witness the execution of these noble ladies. Seeing them about her, Joanna spoke from the cross, declaring that there was nothing sweeter than to die for Him who had given His life for us. She would have continued, but the executioner approached the cross quickly and thrust his spear into her side.

Next in order was Magdalen, the wife of John Minami. She was tied to the cross in the most cruel manner, but forgot her sufferings in her anxiety for the little boy. But he was a hero. Voluntarily, he extended his arms, declaring he did not fear death. Seizing his lance, one of the executioners thrust it into the boy's side. Calmly, without a whimper or a tear, he awaited the second thrust, which sent the soul of the innocent lamb to heaven. The lance, still dripping with the blood of her child, was now directed to the side of Magdalen. It pierced her heart, and sent her, rejoicing, to her eternal home. At the time of her death she was thirty-three years old.

Agnes, the wife of Simon, alone remained. It appears that the other deaths had so gripped the executioners that they remained standing as rigid as statues. In vain she pleaded with them to finish their task. None

of them moved; so she placed herself upon the cross and modestly arranged her dress. Some of the pagan bystanders, expecting a reward, came forward and, binding her to the wood, raised her aloft. There she hung, young, noble, frail, about to die for no reason at all save that she was loyal to her God. Agnes, looking to heaven, awaited the fatal thrust; but no executioner would deliver it. Finally, some of the people who had bound her to the cross seized the lances from the soldiers. Unaccustomed to their use, they inflicted wound after wound. During this butchery the brave Christian repeated the Sacred Names until her heart was pierced and her soul sped to its Maker. She was thirty years old. Thus came to an end the careers of the Christian noble families of the Minami and the Takada.

The governor issued orders that the bodies of the martyrs should remain hanging on the crosses for one full year, that they might be an object of terror and warning to the adherents of the proscribed religion.

This single example offers proof that the Church of Japan was flooded in blood. Never was persecution so systematically, so strenuously, so atrociously carried out. It spread through the whole empire. Fire and sword no longer satisfied the executioners' cruelty. Even the Dutch Protestants testify to the horrors of the tortures. Takegoshi, a great and impartial Japanese historian of these times, records that the persecution in Japan claimed over 250,000 victims.

In 1640 four Portuguese ambassadors with a suite of seventy-four men came to Nagasaki. They were condemned to death. Thirteen sailors were exempted from the massacre, and were sent to Macao (China) with this warning:

"So long as the sun warms the earth, let no Christian be so daring as to enter Japan. Let it be known to all that, were it the Spanish King, nay, the God of the Christians, or the great Shaki (i.e., Buddha) himself, he would not be able to break the law without suffering the penalty of death."

The ports of Japan were closed. For over two hundred years the country remained in seclusion. Toward 1650 the Christian religion was regarded as extinct in the land, yet the rewards promised to any person who should succeed in discovering and denouncing Christians reached a figure (in 1711) enormous for that time — 500 pieces of silver for a priest; 300, for a lay brother or catechist; and 100, for an odinary citizen. During this period the E-fumi was invented, — a ceremony which consisted in trampling the crucifix under foot, as a proof of apostasy. Even corpses were carefully examined, to make sure that they bore no Christian tokens.

But even while pretending that they had broken with the foreign religion, the surviving Christians still kept the Faith, and waited longingly for spiritual comfort. Alas, the waiting was in vain. Although from Macao and the Philippines several attempts were made by Fathers of the Church to come to the aid of their spiritual children, these efforts resulted only in the subjecting of these intrepid souls to extended torture and slow death.

In the year 1852 Commodore Perry of the United States Navy sailed to Japan and delivered to officers specially appointed by the Shogun papers from President Fillmore proposing a treaty for the opening of commercial relations. In 1855 such a treaty was finally completely ratified by both countries, and the first Japanese ports were opened under modern conditions. The noble missionaries who had, centuries before, died in the vanguard

were now succeeded by others. A church was soon erected in Nagasaki and dedicated to the Twenty-six Japanese Martyrs (those beatified by Holy Church). Subsequently it was at this very church that a most remarkable meeting took place.

On a Friday, on the feast of St. Patrick, at one half-hour past noon (March 17, 1865), a group of people, attracted by the surmounting cross, were seen standing before the church. Father Petitjean (the priest stationed there at the time) relates that he, surely inspired by his Guardian Angel, went out and spoke with them. Then he opened the doors of the church, and, entering, was followed by the entire little assemblage of men and women. When he reached the altar, he knelt before the tabernacle, begging help from On High that he might be able to touch the souls of these people. Sacrcely had he begun his prayer, when three women (they were about fifty or sixty years of age) came and knelt beside him. Then one of them, placing her hand on her heart, whispered, as though she feared that the very walls would become traitorous,

"The heart of all here present is the same as yours."

"I am very glad," answered the priest. "Where do you come from?"

"We are from Urakami. At Urakami nearly all have the same heart as we." Then, raising her eyes, she asked: "*Sancta Maria no gozo wa doko?*" (that is to say, 'Where is the statue of the Blessed Virgin?').

On hearing this blessed name pronounced, Father Petitjean tells us, he was filled with joy. God had surely rewarded him for the five years he had spent, which, despite his labors, had been barren of conversions. Now surrounded by the little group, he led them to the altar of the Virgin Mother. They knelt with him, and joyfully tried to pray.

"Yes, indeed, it is the Sancta Maria," they cried. "See, in her arms, *On Ku Jesus Sama,* her Divine Son."

Then, regretfully, they left, promising to come again.

The news spread; but the Japanese Christians were not, after all, quite satisfied with what they had heard. They felt that there were still two questions to be answered before they could give their full confidence to the missionaries of the church of Nagasaki. Hence, a little later on, one, Peter (their catechist), acting as spokesman, came with his people to ask of the priest, Father Petitjean.

"Has your country the same heart as that of Rome? Is it the Great Chief (Pope) of Rome who sends you?"

When told that the then gloriously reigning Pius IX, vicar of Christ on earth, would rejoice at the consoling news of the discovery of the Christians, Peter and his friends expressed their joy. But there was still another question.

"Have you no children?" Peter asked the priest.

"You and all your brethren, Christians and pagans, are our children. We can have no others. The priests, like your former Confessors, must live in continence."

Hearing this, they bowed their foreheads to the ground, crying,

"They are virgins! Thanks be to God! Thanks be to God!"

The zealous missionaries soon verified the organization of these ardent Christians. With their priests cast out of the land the open practice of their religion become impossible, the situation ushered in, nay, even necessitated, a unique mode of existence for them — a mode which, in many particulars, was not unlike that of the Roman Christians of earlier centuries, when their only resort was life in the catacombs.

The Japanese Christians, after their priests had been taken from them, chose the most able of their numbers to act as leaders. It was the duty of these leaders to enroll new Christians (children) in the baptismal records. Catechists went about, baptizing children, instructing catechumens (children of Christian families), and praying in secret with the faithful.

On Sundays the Christians would assemble in a designated home of some one of their members and hold worship. To escape detection they would don their working clothes and take agricultural implements with them, and thus disguised, would repair stealthily to the house of prayer.

Not a single moment were they secure against their persecutors. Consequently when they assembled for worship, there was set before each of the faithful the customary little Japanese tables with various foods and rice wine, in order to throw their pursuers off the scent. The candles which they burned as offerings to their God were concealed under a cask, so that the pagans would not be attracted by the light. They would pray the rosary in common, interrupting their prayers with an occasional moment of conversation by way of diverting whatever suspicion might possibly be aroused by the monotone of their prayer.

In place of rosaries they used the native abacus, the form of counting-table which is in universal use throughout Japan. If an unsuspected spy should suddenly intrude upon their devotion, the faithful would immediately eat of the food that had been placed before them; and later the host would quiet suspicions of the soldiers by assuring them that he was but giving his friends of his hospitality.

For fully three hundred years did the Christians about Nagasaki live in this way.

How happy they must have been when the day of liberation came, — when the faithful followers of Xavier's Christians could once more enjoy the ministrations of the beloved Fathers!

But again clouds darkened the sunlight. The Japanese authorities forbade their countrymen to attend the Catholic Church. The arrest of some sixty Christians in Urakami was the signal for a general persecution. The Imperial Restoration, being the triumph of a Shintoist reaction, added violence to the war against Christianity. Following the fulmination of an edict against the so-called "odious sect," the poor followers of Christ were transported *en masse* into the different provinces of the empire. This exile continued until March, 1873, when Prince Iwakura, the head of the Japanese Embassy, during his travels through Europe, noted the attitude of all civilized nations concerning Japanese persecutions, and subsequently asked the immediate liberation of all Christian prisoners. This was accomplished.

And thus matters stand today. While the government allows freeedom of conscience, in reality it ignores the Catholic religion. Conversions are difficult and few. The diocese of Nagasaki is the most flourishing in the whole of Japan. But most of these loyal souls are descendants of those wonderful, wonderful Christians, who, without priest or sacraments, save baptism, and even with the death penalty constantly hanging over their heads, persevered for three hundred years in the Faith which St. Francis Xavier had delivered to them.

His Excellency Msgr. Marius Giardini in the Midst of an Assemblage of Mission Superiors and Delegates for the Mission Council Held in 1924

Panoramic View of Kobe, Showing the Inland Sea in the Background, and in the Foreground the Splendid New Catholic Church for Foreign Residents (Father Fage, Pastor).

CHAPTER IV

The Inland Sea, Nature's Epitome of Japan's Art

A quiet night aboard ship — The glory of the Inland Sea trip, from Shimonoseki to Kobe — Historic fragments from the annals of these inland regions — The Inland Sea the very seal of Japan's compact between Nature and Art — Blossom-time in Japan — Art in manufacture.

We had been in the past, while we stood there discussing these things so pertinent to our holy Faith in Japan; but the sun, sinking a little lower in the blue heavens, reminded us that we must, even though reluctantly, come into an immediate realization of the present, and leave this blessed spot. Accordingly, we turned our steps to a tiny office where a click, click of instruments was all that reminded us of home. Here, we sent a telegram to Father Fage in Kobe, announcing the time that we were scheduled to arrive in that city.

It was four p.m. when the launch again carried us to the *Empress of Russia.* We expected to leave at five o'clock, but it was not until half-past seven that the great ship moved slowly out of the beautiful Nagasaki harbor.

However, the time did not seem long, as we became quite interested in watching the two hundred men, women, boys, and girls complete the coaling of the vessel. There was a unique fascination about the scene — the constant dipping and rising, the baskets passing from hand

to hand, the rapidity of each motion, and the automatic lifting and lowering without rest or cessation.

At last we were off, with a severe north wind whistling an accompaniment to the stately glide of the ship as we moved slowly northward toward Moji and Shimonoseki. With her heavy cargo nicely distributed to balance her every motion, the *Empress of Russia* floated serenely on.

We retired soon after dark, knowing that, even if the weather and water grew rough, we would not experience much of its discomfort while in our berths. Bishop Combaz had told us, before we left Nagasaki, "*Vous danserez un peu cette nuit*" ('You will dance a little this coming night'), but had continued with his genial smile;"*mais quand vous serez dans la 'Inland Sea' vous aurez un tranquil voyage*" ('nevertheless, as soon as you come into the Inland Sea, you will have quiet sailing'). And his words proved true.

It was between five and half-past five o'clock, next morning, when we moved through the narrow strait between Moji and Shimonoseki into the Inland Sea or *Seto Nailai*.

We are told in the cold terms of descriptive geography that this lovely body of water, the "Gem of the World," is a portion of the Pacific Ocean imprisoned between Sanyo Province on the north, the island of Shikoku on the south, the isle of Awaji on the east, and by Kyushu on the west. Its length, from Shimonoseki, the western point of entry, to Akashi, the eastern point of exit, is 240 miles, and its width varies from three to forty miles. It has four channels of communication with the outer ocean, and is popularly divided into seven sections.

But who can think of or care for boundaries or extensions while contemplating this loveliness which beggars description!

It was quite dark when we passed through the narrow strait between the twin cities, Shimonoseki and Moji, facing each other in the gloom, with no electric lights even, to make the scene seem real. I could fancy gleams, though, — little pinpoints of radiance; paper lanterns, like gay fireflies, — nodding and waving friendly greetings from shore to shore. Mountains of blue shadows rose between us and the land, — shadows whose softness thrilled us with elusive charm.

But in Japan the softening shades that veil a sleeping town do not delude one. Sunlight, lifting the purple mist, reveals beauty far beyond the promise of darkness.

Clouds covered the heavens. Not a single star was visible. There was even a hint of snow in the dampness of the atmosphere. But after a while the sun rose behind the land, and clouds and shadows melted away. The harbor was filled with huge steamers, each with its plume of smoke curling upward. The hills, which, in the darkness, were no different from other hills, became filled with life, terraced beauty spots, steps mounting to regions of ethereal charm. The sailboats looked like frail things cut from paper. Even the heavy steamers, with their grayish, purple plumes nodding in the clear air, appeared misty and strangely buoyant on the blue waters. Everything seemed to conform to nature in the beautiful picture, from the smiling islands to the wooded slopes and far-off rosy mountain tops, and, behind the land, to the rising sun of Japan.'

On, on, we went, lazily slipping through the peaceful water. Everything seemed so strange, so different, so delicately appealing. It was like stepping into a fairy tale.

Now we were gliding in and out among the islands, — thousands of them, — cone-shaped, heart-shaped, oval, rectangular, pointed, flat-topped, every shape conceivable excepting the one we had seen the moment before; some of the winter aspect of rice plantations to the very tip-top, some with dear little villages nestling in the folds of the hills or running down to the water's edge, some bare and gray, chocolate-colored, tawny, sandy-tanned, green with pine or camphor trees, some wooded, some with snow-capped heights, with temples and tiny lighthouses, with terraces and fairy cottages and picturesque torii, some with white soil shining silvery in the sunlight against the deep emerald of evergreen and the soft blue of cloud-fleeced sea; each smiling over the shoulder of the other, each marked with the delicate tracing of water courses where the downfall of the rainy season flows into the ocean.

The constant change of course revealed new islands or wonderful views of mountain ranges on the mainland. Sometimes we were so hemned in that we feared we could never find our way out again into the wider waters. But on we floated, past the shoulder of one island, along the broadside of another, and then, all at once, into lovely stretches of blue sea. Sometimes the passage was so narrow that we almost held our breaths. But before our hearts had time to skip a beat, we were out again, with more islands, more boats, more purple and amber sea.

Crafts of all kinds floated past us, from the tiny sampan to the huge rice-loaded junk, from the small steamer that stopped at each picturesque town along the shore to the great shuttling vessel that carried the goods of commerce back and forth from continent to continent.

As I drank in the beauty of the exquisite changing picture, I could not help wondering what manner of people

inhabited the fairy islands in their settings of tender blue sea. On inquiry I learned that here dwelt many fisherfolk. For these peaceful waters harbor more than a hundred species of fish whose flesh is especially delectable. Half the total catch of Japan comes from the Inland Sea.

Though casting the net brings a livelihood to many in this section, I was also told of other industries among the hundreds of islands. There is the brewing of soy (a sauce or liquid condiment); and there is cotton spinning, salt refining, and quarrying of granite rocks. But it is in the industry of shipbuilding that the Inland-Sea islanders are more actively expert than in any other part of Japan. There are docks and shipyards employing thousands of mechanics, bolt and rivet smiths alone numbering more than one hundred families.

Japanese history tells us that the inhabitants living along the Inland Sea have been reputed from ancient times as the most seafaring people of the empire. Their activities have been also more extended, and they have been first in seeking their fortune abroad.

In the olden days, they played an important part in the maritime transportation of Japan and in her naval operations. It was these people who navigated the Japanese trading vessels that visited China during the Ming Dynasty; and they, also, who piloted the transports that conveyed the Japanese troops in the two Korean expeditions attempted by Hideyoshi.

When the government, during the Tokugawa Shogunate, organized a navy according to Western models, the majority of sailors were recruited from these islanders. It is also a matter of history that the crew of the first Japanese warship that crossed the Pacific to America, in 1871, was mostly composed of the men from these same islands.

In the fortune of war between fighting factions, the maritime supremacy of the Inland Sea was, in the old days, a vital factor. We are even told that, about the fourteenth century, various sea-warriors controlled the principal islands, and often fitted out vessels to be used in plundering the coast of Southern China.

But in these later years, those who do not follow the more peacful avocations emigrate to Hawaii and other places.

Even history, though, seemed dry and flavorless while floating through the golden-blue waters. I could not fancy thoughts of piracy or conquest being harbored in these enchanted regions. Neither could imagination paint love of adventure strong enough to lure away the Inland-Sea dweller to an unknown coast.

In all the world, I think, there is no country so profuse in charm and beauty as Japan.

Nature and Art walk hand in hand. In fact, many times it is hard to tell where Nature ends and Art begins. The Japanese people seem, intuitively, to possess that artistic temperament which makes of even the most ordinary things beautiful possibilities; for they are lovers of the beautiful. And even beauty such as the Inland Sea presents unfolds itself before admiring eyes, — when mountain and island, firmament and water, blend with one another in adding charm upon charm, — can we wonder that those who are born and reared among such surroundings inherit and cherish and foster this deep-rooted affection for Nature's sweetness?

The sentiment of the Japanese for the floral offerings of their country is evident to all, even to those having the most superficial knowledge of the empire. The love for growing things is so intense as to be almost a religious

rite, and no effort has been spared in strengthening, improving, and propagating each flower and shrub.

Every dooryard, no matter how tiny, is worked into a semblance of something beautiful. Their gardens are exquisite bits of scenery, miniature parks, with wee bridges, waterfalls, dwarf trees, rocks, and pathways — faithful replicas of nature's moods on larger scale.

Across the year, from January to December, there is a steady march of floral glory, welcomed and feted and rejoiced in by these cultured Orientals.

In the latter part of January blossom-time begins in Southern Japan, for it is then that the soft plum blossoms unfold their fairy petals; and for the space of a month or more, Japan turns out to witness this longed-for marvel of spring. In Central and Northern Japan this *spring-opening* occurs in March or later. Toward the end of March (in the south; later, north) another favorite appears, — the beloved cherry blossom. Cherry blossoms always suggest Japan, and Japan always suggests cherry blossoms. The trees are planted in rows along the winding rivers, interspersed between pine and maple, in the courtyards of the temples, in clustering groups in the parks, on rolling terraces, in slumbering ravines, and are, when the blossoms appear, dreams of loveliness. Some of them are very ancient, their gnarled and knotted trunks being strangely in keeping with the rosy blooms that grace the brown wood.

"When in spring the trees flower," sings a poet of old Japan, "it is as if fleeciest masses of cloud, faintly tinged by sunset, had floated down from the highest point in the sky to fold themselves about the branches."

During cherry blossom time, Japan is in carnival array. The people turn out by thousands to admire and drink in the exquisite pink tenderness. The daily papers

issue bulletins concerning the condition of the blossoms. The business man does not consider it beneath his dignity to lay aside the problems of mart or factory long enough to write a lay to the rosy petals; and the warrior decks his helmet with blossom-laden branch.

Following the cherry blossoms come the tree peony, the azalea, the sweetness of clustering purple wistaria, the iris (blue, golden, lavender, and white), and the convolvulus. In July and August there is the advent of the stately lotus. This handsome flower, the sacred emblem of Buddhism, pushes through the ooze and unfolds its heavily corded green leaves, sometimes two feet in diameter. To the native it symbolizes triumph over self, extinction of passion's fires, abnegation and self-control, and is acknowledged as a token of all that is best in man or woman.

In October comes the chrysanthemum. During the season of this favorite flower the artistic spirit of the Japanese is particularly noticeable. Historical or mythological events are celebrated, with chrysanthemums worked into all sorts of shapes and figures (men, gods, ships, bridges, castles, etc.). Their very variety is marvelous. There is every color and every shape. Some are like nodding heads of tawny hair, some smooth of petal with uncurled tips, some large as a man's outstretched hand. But the strangest sight of all is to see a number of blossoms, all differing, growing from a single stem, the result of clever grafting.

In December come camellias; and there are evergreens all the year round.

Hana-mi (flower-viewing excursions) during the seasons of the various favorites — plum and cherry blossoms, wistaria, peony, lotus, chrysanthemum, and maple — are looked-for events in all the large cities.

The artistic sense of the Japanese is well evidenced in the fact that the national fete days are festivals of nature. In the autumn even the hours of sleep are changed to daytime, so that people are free to enjoy the beauties of moonlight.

Their love of flowers and highly developed sense of color values are strikingly apparent, and are well recognized attributes of the idealistic and artistic sides of their lives. This part of their character is entirely distinct from, and should never be confused with, the social, economical, or political phases of thought of action among the people of the land of the Rising Sun.

In Japan the arrangement of flowers is quite a loving art. A "floral composition" is the result of thought and study of the harmony of color, of light and shade; and the completed product carries with it the charm of the country as attractive as it is original.

In their dress the Japanese follow an art close to nature; for an assembly of them is like a nosegay of blooming color. And what is more graceful than the softly flowing lines of the modest kimono! Even the rainy days (and there are many of them in Japan) are rendered picturesque by the brilliant umbrellas bobbing through the streets.

When the Japanese painter expresses himself on canvas, his art is distinguished by directness, facility, and strength of line. It has been well remarked that, if a Japanese artist's work is carried no further than the outlines, you will in any event have something worthy to hang on your wall or insert in your album. His art motive forms a fascinating study, for he seeks not only to please the eye, but also to feed the mind. Each thing depicted has a special significance, and each member of a group has a meaning relative to the other members.

His contributions to the art of the world have been notable, and his color pictures have influenced even the greatest artists of Europe in their arrangement of line and color.

The artistic qualities of the Japanese are also evidenced in their manufactured articles. Their porcelains, bronzes, enamels, cloisonnés, damascenes, and silks are so extremely individual that they form a class by themselves, admired by the rest of the world.

All these things had been running through my mind as, on magic wings, the hours flew along. While beauty after beauty presented itself, I could not help meditating on the wonderful concomitancy that existed between Nature in Japan and Japanese Art.

It was nearing night and the air was growing colder; but still I watched the changing panorama — the sharp outlines of mountain cliffs softening under veils of purple shadows, the island becoming more dreamlike, and the water a deeper, darker blue.

It was hard to tell which was more beautiful in this land of beauty, sunrise or sunset, sunlight or moonlight, day or night. But now the loveliness filled my soul so overflowingly that my heart cried out in gratitude to the gracious Master Artist who made all things so well.

And then, ah, then, that sorrowful thought intruded, as intrude it must to the Catholic spirit — the thought of the paganism of Japan.

How could it be that these people, so full of refinement and culture and courtesy, so full of love for growing things, so artistic in their taste and temperament, — how could it be that they should refuse that religion which brings with it the very acme of refinement, the highest of culture, the courtesy of charity, the Creator of flower and bush and tree, and of land and sea and

sky, the beauty of truth, the love of an infinite, triune God, and the promise of everlasting bliss in a heaven of charm and glory beyond all the dreams of earth with no showing pain to dim the eternal joy?

Oh, that our missionaries might bring the souls of the Japanese into this sanctuary of peace, that they might fill them with the love of the Crucified!

But I would pray. I would besiege high Heaven with my petitions; I would call on all the martyrs who had baptized Japanese soil with their life blood; I would beg them to add to my prayers their saintly ones, that God, in His infinite mercy, might deign to hear us, and shower down His graces like refreshing rain on the arid darkness of paganism.

I would not be discouraged at efforts seemingly futile, at sacrifice of life seemingly fruitless, at prayers seemingly unheard. This people must be saved! This people must be saved!

I bowed my head in silence while the beauty of nature pierced my heart. I could not help it. Emotion held me as my lips murmured,

"How long, O Lord, how long?"

CHAPTER V

Kobe, the Tourists' Point of Vantage; and Nagoya, Home Ground

Mass while 'afloat near the heart of Japan' — The good Father Fage of local renown and widespread esteem — The varied interests of Kobe — Modern architecture unable as yet to destroy the Oriental picturesqueness of the city — Osaka, Kyoto, and the surrounding country — Arrival at Nagoya — Nagoya Castle — The Temple of Osu-No-Kwannon — The dread 'amusement quarters' of the city — Buddhist and Shintoist shrines — Birthplace of Hideyoshi.

Slowly the daylight faded. Here and there from a shadowy island a gleam of light, reflected in the placid sea, was joined by the mirrored twinkling of a heavenly taper. Peace and quiet reigned. The *Empress of Russia* was carrying us nearer and nearer the mainland.

The schedule had promised our arrival in Kobe between five and six o'clock; but it seemed to our longing hearts that the great vessel was loath to leave these pleasant waters, for it was not until half-past seven (p.m.) that we actually cast anchor. At that hour the darkness was so intense that landing was impossible. So the night was spent aboard the ship.

We needed no alarm clock, the next morning, for our eagerness aroused us at an early hour, while dark purple shades still mantled peak and mountain and the cold breeze ruffled the surface of the sea.

All seemed strange, almost like a dream, to me, as I said my Holy Mass while yet afloat on Japanese waters. This glorious privilege of my priesthood had been exercised in many far and alien countries, with its dear, familiar prayers and consecration: it is a Sacrifice that is offered in every land and every clime. But never before had my soul been filled with quite so much gratitude as now, and the essential *oneness* of the Church — the great, soul-saving Church — moved me most convincingly, as I said my Mass under, to me, most unusual circumstances.

After Mass and thanksgiving, we enjoyed a good breakfast; and at eight o'clock we left our splendid boat.

At once, we were met by a servant of Father Fage, whom the good priest had sent to conduct us to the mission station. But first there were the usual customs examinations. We somewhat dreaded this ordeal, as that of our previous landing (in Nagasaki) had been very tedious; but as a pleasant surprise, we found the examination not at all trying here in Kobe.

Father Fage (procurator and vicar general of the Osaka diocese) met us in person at the custom-house of the *Missions Etrangères*, and extended to us a sincere welcome.

This kind and amiable gentleman is pastor of the Seven Dolors Church in Kobe, and numbers some three hundred European Catholics in his parish. Though he has resided in Japan nearly thirty years, the fact seemed at the time of our meeting, not to have worn on him greatly. He reported to us the cheering news that he felt as young as a boy, and his whole manner and bearing surely measured up to his statements fully. He is known abroad, so I was told, as "the ever cheerful missionary," even among the non-Catholic population.

There is another parish, for the Japanese, of whom there are some eighteen hundred faithful Catholics in Kobe; and there are two resident priests to care for their spiritual requirements.

When, a few minutes later, we reached the mission house, Father General at once entered the church, and there passed the remainder of the forenoon; while I, with our most agreeable host, repaired to the Sannomyia Railway Station to purchase tickets for Nagoya (our next goal), to gather together our baggage, and to secure a number of postcards for our magazines.

I found the city of Kobe to be possessed of features full of interest, and of picturesque beauty as well. It is considered the brightest and most healthful spot in the empire, and is well equipped for travelers' comfort. It supports a large and flourishing foreign colony, with all the usual accompaniments — golf clubs, bathing beaches, foreign stores, dance halls, bridge parties, and the rest. And all these things, which form the aims of business and pleasure for life on our western continent, are strangely blended with quaint customs of the Orient and all those suggestive Japanese touches which one frequently sees significantly depicted on Japanese fans.

There are some fine hotels and many beautiful villas on a lovely wooded ridge at the far end of the city, which commands a wide view of town and harbor. The port, being naturally well sheltered and also protected by extensive harbor works, supplies safe anchorage to vessels varying from least to greatest in tonnage. The chief activity of Kobe radiates from this section, as the greater part of its business consists in exporting and importing and the building of ships.

Since the year 1867, when the port was first opened to foreign trade, Kobe has made extraordinary progress,

and is now one of the two greatest open ports of Japan: the other port, Yokohama, is, practically speaking, a sister city.

Being situated in the heart of the country and having many facilities of communication (by land and sea) with all other parts of the empire, Kobe is a splendid central point from which a tourist may travel in any direction.

The very streets produce a favorable impression upon the western visitor, because of their many public and commercial buildings which possess all the delineations of strictly modern architecture.

The street *Kaigan-dori* lies along the coast. On the landward side are steamship offices, trading firms, and forwarding agencies. From the seaward side jut five piers. The custom-house is near one of these piers, and beyond is the former foreign concession, still occupied by residents from different countries. Passing along to the end of the concession, one finds a beautiful public garden and cemetery for foreigners.

Grouped about the foreign concession are the main business streets of the city. These streets are wide and well paved, with tree-shaded sidewalks, and present a most imposing appearance. The buildings, symmetrical in their modernity, with fine, shallow-stepped entrances, awning-decked windows, lofty lines and classic columns, suggest the idea of having been lifted bodily from one of the cities of our western hemisphere.

High on the slopes of the hills that roll upward from the northern part of Kobe are homes of foreign residents, set down in exquisite flower gardens and nestled between villas of wealthy Japanese.

Between these fragrant hills and the foreign business section lies the real Kobe, the *Japanese* Kobe, with narrow, twisting streets, tiny houses, miles of shops, and all things

quaint and interesting which go to make up Oriental life.

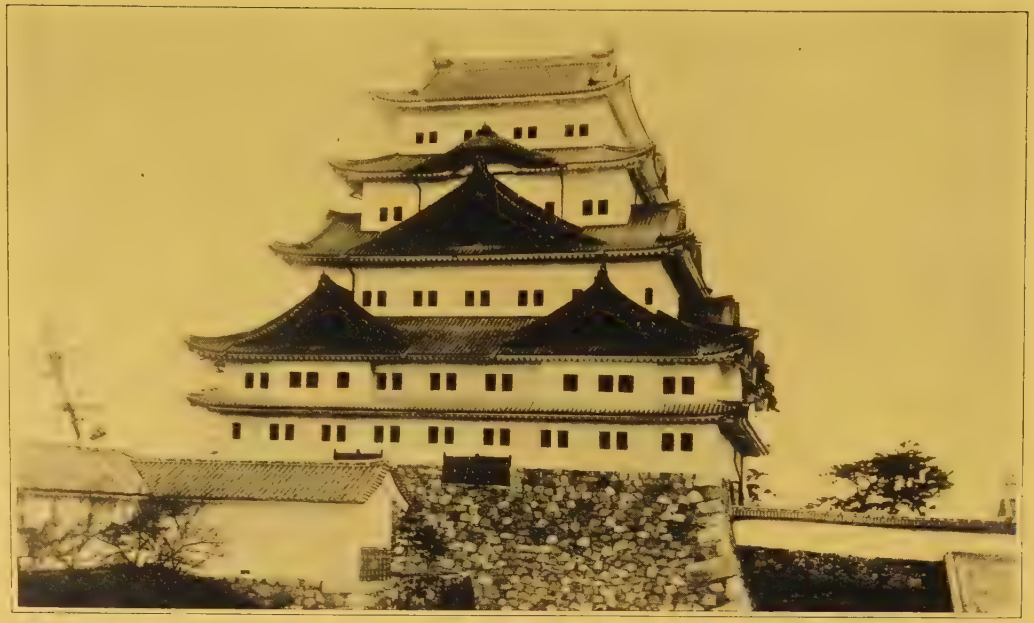
Sakaimachi is called the *Wall Street of Kobe* because of the number of its great national banks. Paralleling this avenue lies Motomachi, an attractive shopping street which trails its brightness for half a mile or more, its shops displaying tempting merchandise of every description. Here are rich Japanese silks and textiles, art goods, curios, antiques, brocades, embroideries, fabrics and materials of all kinds, sandals and slippers, gold and silver work fashioned by Japanese artists, pearl and jade, prints old and new, clever drawings and paintings, — and everything spread out in lavish profusion to delight the eye.

It is needless to say that the facilities for acquiring these things appear very enticing. Though women are supposed to be the proverbial shoppers, I must confess that, if time had permitted, I might perhaps have been led astray in the fascinating mazes and lures of Motomachi with its endless variety of things purchasable.

Beyond this lies Theatre Street. It has moving-picture palaces and fine play-houses, and the gaudy banners that float from these buildings add greatly to the prevailing colorful display.

Farther on, across the railway tracks, more streets are to be found, teeming with life and the intense industry of the Japanese, and displaying for sale in stores and shops objects representing the labor and products of many small factories. Here also one comes upon numerous public restaurants and inns.

Even though one admires the modern streets and the splendid new buildings which rear themselves proudly along the wide thoroughfares, one is not allowed to forget the picturesqueness of Oriental life, for the temple and



The Famous Nagoya Castle

With the Catholics after Sunday Services in Nagoya

shrine and pagoda and torii, reminiscent of the older periods of Japan, intermingle with manifestations of latter days.

Close by the Kobe Station is the Minatogawa Shrine. It is a Shinto temple enclosed within square, brick walls; and it is dedicated to Kusunoki Masashige, a well-known loyalist hero of medieval times. Kusunoki's grave lies in a quiet nook among rustling pines.

About a quarter of a mile from the Sannomiya Station is a very ancient temple, which was erected by the Empress Jingo-Kogo after her triumphant return from the famous Korean Expedition. A gnarled plum tree, growing within the torii, is supposed to be that from which the gallant warrior, Kajiwara Kagesue, of the twelfth century, plucked a flowering branch to adorn his quiver.

There are many other temples and shrines, each with its story and legend and ancient tradition. But there are others also which are comparatively new. In the Nofuku-ji Temple there is a great image of Buddha, twenty-eight feet high, standing on a stone base of ten feet: both the temple and image were erected as late as 1890.

There are parks and hot springs beautiful beyond description, and everywhere one sees the touch of art blended so skilfully with nature as to assist, embellish, and bring out all the wonderful beauty of this 'land of smiles.'

High up in the hills behind the city the twin waterfalls, called Nunobiki, pour down their liquid silver with joyous music, giving drink to all the sweet-scented things that cluster near.

I was fascinated with all I saw, and more than satisfied with what I heard in answer to my eager questions; but at last Father Fage reminded me of the dinner

hour, and suggested that we return to the mission station.

While I had been sight-seeing and attending to the *business end* of our journey, Father General had spent most of the time talking with the Eucharistic Prisoner; and judging from my own sentiments, I knew what had been the subject of his earnest prayer, a prayer that we would both pray while life lasted, — a prayer for the Christianization of Japan.

But by this time we had come together again; and our dinner hour was interspersed with pleasant chat. After a refreshing meal, Father General and I said good-bye to our kind host and boarded the train for Nagoya.

Traveling comfortably in the daylight, we had an opportunity to observe the towns through which we passed, and to enjoy exquisite bits of scenery along the way.

It was not long (about an hour) before the train halted at Osaka. I became interested in watching the farewells between a traveler and a party of friends who had evidently escorted him to the station. They bowed and bowed, almost to the ground, and he returned the numerous salutes. There followed a few smiling words, and then the deep, courteous bodily inclinations were repeated. As the travelers boarded the train, the friends on the platform bent low once more.

But we were off in a moment, rushing past a flying panorama of streets intersected by canals, of tiny dwellings, of tram-cars, jinrikishas, and kimono-clad figures: thus we sped away from Osaka.

As we neared Kyoto, we found that two or three inches of snow covered the ground, and at the same time noticed that the mountains (remember, we were in a mountainous region) lifted great, white-capped heads to

the heavens. So chastely pure and beautiful were they in their glistening, pearly garb that they made me think of a soul at peace with God. Then, from the glorious heights our gaze traveled down to the busy city itself, picturesque, indeed, as are all the towns of this region, and teeming with life.

But we did not tarry. There was a warning snort from the engine, and, with fleeting glance at the station, the twisting river, and the quaint streets, we were on our way once more.

Journeying toward Nagoya, the afternoon dragged slowly to a close. Dim twilight and gray darkness settled over the flying scenery, spangled here and there with 'will o' the wisp' paper lanterns.

It was half-past seven o'clock when we arrived at our destination. Imagine our pleasure when the first faces that greeted us were those of Father Willmes and Msgr. Reiners. After cordial words of welcome, they led us to an automobile which had been lent to them for the occasion by the son of a catechist: and in this comfortable modern conveyance we were taken to the mission station.

"Deo gratias" rose to my lips. We were among our own again.

Father Willmes was the only Catholic priest then resident within the city of Nagoya and the two civil prefectures of Aichi and Gifu; he was at one and the same time both superior and subject. As he showed us over the mission station, explaining his hopes and plans, the general impression gained of its future prospects was very favorable. The mission building had been erected by the predecessors of our Fathers, who were the Missionaries of Paris, and we admired the homelike appearance of the rectory, the house of the catechist, and the devotion-inspiring little chapel.

We chatted a long time that night, forgetful of the weariness attending our journey. There was so much to say, aud our hearts were sò full, that at last the lateness of the hour came upon us as a surprising fact. Then we sought our rest, with the old prayer — "O God, bless Japan, and send the light of Thy love down on these precious souls so dear to Thy tender heart" — springing from our breasts.

In the morning, after Holy Mass and breakfast, Father Willmes constituting himself my cicerone, took me on a sight-seeing tour of the city and its environs. During the next few days I was to see a great many interesting places in and about Nagoya.

First we directed our course to the famous castle of the countryside. This is one of the wonder spots in a wonderful country. The castle has stood for more than two hundred years, the original construction having been entrusted to twenty daimyos who were 'outsiders' — that is, who were not hereditarily attached to the local Tokugawa family. The work was in consequence cunningly designed to impoverish these daimyos and thus to weaken their power and prestige. The building, from base to summit, measures about one hundred and eight feet, the central keep of the citadel covering close upon half an acre; but each of its five stories diminishes in floor space, and the top measures no more than approximately twelve feet. The effect of the almost pyramidal outline, however, is broken by the quaint beauty of hanging rafters and gabled roofs. A pair of golden dolphins (representing the male and female), each eight feet high, form a striking finial. One of these artistic products, sent to the Vienna Exposition of 1873, was all but lost as a consequence of the wrecking of the ship which carried it. But it was eventually recovered and restored to its original

perch, where it continues to keep silent watch over the great castle.

After my interest in this marvelous building had been somewhat satisfied, Father Willmes brought me to a very busy section of the city, where we visited the temple *Osu-No-Kwannon*. Although this temple of the goddess Kwannon was once held very sacred in the days of yore, many emperors, even, having been counted among its devotees, it nowadays presents a very lively but somewhat ordinary appearance; and this, I am told, is especially the case on festive occasions, such as the eighteenth of each month and the ninth and tenth of July.

Among its treasures are found old documents, writings of some emperors, and notice-boards of shoguns.

A few years ago a disastrous fire unfortunately destroyed the main shrine, the five-tiered pagoda, and the storied gate. They were, however, at the time of my visit, in course of reconstruction.

This temple is quite near the amusement quarters of Nagoya; and beyond lies the old section of the 'public houses,' the roofs of which shelter two thousand young prostitutes.

These places, fully sanctioned, are situated in the midst of smiling gardens, with trees and shrubs embowering their seemingly respectable entrances! O God, what birthrights of souls are sold here! What debasing of all that is beautiful and admirable in the spirits of the youth of Japan is accomplished in this place! Here, without any other, was proof of the paganism of the country, where the people, with all their aestheticism and charm of manner, consider the brothel as ordinary an institution as the theatre or shop, and the pandering of the low passions a necessity of life.

These sad thoughts were still running through my mind while Father Willmes was leading me to a great Buddhist shrine. The temple *Higashi Hongwan-ji* is the most important religious institution of the city, not only in size, but also in architectural beauty and in expensive material. The site was once a fortress, and now, with its surrounding high walls, presents a most imposing appearance. I was struck by the two-storied, double-roofed gateway, the portal and gate of which were chastely decorated. The interior is exquisite with carved friezes, and with sliding doors, walls, and screens bearing paintings of famous masters. Great feasts are celebrated in connection with this shrine every year.

We next visited *Atsuta Jingu,* the second greatest Shinto shrine in Japan, which is dedicated, primarily, to Prince Yamatotake no Mikoto, and secondarily, to the Sun Goddess and her brothers. By the Japanese, this temple is revered on account of the *Kusanagi-no-Tsurugi,* (i.e., grass-mowing sword: one of the objects composing the imperial regalia) treasured there.

The building, erected in Shinto style, presents a decidedly antique appearance. Even the surroundings look old, the old cryptomeria, camphor, and pine trees imparting a solemn aspect to the hallowed ground and adding an air of weird mystery.

Ordinary festivals occur here as frequently as seventy times a year, but on April 8 and June 21 are celebrated the two principal fete days.

Leaving this Shinto shrine, we sought the birthplace of the shogun, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, Taikosama. His birth occurred in a place called Nakamura Koen, a former village now incorporated with the city of Nagoya. The house where he was born no longer exists, but the site is enclosed, the fencing bearing an inscription which gives

all the details and even designates the very spot where *Hideyoshi received his first bath.*

Strange enough, in this same spot is also designated the birthplace of Kato Kiyomasa (already referred to), a famous daimyo under Ieyasu. Kato Kiyomasa was responsible for the building of Nagoya Castle. He was a great enemy of the Church and a cruel persecutor of Christians (a vivid description of the martyrdoms of many Christians in his district was written by Dutch eye-witnesses, and has been partially given in a previous chapter). Because of his having been, among other things, a fervent Buddhist, he is today revered as a god, especially by the lepers, since he himself contracted this dread disease.

In walking back to the street-car our way led us through the new amusement quarters of the city. In one section I saw some splendid buildings in the course of construction. Carpenters, bricklayers, and masons were measuring, sawing, pounding, and plying their various crafts industriously, and I wondered what manner of houses were being reared. But a sudden feeling of horror came over me when I learned that these structures were to be 'public houses,' intended for the shelter of three thousand young prostitutes.

I closed my eyes for a moment as the thought of my religion came over me. And I pictured, not a life of shame, but of virtue; not a place of licensed sin, but a convent rearing its cross heavenward, and beneath its roof pure virgins dedicating their lives to the uplifting of humanity and to the practice of walking in the footsteps of their Divine Spouse!

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "Christianity, and naught save Christianity, can work this miracle. But with Thy grace nothing is impossible. Help these little Japanese girls — these daughters of a people with smiling lips and

hospitable hearts. Dear Lord, they know Thee not; they know Thee not."

The next day was Sunday. In the tiny church we listened to Msgr. Reiners' sermon and witnessed his confirmation of a young lady. Then followed High Mass, at which Father General and I assisted, while Father Willmes played the little organ and joined with a handful of Christians in singing to the best of their several abilities. Altogether, there were only thirty-five persons present. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament followed the Mass.

I was far from home, and my heart was saddened with the thought that, in the whole prefecture there were only one hundred Catholics, yet my dear Lord seemed very near to me as I bowed my head to receive His blessing and, from a full heart, begged that His grace might fall on a people I loved very much.

Thus ended our first solemn Sunday celebration in Japan.

CHAPTER VI

Getting at the Core of Shintoism

Off for Uji-Yamada, the sacred city of Japan — Concerning Amaterasu-Omikami, the Sun Goddess — Primitive Shintoism and its chief significances — Pilgrimages — The Gegu and Naigu, and remote and immediate approaches — The succession of enclosures — The Shrine of Seiden — Jino — The Kagura or Sacred Dances — Uji-bachi bridge and the famous Isuzugawa river — Three sacred treasures — The Beach at Futami — A repast à la mode — Return to Nagoya.

The next morning at 8.55 o'clock Father General and Monsignor Reiners left Nagoya for Kanazawa. But even at that early hour Father Willmes and I were already far on our way to Yamada in Ise Land, having started from Nagoya almost two hours earlier.

We were carried swiftly by train over some seventy and more miles of country prolific in boisterous waterfalls, rushing rivers, and mountain heights; and so keen was my delight in the passing picture that I was almost sorry when, at half-past ten precisely, the scene was suddenly changed, and we found ourselves at our destination and surrounded by bowing and otherwise most courteous officials.

Uji-Yamada is so called because it is a union of two separate townships, Uji and Yamada, which had been recently amalgamated into a single municipality. Ainoyama forms the boundary between them, with Yamada lying to the east and Uji to the west.

The city stretches out in a long, straggling line, with winding, irregular streets which twine about the central way as a parasite vine winds about a young sapling.

There are, however, even in the gay confusion of these irregular thoroughfares, several business streets; and in these I came upon many wares of sufficient attractiveness and value to tempt the desire and purse of almost any tourist. Perhaps I should particularly mention certain sets of beautifully carved chopsticks, some paper-made tobacco pouches (real art products), and some umbrellas which spread out like great flowers in full bloom. And in one or two of the shops I came upon some of the loveliest lacquer-ware I had ever seen.

Besides the almost ubiquitous jinrikisha, carriages and automobiles were also in evidence, and an electric tramway service ran from the Yamada Station to Naigu and Futami. I noted a, to me, unique accessory to the automobiles observed, — something I had never before seen anywhere, either in Japan or elsewhere. This was a sort of apron, which was attached to the mud-guards and hung over the wheels, to prevent mud from splashing on passers-by. Considering the fact that rains are frequent and the streets are unpaved, I looked upon this as a very thoughtful invention.

But it is not for its conveyances or streets or shops that Yamada is specially noted, but because it is the seat of the Great Ise Shrines. For this reason it is the Mecca of the empire, and thousands upon thousands of pilgrims journey from every direction to pay homage to their goddess in this sacred city which is the center of Shinto worship.

Shintoism, or the Way of the Gods, is, practically speaking, the *old* religion of Japan, being indigenous to that country. It is a cult that combines nature-worship and

ancestor-worship, its chief deity being Amaterasu-Omikami, the Sun Goddess. This religion is interwoven with the earliest history of the empire, for the legend runs that the first Japanese emperor, the founder of the imperial house which through thousands of years has extended in one unbroken line to the present day, was a descendant of Amaterasu-Omikami.

While many other gods are venerated, such as deities of the wind, rain, river, fire, and mountain, and many heroes of the imperial family, the Sun Goddess rises supreme above them all, and to her is offered the most devoted worship. This fact has exerted a marvelous influence in clothing the imperial family with awe and in holding the Japanese close to their ruler in unswerving loyalty and devotion.

The most evident tenet of the Shinto worship is that of purity and purification. It is customary, almost compulsory, to wash the hands before worshiping, and the frequent bathing of Shinto priests and pious believers proves the importance attached to personal purification. The impurities from which believers seek to be cleansed are those incurred through contact with dead bodies or human blood, and all impurities of sinful imaginings of the heart as well.

Prayers offered at shrines have from earliest times been considered as *harai* — that is effectual in *sweeping away*. Hence the protection of the gods is sought against natural evils of all kinds — pestilences, floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, and all great national menaces. Charms, annually distributed from the Great Ise Shrines, are supposed to be endowed with the same power of deliverance. Much importance is attached to them.

Shinto *proper* is rather a cult of ancestor-worship than a real religion, as it has no system of theology or ethics.

To follow the natural goodness of the heart is the chief teaching. Its promises regarding future rewards for the morality of this life are rather hazy; though it clearly teaches that the soul lives after death.

It has no asceticism or celibate clergy. Its priests, as well as the laity, may marry or eat animal food. Women also serve in the shrines, as priestesses or kagura dancers. The sacrifices offered are usually rice, fruits, fish, vegetables, sake (a rice wine), and, on certain occasions, products of the looms.

The Shinto temple in its purest form is built of plain, unvarnished wood, and is covered with a thatched roof. It is supposed to represent a primitive hut, and shows few traces of a more recent civilization. There is always at the entrance to the precincts of a shrine a peculiar gateway called *torii*: sometimes there are several of these, located at different approaches, and there is always near one a stone cistern or vessel of some kind, containing water to permit worshipers to purify themselves before beginning devotions. Above the main entrance to the shrine there is a gong, usually reached by a flight of steps. This the worshiper rings by pulling a cord attached to it, and thus the attention of the goddess is called to his devotions. After ringing, a devotee claps his hands two or three times, and then proceeds with his prayer.

All through Japan, in every village district or township, upwards of two hundred Shinto shrines are to be found scattered about; although it appears that in and around Kyoto the folk are not quite so religious as in other sections. The presiding divinities are looked upon as the tutelary gods of the locality surrounding a temple or shrine.

But among all the Shinto shrines the Ise Daijingu stands absolutely peerless. Between Daijingu and the

other goddesses there are no degrees of comparison or rank; she, by highest right, is queen over all other deities.

To visit the Great Shrine at least once in a lifetime is the cherished wish of every Japanese. All over the country there are associations the members of which collect small donations which are pooled until a sufficient amount is realized to permit one or more members to go to the holy place: each time the persons to go are chosen by lot; and this method is continued until every member secures an opportunity to make the pilgrimage.

Formerly young men and even maidens were often wont to steal away from home surreptitiously in order to visit the shrines, and in such instances they would depend upon the alms of strangers to provide them with rice, money, clothing, and sedge hats on the way. Such escapades, because of the pious motive prompting them, were always forgiven by parents or masters. But the old customs have practically died out during these latter days, since modern traveling facilities and the general prosperity of the country have made the shrines accessible to all.

Father Willmes and I had been speaking of these things as we turned our steps toward the *Gegu* (the Great Shrines of Ise consist mainly of two: the Gegu or outer shrine, and the Naigu or inner shrine), which is dedicated to Toguke-no-Daijin, the Goddess of Food and Clothing, who is supposed to have charge of the fruits of the earth. But let me pause here, for a moment, to describe our steps of progress before actually reaching the Gegu. Afterwards we were to proceed to the Naigu (also called Daijingu), the second shrine, which is sacred to the sun Goddess.

My first impression on reaching our destination was one of surprise at the extent of the grounds, and I was

told that the temple precincts cover 203 acres. Just before the entrance was a grove of cryptomeria trees with interlacing boughs, giving promise of refreshing shade during the warm summer months. As we crossed a bridge just before the first torii, we came upon a camphor tree of usual size. This tree is called *Kiyomori-no-Kusu,* and a story lingers round its name: it is this:

Once, years ago, when the despotic *Taira-no-Kiymori* visited the shrine, in the capacity of Imperial Messenger, he passed beneath the waving boughs of the young camphor tree, and by some mishap caught in the green branches the ornamental coronet he was wearing. It did not require much to wound the pride of the despot. and this small incident so infuriated him that he ordered the offending branch to be lopped off.

A little farther on we came to the *Ichi-no-Torii,* or first, or *official,* gateway. Here every person, even to members of the Imperial family, is requested and required to dismount from horse or vehicle and to proceed on foot. Passing through the gateway we found the Imperial Palace of Sojourn, where the Emperor rests while on a pilgrimage, and the Palace of Assembly, where the members of the imperial family change their attire before worshiping. A noble avenue, lined on either side with tall cryptomerias, leads from this point directly to the shrine itself.

Entering a second gateway we came to the Hall of Kagura (or Hall of the Sacred Dance). Adjoining this hall is an office where paper charms inscribed with the names sacred to Shinto worshipers are sold. At this point also is the Hall of Worship for the detached shrines, and several other buildings as well. Thus, by easy stages, we at last reached the Gegu itself.

The shrine is enclosed in a succession of four fences. The outer enclosure is built in the form of an irregular oblong, and is made of neatly planted, unvarnished cryp-

tomeria wood. Its principal entrance consists of a wide torii, opposite which is a screen, called Mase-gaki. The second fence is composed of cryptomeria logs, alternately long and short, with two horizontal railings running through them. Its main entrance is through a thatched gateway veiled by a white curtain. Only imperial persons or envoys are allowed to pass through this gate. The third enclosure is a palisade of planks set close together. This, also, is entered through a thatched gateway. The innermost fence is a square wooden wall, and within this is the shrine.

The shrine of Seiden, twenty feet long and sixteen feet wide, rears its pillars ten feet to meet a thatched roof with external ridge-poles, crosstrees, and projecting rafters. The woodwork is of cypress, with no painting of dignified simplicity and high sanctity.

Jinen, the Sacred Park, begins at the south gate of the Gegu, and contains about ten acres. It is truly a Japanese park in every respect, gay in the summer months, with flowering shrubs and leafy trees which were green even at the time of our visit, and with picturesque, curving bridges, winding paths, and lofty toriis. My attention was specially called to a flourishing pine tree which had been planted by the Emperor when he was Crown Prince; and I was also requested to take note of a gun which had been captured in the war of 1904—05.

On a sunny slope of a beautiful hill called *Kurata-yama* are several buildings which contain objects of interest associated with temple worship. It was not the buildings, however, but the hill itself which claimed my breathless attention. For, on climbing to the very summit, I enjoyed one of the most superb views I had yet seen in this land of loveliness. South and east and west towered mountain peaks, glowing in the kiss of the sun; some

green with pine and camphor trees, some musical with leaping waterfalls, some brooding like a gentle mother over purple valleys and the glint of water's silver thread knitted through the landscape. Further still, climbing higher in the blue heavens, rose the hoary-headed mountains of North Ise. Nestling at our very feet was the town of Yamada with its environs, its gay colors smiling up with a sense of cheer that one discovers nowhere else as in Japan. We noted the crooked lines of the streets, woven in and out like the skeins of rainbow silk; and beyond the town we discerned the sapphire blue waters of Ise Bay. Truly, truly, Japan is rich in glorious scenery.

On the upper side of Urata-zaka, a low hill lying between Naigu and Gegu, is an office called *Shimbusho*. This place has charge of the making of paper charms and almanacs, for distribution and sale throughout the empire. This office also has the control of all affairs connected with private worship at the shrines, such as the kagura dances, the offering of special prayers, etc.

The kagura or sacred dance was never performed at the shrines proper previous to the year 1868. But at the request of pilgrims, the ochi (inferior priests) had had the dances performed in their private houses, with a view to personal profit. After 1868, however, the Imperial Government forbade all such private performances, and at the same time introduced the dances in the Gegu and Naigu, placing the orchestral performances and dances entirely under the control of the Shimbusho.

Before the kagura begins, a priest recites a prayer, during which he mentions the name of the person requesting the performance. The dance then proceeds, each of the dancing maidens holding in her hand a branch of the sakaki tree. The number of dances and the length of

Snap-shot Taken in Japan: from left to right, Father Hagspiel, Msgr. Reiners, Father Superior General, Father Willmes.

Another Snap-shot: Two Mission Fathers, with 'Mission Blossoms' all about.

The Sacred Bridge of Ise with Torii, Leading to the Famous Yamada Shinto Shrines. Every twenty-five years the bridge is completely torn down and rebuilt. The distinctive and outstanding feature of these parks, with their shrines and all else that pertains to them, is the manifestation of art as exhibited in simplicity, order, and scrupulous regard for neatness everywhere.

the performance depend upon the size of the financial offering made by the applicant.

After our visit to the Gegu, our next point of interest was the Naigu, the inner shrine and the main temple of Shinto worship.

A street-car which we boarded carried us down a long and narrow street that ran through the sections of Yamada and Uji; the thoroughfare was full of many pleasant sights. Finally we came to the Uji-bashi, a bridge that spans the famous Isuzu-gawa river. This river, whose beauties have been broadcast in song and story, is ten miles in length and flows from Osaka-yama, on the boundary between Ise and Shima provinces, rippling its silver length through the premises of the Naigu and pouring its treasures into the sea at Futami-ura. It is of such crystal clarity that its swimming creatures and pebbly bed are plainly visible everywhere. In its upper course there are many rocks and boulders of various shapes and sizes. In and out of these purls and eddies the singing water flowed, or was to be found lying in peaceful, cloud-flecked pools, or again, laughing in rapids, leaping over half-submerged stones, happy and gay in the midst of wild mountain scenery the wonder of which almost made one hold the breath.

There is a beautiful arched bridge at the very entrance to the Naigu Consecrated Park. We entered the first torii, and turning to the right, passed down to the bank of the river. Here we found pilgrims, washing their hands and rinsing their mouths in preparation for worship. Not far from this place of purification we saw the Anzai-sho (House of Imperial Sojourn), Sanshu-jo (Rest House for Members of the Imperial Family) and the house for making harai or prayers for warding off evil. After going

through a second torii, a road of lordly cryptomeria trees led to the Ofuda Office and to Kagura Hall.

The plan of the Naigu — the arrangement of its buildings, etc. — is very much the same as that of the Gegu, with the exception that the dimensions differ somewhat. The inner shrine of the Naigu contains a mirror which is one of the three sacred treasures, those consisting of Mirror, Sword, and Jewel. They are symbolical of the imperial authority which the Sun Goddess personally conferred on her grandson, Ninigo-no Mikoto, when the latter descended to earth to reign. The Mirror, emblem of Amaterasu-Omikami, is greatly revered by the Japanese.

The story goes that, according to the original instructions of the Sun Goddess, this sacred emblem was to be kept in a shrine in the palace of the reigning Emperor. This was done, according to tradition, until the year 92 B. C. Then, fearing that it might be desecrated by too close contact with humanity at large, it was removed to the Yamata Province, where it was venerated in a temple, the Emperor's virgin daughter officiating as priestess. Eighty years after, by the Emperor's order, it was enshrined in its present resting place in the Naigu.

We went through the temple grounds and around the temple itself. All about the precincts were soldiers acting as guards and, incidentally, adding a colorful note to the beauties of nature all about us. In a side temple, guarded also by soldiers, is the Jewel, enshrined for the veneration of the devout.

The scenery everywhere was so beautiful and glorious that it was with the greatest reluctance that I tore myself away from it. But I knew that, before returning to Nagoya, we were to visit Futami-ura, and so I consoled myself with anticipations of equally beautiful sights there. Accordingly we boarded a tramcar which soon carried us to our destination.

Futami is a beautiful beach covered with a wealth of pine trees. Its chief attraction is the *Myoto-iwa* which, being translated, means *Wedded Rocks*. These two rocks, united by a heavy straw rope ornamented with tufts of the same material, lie close to the shore. Near the summit of the larger one, which is about thirty feet high, is one of the quaint toriis so prevalent here. The smaller rock, lower by twenty feet, casts its reflection in the blue waters of the incoming tide.

I was told that the torii-crowned height is regarded as one of the finest places for observing the glories of the sunrise; and I could almost visualize the wonder of its glow spreading gradually over the brightening east, with mother-of-pearl colors tinting and deepening and ripening into a glory of crimson and gold and purple and rose, till the mirrored hues and the rainbow skies came to appear to be pinned together with the flaming brooch of the great sun-jewel.

It was ebb tide when we were in this beautiful spot, and we were able to walk quite to the side of the huge rocks, and even under them. The shining bay, the level beach, the smiling sky, and the spicy scent of pine groves left a memory that I shall always treasure — a picture out of my great book of Japan.

We left the peaceful quiet of Futami-ura and returned to Yamada, where Father Willmes conducted me to a hotel. Here we, of course, conformed to the custom of the country by removing our shoes before entering. A little Japanese waitress met us, with the usual low bow; and in our stocking-feet we walked to an upper room and there ordered for two the national meal of Japan-gyunabe. It was presently served by an attractive waitress who smiled with the well-known smile of Japan, and continued to do so all the time we took to enjoy

what was set before us. I was not well used to so low a table, or to sitting on my heels at dinner; yet the dishes were delicious, and I enjoyed my meat and rice and tea and the novelty of the service as well.

Our day had been very full, and it was time to take the train back to Nagoya. I had little to say during the return journey or, perhaps, I had so much to say that I could not shape it into words. But, as from the car window I watched the stars steal into the clear sky, and, through the stillness, heard the distant fall of shining water, the old thought pressed heavily aganist my heart — the old question: What to do to help this wonderful people to know, and in knowing, to love and serve the one true God?

CHAPTER VII

At the Heart of Japan

A trip on the Tokaido Railway — Kato Kiyomasa and Buddhism again talked of — "The Feast of the Naked" Passing interests of the trip (Ichinomiya, ancient battlefields, the Kisogawa river, etc.) — The prefecture of Gifu and the city — Ogaki — Yoro park, falls, and Shinto temple — the famous sake spring — The battlefield of Sekigahara (Ieyasu versus Taikosama) — Tale of the noble Konishi Kukinaga — Beautiful Lake Biwa — The great Nobunaga and his court — Nobunaga's strategy.

The next morning (it was the feast of St. Thomas), at eight o'clock, Father Willmes and I left Nagoya en route for Kyoto. We traveled on the *Tokaido*, the main railroad of Japan. This is a double-tracked system — a thing, as I was informed, that is in nowise prevalent in this country. The road-bed led us, in a long, straight line, through the extreme southern part of our mission, and through the fertile plains of Owari.

For some time, we had a view of Nagoya Castle, the great building we had recently visited; and as I gazed at the magnificent mass of human constructive effort, with its wide base, its tapering height, its overhanging roofs and the colossal golden dolphins motionless and silent on their perches, I pictured the character of the man, Kato Kiyomasa, under whose abitrary command the temple had arisen.

"What a cruel man he must have been," I said, turning from the car window to find Father Willmes also absorbed in thought.

"Most cruel in his treatment of the Christians," he answered; "for he persecuted them relentlessly. He was a rabid Buddhist, and hated all things connected with the Christ we love."

And then we drifted into a talk about the strange Buddhist religion, of which Kato Kiyomasa was so strong an adherent.

The cult of Buddhism was introducted into Japan from Korea, where it had spread from China A.D. 552. At that time the king of Korea presented to the emperor of Japan, as a gift, the scrolls of the Sutras and a golden image of Buddha. The Mikado was interested and inclined to adopt the new belief; but the majority of the council, being conservative Shintoists, opposed it with vigor.

Accordingly, the golden Buddha was given to one, Sogo-no-Iname, who enshrined it in his country house, thus turning his home into the first Buddhist temple in Japan.

A great pestilence, breaking out through the country at this time, was attributed by the Shintoists to the innovation of the foreign religion, and the house which held the statue was razed to the ground. However, this event was followed by such dire calamities that the place was allowed to be rebuilt.

After this there was an advent of priests and nuns, temple architects and artists of the new cult. Though the conservative Shintoists still bitterly resented the Buddhist faith, the bonzes won the day.

Shotoku Taishi, who was prince regent under the Empress, Suiko, from A.D. 593 to 621, was almost elevated to Buddhist saintship; and from that time the new cult was adopted as a nationally accepted religion of Japan.

Although Shintoism was still practised by many, the new belief seemed to supplant the old. It brought with it a superior moral code, deeper metaphysics, and a more elaborate ceremony. It also introduced artistic and ornamental shrines, candle lights, and flower decorations, in place of the bare, primitive Shinto temples. Though its system is complicated, its principal tenet seems to be the teaching of reincarnation. Each person, as he lives, finds himself in a state of life which is the result of a previous existence of good or evil; and the next incarnation in which he will enter after death will be higher or lower than the present, according as he proves his loyalty to good in the present period of life. Thus he raises himself higher and higher, until he reaches the perfect state. But even then, Buddhism does not promise a heaven of personal and material happiness and enjoyment. The reward held before its votaries is a state of *Nirvana* or complete annihilation of the self.

The supreme god of Buddhism is Amida Butsu, an idealization of the original Buddha. In each temple this statue is found, that in Kamakura temple being one of the most famous. Some of these images are made of wood, some of stone, some of metal; but the strangest of all are those made of metal mixed with ashes of the dead whose bodies have been donated to the temple, in lieu of burial. These are called Kotsu-botoke, meaning bone-Buddha.

Another famous god is Kami-Ko Butsu, the paper-garmented Buddha, a great god of healing. Every three years when his garments are changed, a multitude gather at the shrine, to have the paper garments which have touched the image put over their heads, in order that they may absorb some of the god-power clinging to them, and be healed. At the transferring of the garments, in

1919, fifteen hundred people solicited the ceremony, and, having touched the sacred dress, left the temple feeling that the god had favored them and that their health would be restored.

There are many others, such as the gods of the four parts of the compass (the north, east, south, and west heavens), Fudo (immovable), who teaches of the overthrow of evil, and Kwannon, or the thousand-handed Goddess of Mercy.

Buddhism was the established religion of Japan until about fifty years ago, when there was a reaction and it was branded as a foreign importation. Shintoism again rose in popularity, and it is once more the national faith of the country. That Buddhism is, however, still vibrant with life is evident by the numerous monasteries, temples, priests, and nuns throughout the empire: this is very particularly the fact throughout the whole district of Nagoya.

Nagoya Castle still stands, in all its splendor, though Kato Kiyomasa had long ago to follow in the way of all flesh. His spirit was called, not to the state of Nirvana of which he had dreamed, but to stand before the Christ he persecuted — a just Judge, though more tender and merciful than the haughty Buddhist had been in his judgments of the Christians.

Our eyes wandered from the Castle, now growing dim in the distance, to the immense railroad construction-work in progress not far from the city of Nagoya. Here, the largest railway station in Japan was in process of building.

A little farther on, we passed through Inuzawa, a small city where a famous Shinto temple is located. A most peculiar feast is held here, annually, each February. It is called Hadaka Matsuri, "The Feast of the Naked." This

celebration is marked by all kinds of excesses, against which even the native police find themselves absolutely powerless. Men, clad in a loin-cloth only, station themselves near the temple and seize every one who ventures too close to the steps of the shrine. The garments of those thus seized are forcibly torn from them and ripped to pieces. The fragments are then distributed to the people who visit the temple, as talismans and charms, supposed to bring to the owners wealth, happiness, and long life.

The next town that claimed our attention was Ichinomiya, with a population of about four thousand inhabitants. Unfortunately, this place is today wholly untouched by Christianity; although in old times it was a prominent Christian locality, and 300 years ago was the site of terrible martyrdoms, during which the tremendous heroism of the victims greatly astonished the pagans.

South of the town lie the ruins of Taikosama's first castle at Kiyosu, and to the north are the battlefields of Komaki Nagakute, where Taikosama fought against Ieyasu. Kiyosu was also, 300 years ago, a Christian mission with resident Jesuit Fathers.

The Kisogama, which we crossed, is one of the largest rivers that flows from the Alzen. It is navigable many miles inland for large junks; and this is a distinction which cannot be claimed by any other river in the central region. In the district where the central section of the Kisogama flows an immense electrical power, such as is hardly to be found anywhere else in the country, has been developed; and it is owing to the benefit derived from this that the city of Nagoya (together with other places) has increased so greatly in size and importance of late, and is destined to increase much further (the population is already 800,000, with an annual increase of 40,000). On the left bank of this great stream is a long avenue of the fa-

vorite cherry trees which, in blossom time, are like mists of pink loveliness. Midway in the water is the little isle of Kawashima, famous for its peach blossoms. In the height of the season these blooms fling the lure of their fairy beauty across the dividing ripples to the cherry flowers on the shore. The scenery here is marvelous. Even at this time of the year the wintry aspect of its rushing water and its winding shore, tree-lined and rock-bound, reminded me more of the banks of the German Rhine than any place I had ever seen.

While we were feasting our eyes on Nature's beauty, we came to the prefecture of Gifu and the neighboring prefecture of Aichi. Close to the border line rises the capital city, Gifu, with its sixty thousand inhabitants and its immense spinning and paper industries. Crepe, tissue, and cotton fabrics are produced, and the paper wares are most remarkable. The export of painted paper umbrellas yields a large income, and the beautiful paper lanterns combine delicacy of texture with strength and durability. All these products are noted for their artistic beauty, as well as for their useful qualities.

The natural surroundings of the city are exquisite beyond words. On a densely wooded hill (Mt. Inaba) stands a low castle, its walls outlined against the blue. From this height it must be a wonderful sight to gaze down at the city nestling at the foot of the slope, with its network of streets, its parks, shrines, and gardens, and, like a shining ribbon, the Nagara-gawa, binding its fertile banks into a broad band of green silver.

At one time Gifu was a flourishing mission station, conducted by the Parisian missionaries. But alas, the religious work there is being started all over again. A new mission station was opened in 1926: God grant that the second attempt may be eminently successful. Like

Nagoya, Gifu is one of the most difficult mission fields in Japan.

Three hundred and thirty years ago, the city was the seat of the daimyo, Akechi Mitsuhide, a famous poet, a brilliant general and protégé of Oda Nobunaga, the father of Donna Gracia Hosokawa Tadaki. The name of Donna Gracia has become renowned in the Christian world because it represents the firstfruits of Catholicity among the aristocracy of Japan. She lived a life of glorious Christian fortitude amidst incalculable difficulties and won, at the end, a most precious crown of victory for her fidelity to the Faith. Nobunaga, it should be recalled, was the first of the three celebrated men who, in the sixteenth century, succeeded in effecting peace and unity in a politically disrupted Japan.

We left Gifu and, crossing the Nagara river (noted for its fisheries), arrived at Ogaki. This city houses about forty thousand inhabitants, and is known chiefly for its paper and woolen industries.

Yoro Park, in the vicinity, is well worth seeing. It stands on an eminence so thickly wooded with cherry, maple, and pine trees, interspersed with huge boulders, as to give the impression of wildness and solitude. The Yoro Falls shoot down between great rocks into a knee-deep pool, bordered, in the summertime, with verdant foliage. Cresses, growing abundantly around the water, are noted for their strong flavor; and to the frogs that croak through the hours is attributed a peculiarly sweet note.

The Shinto temple of Yoro stands a little higher; and within its enclosure is a spring whose sparkling water falls into a stone cistern. This is the *sake* (i.e., *rice wine*) spring of popular legend. The story runs that, long years ago, there dwelt hereabout a poor woodcutter

who loved his father devotedly. The father had a great fondness for sake, and the son spent the most of his hard earnings in supplying it to him. It chanced that, one day, when the dutiful son set out, as usual, to cut wood, he discovered a peculiar sake-like water trickling from a crevice in a rock. Draining off a jugful, he carried it home to his father, who tasted the beverage and pronounced it very fine sake. The news of the miraculous discovery spread and finally reached Kyoto (at that time the capital city). The court, to commemorate the fortunate discovery, changed the name of the existing era to that of Yoro, which signifies filial piety.

Though formerly Ogaki had a mission station, at the time of my visit there was none. Thirty years ago a disastrous earthquake leveled the whole city, demanding at the same time a toll of eight thousand lives. Now rebuilt, it is a beautiful town lying peacefully at the foot of the mountains which separate Mino Owari from Lake Biwa. Contemplating its serene setting, one would not think of the danger of avalanches; but during the cold months, slides from the steep heights overlooking the city are frequently disastrous to life and buildings.

Not long after we had left Ogaki behind us, we reached one of the most memorable spots in Japan — memorable especially in point of Catholicity, three hundred years ago. This is Sekigahara, the great battlefield of 1600, where Ieyasu, after the death of Taikosama, by defeating the forces of Taikosama's party, brought into power the house of Tokugawa, which ruled the empire for the next two hundred and sixty years — until 1867. With the political ascendancy of the house of Tokugawa began the decline of the Church. Ieyasu was an ardent Buddhist, and hated Christianity, considering it to be Japan's deadly enemy.

During the civil war of 1600, the noble Konishi Yukinaga, a loyal Catholic, was taken prisoner and commanded to take his own life according to the method of *hara-kiri* (i.e., by ripping out the intestines). He, of course, being true to the teachings of the religion he loved more than all else, refused to soil his soul with the crime of self-murder. On account of this refusal, he was taken to Kyoto and beheaded, like an ordinary criminal. Konishi Yukinaga is the "Don Augustin" often referred to by older missionaries. He was one of the most famous military leaders of his time; but his enduring fame rests in his heroic fidelity to the Faith of his adoption.

Sekigahara, notwithstanding the bloody deeds that took place on its fair expanse, is a very beautiful spot. Like the emerald-hued bottom of a cup, it lies surrounded by the wonderful formation of the Ibukiyama mountain range. Just at the time of our arrival, these great heights were clothed in their winter garb of snow, sparkling sometimes, in the sunlight, with the fire of a million diamonds, and sometimes soft as deep, rich ermine, more picturesque, more magnificent, than mere words can describe.

This place, once dyed so red with human blood in the struggle for supremacy, abounds in myth and legend and story. The very name suggests fables of fights with dragons and other monsters of might.

Three hundred and fifty years ago, the Mission had extensive tea plantations in this locality; and many of these fertile plantations also produced medicinal herbs. But that was long ago. Even the vestiges of these properties are lost today.

After crossing the mountain range we came to Lake Biwa, one of the most exquisite spots in a beautiful country. It is the largest inland body of water in the empire, and

derives its name *Biwa*, signifying *guitar*, from the fanciful resemblance of its shape to that well-known musical instrument, the northern part corresponding to the body, and the southern part to the stem of the guitar.

Like the Inland Sea, it is dotted with islands of various shapes, all comparatively high, many of them green, even at the time, with pine and camphor trees so prevalent in Japan; and some possessed of towering hills, some with alternating terraces of emerald evergreen and pearly snow.

The loveliness of these islands in their exquisite settings brought to my mind the 'eight most beautiful sights of the lake,' according to the prime minister, Konoe Masae, and his son, Hisamichi, of more than a thousand years ago. Beginning from the north, they are as follows: The Evening Snow on Mt. Hira; A Flight of Wild Geese at Katate; The Night Rain at Karasaki; The Deep Tone of the Evening Bell at Mii-dera; The Sunshine with a Breeze at Awazu; The Evening Glow at Seta; Autumn Moon at Ishiyama; and The Returning Boats at Yabase.

Mt. Hira is the highest peak. Katate is a dear little peninsula with a tiny shrine at its point. Karasaki has a venerable pine, the largest of the species in the world, not in height, but in the spread of its branches. Raindrops, falling through its foliage on the bosom of the lake, are said to produce a sweetly musical sound. Seta is noted for its bridge. It is really two bridges joined together by a small island, which causes the appearance of great length.

The waters, trickling from the surrounding hills, pour themselves into the deep blue lake whose only outlet is a single river which changes its name three times before spilling its brightness into the Bay of Osaka.

According to an old legend, Lake Biwa was formed in a single night, in the year 286 B. C. On that occasion,

the action of a great earthquake hollowed deep the bowl of the lake, heaved up its islands, and at the same time raised the mighty Mount Fuji. Whether this be myth or truth, the fact remains that Lake Biwa and Mount Fuji are the two most admired features of scenic beauty in the empire.

As we passed Hikone, at the foot of the Castle Mountain, thoughts of the old says sprang up, with the ruins of the timeworn Daimyo Castle before our eyes.

We continued our journey along the lake, until we reached Azuchi, a place once very powerful, but now deserted, with only a few pathetic ruins proclaiming its former greatness. Nobunaga, in the height of his glory, had made this city the capital of Japan. From the accounts of the old missionaries, it must, in its day, have been fabulously magnificent. In fact, the first Tenshukaku Castle, of Portuguese-Moorish architecture, was built for Nobunaga at Azuchi, under the supervision of these same missionaries. According to the wishes of the great man, the city became the center of military life, and all the daimyos who were loyal to his authority usually remained there with their soldiers. Here Nobunaga gave entertainments the magnificence of which has come down to us in the annals of Jesuit history of the missions. There was such brilliance of costume, such unheard-of splendor of dress, such changing of raiment (each richer than that preceding), and such dignity of bearing that the assistants were dazzled and impressed.

Father Organtino, a Jesuit from Naples, had greatly pleased Nobunaga, and having expressed the desire to establish himself in Azuchi, was authorized by the mighty leader to build a church as well as a college for the children of the nobles. Even the ground necessary for the purpose was freely given him. The Christians showed splendid

enthusiasm in the work, those of Takayama alone furnishing fifteen hundred workmen. Nobunaga himself came to see the installation of the Jesuits and the opening of their college, which numbered among its pupils many sons of the daimyos.

Although Nobunaga never expressed the least desire to embrace Christianity, nevertheless he liked to hear its truths defined, and often invited the priests to his palace to speak of some of the principal doctrines.

On one occasion, when Father Organtino had spoken with unusual fervor, Nobunaga took him aside and, with an air of mystery, asked.

"Tell me, do you really believe these things that you speak of?"

When the priest gazed at him in astonishment, he continued,

"I have often asked the same question of the bonzes, and they have told me that they consider Buddhism to be useful for the common people, but that they themselves do not believe in it."

I could vision the noble priest as, for a moment, sheer astonishment held him mute. Then, on the other side of the room, he saw a terrestrial globe, and this sight furnished him with a suggestion for an apt reply. He called Nobunaga's attention to the respresentation of the earth, and with his finger indicated the distance between Italy and Japan — a distance, in those days, known to be extremely long and tedious.

"That the bonze should dupe the people in order to live at their expense can easily be conceived," he said, "but that we, Europeans, should leave our native land and our relatives, and come to the ends of the earth to lead a laborious existence, with the sole object of spreading a religion in which we do not believe, is that possible?

Immense Gate of the Higashi Hongwanji (Temple), Kyoto

A Rope of Human Hair at the Higashi Hongwanji (Temple). The hair represents offerings from thousands of Japanese maidens, from which the unique cable was made. It is four inches in diameter, and was used in the construction of the new temple.

Your Lordship knows us too well to judge us capable of such an action."

Nobunaga no longer doubted the sincerity of the Jesuits. He loved them, daily praised their disinterestedness, and was a true friend to Christianity. He even sent a delegation to the Holy Father, presenting him with a beautiful folding screen on which the glories of Azuchi were depicted in glowing colors.

He was murdered by the Judas-like treachery of Akechi, the man whom he had befriended and raised up from poverty. At his death he was but forty-nine years of age; and with his demise passed away one of the greatest, if not the greatest, men of modern Japan. The books and treasures of the city were stolen by Akechi and his band of conspirators, who, after an orgy of three days, carried the plunder to Kyoto. Scarcely were they gone, when fire broke out in every quarter, and Nobunaga's labor of fifteen years was laid low in a few minutes. Today only a few pitiful ruins remain to speak of the former glory. Akechi paid the penalty for his crime. He was wounded in the midst of his men; and as he fled, he was beaten to death by the peasants at the gate of Sakamoto where he sought shelter. His head was carried to Nobutaka, where it was again sewn to the body and nailed on a gibbet, — a punishment reserved for the worst criminals.

At one o'clock we reached the southern section of Lake Biwa, having noted the beautiful temples as we passed Otsu, a city, built like the others, along the coast in the shadow of the mountains.

Just a little later we approached the sacred temple hill, Hieizan, which separates the city of Kyoto from the lake. On this mountain, lying to the north of Kyoto, were formerly located one thousand temples, with thou-

sands of bonzes in attendance, who, by prayer and good works (according to the wish of the emperor, Kwammu Tenno, the builder of the city) were expected to ward off evil and enemies. The North was considered the home of darkness, — of the devil and of all kinds of evil, — and in consequence the north side was chosen for the location of these numerous temples, in order that everything, save health, prosperity, and happiness, might be driven from the homes and the people of Kyoto.

It was the ardent wish of St. Francis Xavier and of the old missionaries that they might reach this sacred hill, to win over the bonzes by the simple beauty and the glorious promises of Christianity, and to convince them of its truths by religious discussions. But alas, this hope was never gratified.

About four or five hundred years ago, the priests of the sacred hill maintained regiments of soldiers, and with their aid, terrorized and dominated the whole section. Nobunaga, however, by a clever ruse, conquered them in 1571. Sakamoto, the town lying at the foot of Hieizan and forming part of the territory of that powerful monastery was set afire, simultaneously, at its four corners. Under cover of the volume of dense smoke rolling up the hill, Nobunaga and his troops climbed so rapidly that, before the bonzes were aware of it, they were entirely surrounded. Defenseless, and seeing that ruin was upon them, the pagan priests thundered on the trespassers, from the tops of their ramparts, all the curses of the gods. Frightened at the tirade, some of the superstitious Japanese were inclined to halt; but Nobunaga buoyed up their courage by assuring them that the angry gods had commissioned him to punish the libertine bonzes. Though the Buddhist priests resisted, three thousand were put to death, along with their children and their concubines.

CHAPTER VIII

Kyoto, Center of the Older Regime and Its Popular Gods

Another bit of history, mingled with scenic description — The Japanese phantasy in art work — The amenities of dining-out in Japan — The Higashi Hongwanji temple and its rebuilding — Training and ordination of Buddhist priests — Amida, the Buddha of Boundless life and Light — The 'origin' of Amida — The Church of St. Francis Xavier — The Shinto temple Heianjingu — The worship of the Goddess Kwannon — Abysmal distinctions between paganism and our Holy Faith — Further temple inspection.

Early afternoon found us in Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, — Kyoto, the city of beauty and romance, of power and influence, where, for centuries, the destiny of the country was planned and debated and battled for.

This great city, about which interesting volumes might still be written, was founded by the Emperor Kammu in A.D. 794, and was for the most part of the time the capital of the nation until the year 1868.

During the centuries of its supremacy the magnificence of its temples and shrines, the architectural and artistic grandeur of its monuments, the beauty of its gardens, the brilliance of its festivals, celebrations, and dances were features which have come down to us as having been of dazzling splendor.

Its streets originally laid out in regular order, have somewhat departed from their first symmetry of outline,

through the frequency of conflagrations (but too well-known in Japan): rebuilding has generally been accomplished along divergent but more picturesque lines. The river, twisting through its center, is crossed and recrossed by many bridges, each with a legend or song or story of its own. Here, as thousands of *getas* (wooden shoes) trip over the spanning structures, their "tap, tap" mingles with the music of the water. Below the bridges the women dip strips of brightly dyed cloth which show parti-colored through the ripples; and venders of fruits and vegetables wash their products in the stream. There are tea-houses along the shores, where dainty waitresses serve tea and little cakes, and where there is the music of the samisen and the flutter of the geishas' sleeves; for in Kyoto these beautiful girls are noted for their uncommon loveliness. And the roads streak away, like multi-colored ribbons, with gay shops, and with wares to tempt the most fastidious.

Never are there to be found in any other place such dolls — beautiful, odd, or closely following lifelike features, yet each so intensely Japanese in general appearance, or in dress or color, as to be recognized *as* Japanese in any country on earth, wherever they may be found. And never were there such fans — fans so wonderfully folded, so fantastically shaped, so brilliant with paintings of bird or flower, bush or dark-eyed damsel, flaming sunset or rainbow, or, with crowned Mt. Fuji! Never elsewhere does one come upon such rich brocades, such soft, lustrous silks, with wondrous figures of dragons and butterflies and chrysanthemums; never, such chinaware, thin as paper and ornamented with glowing colors; such cloisonné, with designs outlined in gold and silver wire; such lacquer ware, with gold and silver dust mixed with the lacquer; such

wonderful embroideries, done with twisted silk, some combined with painted or brocade designs.

Aside from the picturesque river with its many bridges, its gay company, and its cheering sounds, and the streets lined with glowing shops, there is the grandeur of the temples; for Kyoto is one of the temple cities of the Empire, — a city where each sect of Buddhism has its principal shrine. In the days of olden glory, the number of these temples must have been very, very large; but earthquakes, fires, and civil wars have destroyed many of them. Yet even the ruins, magnificent in the remaining semblance of what they once were, tell of past splendors far greater than the present, prevalent in a time when art and architecture, walking hand in hand, produced a certain charming effect of completeness in all such works. We were to visit some of these shrines presently.

We did not tarry long at the station, although it is one of the finest in Japan. Our first venture in the city was in search of food; and with this end in view, Father Willmes conducted me to an attractive appearing Japanese restaurant.

Of course we had to remove our shoes at the entrance, and to leave them in the company of footgear of every description. Though this custom continued to seem a bit unreasonable to me, one glance at the immaculate matting which covered the floor was sufficient to put to flight the grumbling mood; so, off came the shoes, with a good grace. In our stocking-feet we looked up to the landing as we ascended the stairs, there beholding a group of butterfly waitresses assembled to welcome us. We were immediately ushered into a room of unpainted wood, scrubbed, and polished to a semblance of old ivory. Here we found a number of low tables, — when I say *low*, I

mean just a trifle above floor level, — each containing a metal vessel filled with dead ashes. There were silk cushions strewed about. The walls were of screens covered with paper bearing a pretty, *scattered-flower* design. There was no other piece of furniture or decoration in the room, except an image of one of the gods, with a brocaded panel background, and, before it on a stand, a bunch of fragrant pine needles, flung there, apparently, by a careless hand, but really as a studied artistic expression.

Everything looked so tiny. so diminutive, that I felt out of place in the *doll* room. Even the waitresses, flitting here and there, were such wee little things that, with their fluttering kimonos and glossy black hair, they reminded me more than ever of bright butterflies. And my sense of personal awkwardness was not lessened, I assure you, when I noticed that, as we entered, these waitresses fairly gaped at us and began to giggle.

"What on earth is it that amuses them?" I inquired of Father Willmes.

"The obvious fact, I suppose, that your are, decidedly, a foreigner," he returned, now with a broad grin upon his own features.

However, their laughter was so good-natured, and gurgled in their throats with such a soft sound that I forgave them on the spot, and at once sank to my knees on the silk cushion provided. At once one of the waitresses, detaching herself from the group, hastened to kneel before us. Father Willmes addressed to her a few words in Japanese, whereupon she rose gracefully and left us. Presently she returned, with two other girls in attendance. One of these carried a long-handled brass basket, from which, with a pair of iron chopsticks, she lifted some pieces of burning charcoal and deposited them in the brazier on our table. The second attendant carried a tray

of mysterious viands. There was something that looked like long-drawn-out onions, a mound of something else, like bits of string, also small, symmetrical squares of what seemed to be a sort of pudding; and besides, some tiny dishes of spiced food, and some slices of raw beef. A pan was now placed over the charcoal fire, and a dark-colored liquid was poured into it. Then I watched a very skilful arrangement of meat and vegetables, in alternate layers, in the pan. In a few minutes the contents of the pan began to sputter, producing at the same time a most appetizing aroma, and I realized that I was hungry and that here was something that was going to be worth eating. When the stew was cooked, we were given plates of rice; and into this rice we poured the meat and vegetables. This dish, typically Japanese, is called *gyunabe*. I found it most acceptable, in spite of the show I made in my awkward efforts to eat it with chopsticks.

As we left the restaurant, a bevy of the pretty waitresses accompanied us to the head of the stairs, smiling and bowing, and all exclaiming in chorus some Japanese words which Father Willmes interpreted for me. The meaning was after the manner of a solicitation that we might deign to set our honorable feet over the threshold again, upon some other occasion.

Leaving the restaurant, we went to a near-by temple of the Higashi Hongwanji sect: it was called the Eastern Temple of the Great Oath. The Hongwanji sect was founded by one, Shinran Shonin; and this particular shrine is the largest in the empire. The materials of which it is built are of the very best. At the portal we were greatly impressed with the beauty of the carvings. The interior we found magnificent, especially the altars of Amida, the Buddhist savior. In the very center, against a rich background, glows the inscription, "Kenshin"

(literally, "He Beheld Truth") in letters of flaming gold. The significance of this lies in the fact that Shinran Shonin is supposed to have been the first to have understood the doctrine of Buddha.

The present temple is new, the original building having been burned to the ground thirty years ago. In order to re-erect what had been a most cherished shrine, offerings of money and materials were sent from all parts of the country. Some idea of the sacrifices which the people freely made, in order that the edifice might rise again from its ashes, may be gained when it is learned that the women of Niigata, Toyama, and Kanazawa sacrificed their hair for the making of ropes to be used in raising the immense columns of the new structure. We saw at the entrance a great coil of this unique cable, which has been preserved as a sort of memorial of the sacrifices made.

As we passed through the Hall of the Dead, the odor of incense pervaded the atmosphere. Here the ashes of the deceased members of the sect, including some personages of the royal family, are preserved in urns, each bearing alongside of it a small inscription tablet with obituary details.

From this death chamber we proceeded through spacious halls, with one of the monks as guide, until we reached the office. Here we found some fifty bonzes seated at their desks. It was in this place that we received a great deal of information about the education and ordination of Buddhist priests.

Ordination may be received at a very early age — that is, from the age of sixteen boys *may* become monks: but in order to minister in a temple, a 'scientific' examination must be undergone; and so it comes about that, as a matter of fact, appointments are usually given by the chief

priest to older men only. Intellectual standing, however, and sometimes relationship, also exerts a strong influence. It is an interesting fact that these monks have made a special study of French Sulpician methods with reference to the training of their clergy. This sect annually ordains hundreds of priests. Its members maintain their own preparatory school and high school for candidates; but the high school also admits candidates of other sects.

The Hongwanji branch of Buddhism has many points in common with Protestantism. It teaches that strong faith in the infinite goodness and mercy of Amida is all that is necessary for salvation. As a consequence, the moral law is found lax. Remission of any or all sins can be secured by repeating, once, with full confidence, this prayer: "Namu Amida Butsu" ('I rely entirely on the infinite goodness of Amida').

Namu Amida Butsu! The Japanese write these words in just six characters, and these six characters represent the confession of faith of more than 16,000,000 devout Japanese Buddhists. These three words are the exultant watch-cry of these millions and express their unshaken hope in the life to come — the Paradise of the West. They are the expression of the love, veneration, and devotion offered to Amida, the Buddha of Boundless Life and Light.

Namu Amida Butsu! Such is the daily prayer which issues from millions of pious lips, and which is uttered with the conviction that these words ensure everlasting bliss. In more than 28,000 temples these words are daily sung and recited. On thousands and thousands of stones, before temples and above graves, these words are carved.

Namu Amida Butsu! This is the *Credo* of one third of the Japanese Buddhists. In Amida these venerate the redeemer in which they rest their hopes of bliss and paradise. Amida, we are told, became man in order to merit,

in human guise, happiness for men. How soft-sounding is the name, — *Amida*: it is one of the most beautiful of all the verbal forms that the Japanese tongue has ever conceived.

But who is this Amida?

At any rate, we need not seek far to find an *image* of Amida. The very first statue of Buddha brought to Japan from Korea, in 552, was one in the form of Amida-Buddha. In the same form were most of the images of the succeeding Japanese period of Buddhism, included among them being the famous Buddha of Kamakura. Some of these images represent Amida as standing; others, as seated with crossed legs. With every image, however, his gaze seems fixed on another world. The Amida-Buddha may be found today in most Buddhist temples, and also in the *butsudan* (house altars) maintained in Buddhist homes.

And what does this Amida represent, — this Amida whose image, in stone or bronze, often heavily gilded, is to be met with almost everywhere? What does he represent, not in the minds of the Buddhist philosophers and theologians, but to the devout followers who believe and hope in him? He is the father and creator of the world, the fulness of everything in the universe. He is infinite love and boundless mercy. One of the sacred writings represents him as saying: "My love for the born is deeper than the love of parents for their children." And in another Sutra he declares: "If any one has seven children, and one of them is sick, he transfers his love for the others to this one. So also is my love transferred in a special way to sinners."

Thousands of years ago — the Orientals have little regard for time — there lived a certain Hoso Bosatsu. Whence or how he came into the world does not concern

the devout Buddhist. Thousands of years ago he lived, and made forty-eight vows, of which the eighteenth is the most important. In this vow he bound himself not to enter into perfect bliss until he had assured paradise for all who should trust in him and his teachings during life. He persevered in this vow, and after manifold incarnations, achieved his aim. He thus became the great Amida Butsu, the Buddha of Boundless Life and Light. To all who trust in him and, being filled with confidence, pray the *'Namu Amida Butsu,'* he grants the Paradise of the West.

When we consider the chief characteristics of this cult of Amida, we notice at once certain appearances of sameness between it and our devotion to our Blessed Savior. Some persons, and in particular certain Protestant missionaries, have ventured to state that "the Japanese are found to *have, already,* all that we have proposed to bring them: it is, therefore, best for us to pack our trunks and return home." The foregoing assertion enforces the question: "Is this view correct? Has Buddhism really a redeemer, or is this Amida merely an imaginary conception expressive of the longing of sinful man for a savior? Or, finally, is their Amida only a caricature of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?" History gives the answer to these questions.

Amida is the Japanese conception and expression of Amitabha, the Indian (Hindu) god who appears in later Buddhism. From the first he did not occupy the position which he now holds in the minds of devout *Amida-ists* in Japan. That the *Amida-ism* of today probably contains many Christian ideas in perverted form no one may deny who recalls the fact that a community of Jews of the Diaspora lived in Honan (China) in the first century of our era, that St. Thomas the Apostle extended his

labors to India, and that the Nestorians came as far as Tsinanfu (China) in the seventh century.

In the history of Amida-ism eight particularly prominent figures appear. Of these, two were Indians (Nagarjuna and Vasubandhu); and three, Chinese (Donran, Doshaku, and Zendo). Zendo, the most important of the Chinese group, lived in the first half of the seventh century, when the Nestorian missionaries under Olopun came to Hsinanfu (in 635). The stone erected there in 781 still proclaims their faith. This Zendo almost certainly adopted the idea of the vicarious satisfaction for sin from the Nestorians, and transferred it to Amida, after his own fashion.

Then come three Japanese (Genshin, Genku, and Shinran), pupils of Zendo. Genshin's teaching was vague and nebulous, like that of many before him. Genku, on the other hand, adopted Zendo's doctrine, combined it with the Buddhism of the day, and founded a special sect. He taught faith in Amida, and life according to faith. His pupil, Shinran, did not follow in his footsteps, but broke away from the traditions of Buddhism. He preached of Amida, but asserted that faith and trust alone, without works, sufficed for salvation. In the Amida-ism of Shinran we have, so to say, a *Protestant* Buddhism. I have called these three pupils of Zendo; but it must be taken into consideration that Zendo belongs to the seventh century, while the others flourished during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Catholic missionary has a deep appreciation for the sympathetic side of Amida's expressed character, and realizes what an influence such a conception may easily exercise over the human heart; yet with deepest commiseration he recognizes the abyss between the thought of Amida, the redeemer of Japanese Buddhism, and of Christ, the

Savior of the world. How narrow and exclusive is this Amida who has redeemed, and will redeem, *only a few millions* — only those who, in the spirit of faith, pray '*Namu Amida Butsu*'! Yet how agreeable is this method of making satisfaction for the errors of life by submitting to a number of re-incarnations! He has long since entered Nirvana (extinction of self), leaving only a gilded image of stone or bronze. The missionary regards Amida, not as a redeemer, but as a beguiler, of souls; and in combating this evil influence he looks out into the wide world for help under God's providenec, because he feels that, if left to his own resources, his task may prove too great for him. Frequently he is tempted to declare, in the words of the Jesuits who labored in Japan three centuries ago, 'that the devil himself conceived of this Amida, to deceive millions and keep them away from their true Savior.'

The heads of the Hongwanji sect are direct descendants of the founder, Shinran Shonin. They bear the title of Count, and enjoy intimate relations with the royal houses.

Spread through the country there are large temples similar to our cathedral churches, called *Betsuin;* and to each of these are attached smaller temples, forming a unified diocesan system. A large number of these Betsuin are located in our mission districts, — in Nagoya, Gifu, Fukui, Toyami, Tonani, Kanazawa, and other places.

Before we left the Hongwanji temple, the friendly bonzes served tea; and at our departure they presented us with a number of fine books, as tokens of remembrance. Moreover, one of the priests kindly supplied us with a written permit to enter the residence and garden of the arch-bonze. This gave us an opportunity to go and view and enjoy the horticultural beauties and varied attractions of the well-known Japanese estate.

It was four o'clock when we arrived at the Catholic mission. This station counts between five and six hundred Christians. The church, dedicated to the great Apostle, St. Francis Xavier, is of Gothic architecture, and is large and beautiful. The lofty ceiling and carved pillars are constructed of the most costly wood procurable: surely, nothing is too good, nothing is good enough, for Him who dwells within that sanctuary!

I thought of the noble Xavier, as I stood on the threshold of this splendid edifice dedicated to him, and I conceived a vivid mental picture of him as he might well have been when, three hundred and seventy years before, he came to Kyoto (the *Meako* mentioned in old mission history), craving an audience with the Emperor. His burning ambition had been, as we know, the Christianization of Japan. In this he was unsuccessful, and was even persecuted and ridiculed; but through it all his troubled heart remained dauntless, and he never ceased to pray for the people he loved — his "delights," as he named them in one of his letters. Though he had to return without having effected his purpose, his successors managed to gain a firm foothold among the people, and even to build a flourishing parish with a large school, in Kyoto.

The Christian history of Kyoto is, in brief, as follows:

The Jesuits settled there in 1560. On account of the troublous times (war), or an account of the death of the shogun, Yoshiteru, these Fathers were forced to leave the city in 1565. In 1568, however, conditions became such that Father Froez was able to return. In this same year Nobunaga is said to have given to a church erected by the Father, and to the entire Christianized district, the name, *Eirokuji;* but the people themselves called the church *Nambanji*. This church was destroyed in 1588, when Taikosama banished the Jesuits completely. This

district spoken of is now the immediate neighborhood of the present Catholic mission. The Royal University is not far distant from the mission; and here there is a museum which contains many an object dating back to the former Christian time. In fact, there were so many things, favorable and averse, to conjure up thoughts of yore in this memorable vicinity, that it was with great reluctance we left it. But the hour was growing late, and we must needs go to our rest for the night, with the intention of renewing our sight-seeing of the day to follow.

On the next morning our first visit was to *Heianjingu,* a Shinto temple dedicated to the Emperor *Kwammu,* who founded the city of Kyoto. This shrine was built in the year 1895, in commemoration of the eleven hundredth anniversary of the founding of the capital. The temple stands near to the *Oten-mon,* a two-storied gateway of bright crimson color, roofed with blue tiles. This gateway leads to the Daigoku-den, or Great Hall of State, which is also of glowing red with bright-blue roof. The main temple, according to Shinto custom, is a plain wooden structure. Standing before this shrine, many Japanese, in the presence of the Shinto priests, make the marriage contract. This is an imitation of the Catholic marriage ceremony.

After leaving the Heianjingu we proceeded to a group of temples located in the eatern section of the city. Here we saw temple after temple. Some were built on the mountain side, some in the midst of the forest; and all were beautifully situated.

First we visited Chionin, the *Jodo-shu* (Buddhist) headquarters. The word *Jodo-shu* signifies "doctrine of the pure land." Broad stone steps led us to the immense antique portal, constructed of the very finest wood,

with joints neatly fitted without a trace of iron or nails. Turning to the left, we came to a spacious hall where a group of adorers had gathered. Seven priests, vested in their religious garb, were conducting a funeral service. The family of the deceased was stationed before the main altar, and the ceremony proceeded with the greatest religious decorum. The altars and pillars of this temple are gorgeous (especially the pillars, which are richly inlaid with gold).

The teachings of the Jodo-shu are similar to those of Shinran, the founder of the Jodo-shin-shu, who was spoken of when the sect of the Hongwanji was mentioned. Shinran Shonin was a disciple of Genshin-honen-shonin, the founder of the Jodo-shu, whose principal temple is the Chionin, as has been stated.

After admiring the riches and workmanship of the temple, we went to see a valuable collection which was housed in a separate building immediately adjoining. This place is approached through a corridor called the Bridge of the Nightingales. The boards of the floor of this entry are so skilfully arranged that the least or lightest tread produces sounds resembling the call of the nightingale. The sounds thus elicited serve as a warning of the approach of any one. Thus, even during the night, it would be possible for the keepers to hear the footfall of any thieves or robbers who might attempt to enter the corridor. The builder is supposed to have been Hidari-Jingoro. But such corridors are commonly built in all houses of considerable importance, for the sake of the protective benefits described.

The art collection contains many antique Buddhas and Amidas; and the old paintings in the Royal Apartment are of immense value. We also visited the Amida Hall, which contains exquisite representatives of the god.

The Kwannon Temple, Kiyomi-zudera, in Kyoto. Large numbers of worshipers, despairing of the intercession of Kwannon, are said to have thrown themselves from the trestlework balcony into the ravine beneath.

Before the Portals of the Kiyomizu-Temple

Then we crossed through Maruyama Park, past the Gion Temple (Yasaka Jinja) which belongs to the Shinto sect. This temple is very popular. Annual festivals are celebrated in July, with elaborate ceremonies in which all Kyoto participates. On the last day of the year the inhabitants of the city come to the shrine, and from it take home with them sacred fire with which to light their hearth-fires at the beginning of the new year. Close to the temple are the famous Gion headquarters, habitat of great numbers of geishas who are renowned throughout Japan for their graceful dancing (the Cherry Blossom Dance, in particular, which is performed in the spring, is notable).

Continuing our tour, passing temples and pagodas, we reached a path that, twining up a seemingly endless succession of slopes, brought us to the *Amida Mine*, on whose crest the grave of Taikosama is located in the midst of a dense forest. Then we descended, ascended again, and passed through narrow streets lined with vendors of procelain ware, and came at length to the Temple of Clear Pure Water (Kiyo-mizu). This rises high, resting against the bosom of the mountain, being supported, beneath, by a huge scaffolding. Many persons were gathered together at the spot: some, no doubt, had come for sightseeing; but others were quite obviously there solely for worship of the goddess, Kwannon, who is supposed to have appeared in the place at one time. This is one of the thirty-three localities concerning which her apparition is recorded.

In point of rank among the Buddhist gods Kwannon is placed next after Amida; but in the veneration of the devout people she stands in the first place. Some Protestant and infidel writers claim that Kwannon is a proto-

type of the Blessed Virgin; others, that her worship is in imitation of the Christian veneration of the Mother of God. Both claims are incorrect. Kwannon is nothing more than the expression of the natural and deep-rooted impulse in man, which urges him to carry his perplexities and sufferings, his griefs and cares, to the heart of woman — to a mother's heart. God also took into account this fundamental urge of the human soul when He included Our Blessed Lady in His plan of salvation.

Originally, and even in later Indian Buddhism, Kwannon was not a goddess, but a god, named Avalokitesvara, — "One who looks down from above." Amitabha (Amida) was not at all concerned, generally, with the welfare of man on earth, but was interested only in those who believed and hoped in him and for whom he had merited paradise. Men on earth, however, are not satisfied with the prospect of a paradise beyond the grave. They also wish to have a few hours of paradise on earth, — some hours of happiness. Consequently they feel the need of a god who is interested in their poor life on this earth, and who is not entirely engrossed in the joys of paradise. Out of this need of the human heart the people conceived of a god who should look down from above; and the god to correspond with this creative desire must needs be one who would look down, day and night, on even the most trifling incident of human experience, since these trifles play a very great part in the *make-up* of everyday existence. He had to be a god who was interested in everything that goes to make up the drab, monotonous day of ordinary man, — the petty hardships and miseries of the poor and oppressed. Such a god was Avalokitesvara — "One who looks down from above."

From India this god was introduced into Chinese Buddhism, where he underwent a transformation and became a goddess. The change happened thus:

The governor of the city of Suilin, in the province of Szechwan, had a beautiful daughter, aged eighteen. This maiden once visited the monastery of Hakujaku-ji, which housed at that time five hundred monks. So captivated were these monks by the beauty of the maiden that they retained her in their temple, guarded her carefully, and prevented her from returning home. When her father learned of this, he burned down the monastery, consuming all the monks in the flames. But during the following night his daughter appeared to him and related that she had been saved from the flames and had been elevated by celestial powers to the rank of a goddess. As such, she subsequently received the name of *Sengan Senju Kwanzeon Bosatsu* — "the thousand-eyed and thousand-armed divinity who embraces the whole world."

All the essential characteristics of Kwannon are accurately designated in this name. She has a thousand eyes, to see every natural occurrence in the world; a thousand eyes, to watch by night and day; a thousand eyes, so that she will overlook nothing, even the slightest trifle. She has a thousand arms, to allow her to lend aid to one and all; a thousand arms, to allow her to lend that aid unwearyingly, always and everywhere; a thousand arms, so that she may lend this aid in the case of trifling cares of life as well as in its difficult crises. Such is the Chinese goddess Kwannon, to whom her worshipers have recourse in all their worldly anxieties.

Kwannon seems to have been introduced into Japan, first as a god. Shotuku Taishi, the *Constantine* of Japanese Buddhism, who, as a regent, created a house for the new faith in Japan, was regarded as a re-incarnation of

the god, Kwannon, because of his great service to the Japanese people, and because of his wise administration. About two hundred years later, there lived in Nara a certain person named *Chujo-hime*, a daughter of Fujiwara-Toyonari. She lived from 753 to 781. After her marriage, she had so many trials to endure at the hands of her mother-in-law that finally, in despair, she fled to the monastery of Taima, and entered as a nun under the name of *Zenshin-ni*. She there obtained refuge from the troubles and chicaneries of her former life, and, after her former bitter experiences, found it no difficult matter to lead a pious, exemplary life in the cloister. She used her free moments to express, in an embroidery, her only hope in life — paradise. Shortly after her death, which occurred at the age of twenty-eight, the people venerated her as a re-incarnation of Kwannon: thus it was that they came by their goddess of mercy.

One must admit that Japanese Buddhism has retained a sense of humor. Only *a mother-in-law*, forsooth, could train the goddess of mercy! — only a mother-in-law's ministrations could make a young girl look down into the deepest pits of woe, to such an extent that, later, when raised to a goddess, this girl might have a full understanding of the sum total of human misery and sufferings!

The worship of Kwannon has found its way into almost all sects of Buddhism in Japan. Her image is in almost every temple, in every cemetery. There must be very few Buddhists who do not pray to her; and wherever the Shingon sects are strongly represented, her image is found in the streets and even in remote bypaths in the woods and in the mountains. Many temples, including the famous Asakusa Temple in Tokyo, are dedicated to her. During the Middle Ages of Japan, thirty-three temples in the province of Kyoto were specially dedicated

to Kwannon; and those who made a pilgrimage to these thirty-three temples were considered to be assured of everlasting salvation. These thirty-three temples serve to commemorate the thirty-three apparitions of Kwannon: they form stations of devotion, so to speak, not unlike our stations of the cross; and such stations are erected in various parts of Japan.

In some pictures Kwannon is represented with eleven heads and forty-two hands; in others she has three heads, and six, eight, or more hands. This is the Kwannon who is supposed to devour all cares, sins, and troubles. Elsewhere she is to be seen seated on a grass-covered stone, and in this guise is venerated and invoked in time of war, famine, and other public calamities. Again she is found with three eyes and eighteen arms, and is then invoked for long life, happiness, and the blessing of children.

I had been thinking of all these things, connected with the goddess venerated at the elevated shrine where I stood; but all at once I looked down from the height, and realized what a superb view lay before me. Although it was March, and Nature had not yet fully awakened, the landscape was beautiful, and so were the surrounding hills, covered with the evergreen of pines. I noted also the city below, with its numerous temples and pagodas, its bright-hued streets, the twisting sheen of its river, and, at the foot of the slopes, the cross of the St. Francis Xavier Church, towering high. In cherry-blossom time, or in the fall of the year when the leaves begin to turn, this must be an exquisite picture.

Standing on the summit of the hills, drinking in all the brightness of the panorama spread before and below me, I voiced my sentiments to Father Willmes.

"What a glorious view," I remarked.

"It *is* glorious," he answered; "yet, from this very spot, many an unfortunate girl has, in order to escape ignominy and shame, or through despair of obtaining help form Kwannon, thrown herself bodily into the abyss below. Can you even imagine such a thing happening to a devout client of our own Mother Mary?"

Down, a little farther, a sacred spring was pointed out to me. Leaving this temple, we stopped at *Daibutsu-den* (originally built by order of Hideyoshi), on our way along the falling slopes of the hillside. It has been an immense structure, containing a gigantic image of Buddha in a sitting posture. Twenty-one provinces supplied the great foundation stones and the fine timber for this structure. It was, unfortunately, destroyed by earthquake, in 1596, and on being rebuilt by Taikosama's heir, gave rise to a series of disputes which led to civil war. Since then the temple has been so repeatedly destroyed by earthquakes and thunderbolts that all attempts to rebuild it have finally been abandoned.

In front of the Daibutsu-den there is a mound bearing this inscription: *"Mimizuka"* ("Hill of Ears") — so called because Taikosama desposited there, as trophies of victory, the ears of the Koreans who fell in battle during the Korean campaign. And here we also saw a large bell that caused a famous dispute between Ieyasu and Hideyoshi. The affair arose over an inscription on the surface of the new bell, and waxed so bitter that, finally, it ended in civil war.

On the campus fronting the museum we saw beautiful statues of Buddha, some very ancient, and all of them plated with gold. We passed these, and in doing so came to the *Sanjusankendo*.

This temple was erected in 1132, by order of the Emperor Goshiraka-Tenno, in fulfilment of a vow. It was

destroyed by fire in 1240; and two years later the present building was erected. The edifice is under the protection of the goverment, and it is in a wonderful state of preservation even though the elements have beaten against it for six hundred and eighty-four years. The great hall facing the south is three hundred and ninety-two feet long and fifty-six feet wide, and the tiled roof is supported by one hundred and fifty-eight pillars. The chief image is the Thousand-handed Kwannon, surrounded by twenty-eight followers. Besides this great image, there are one thousand smaller ones of the same goddess. Time has almost worn the rich decorations from walls and pillars, yet the statues remain in all their strength of outline.

Leaving this temple we took the 'Electric' for the *Nishi Hongwanji* (temple), the headquarters of the *older* and larger branch of the Hongwanji sect. Here, the sect was founded by Shinran Shonin. At the time of our visit, great preparations were in progress for an elaborate celebration, to be held in April, as that month would mark the seven hundredth anniversary of the event of Kwannon's handing down to him (Shinran Shonin) the new teaching. This celebration was to eclipse all other festivities, even the renowned pilgrimagss, in spring and autumn, to the main temple of the Hongwanji sect in Kyoto, in which thousands were wont to participate.

This temple has the same construction as the Higashi Hongwanji, previously mentioned. More interesting to us was the magnificent art collection preserved there. Most notable of all was Hideyoshi's castle, brought from Fushimi. We admired the gorgeous chambers, with their exquisite wall decorations done by Japan's most famous artists; also the finely executed carvings and the gold-plated tablets. But our admiration increased when we

reached the richly decorated reception hall, where Taiko-sama had received celebrities of the nation and had entertained foreign delegations. Here we found fabulous wealth and beauty, untouched by the centuries. The whole was the work of renowned masters of art, called to the court by the great man. They are gone, but their labor of mind and hand and God-given talent lives after them.

CHAPTER IX

Osaka, Oriental Exemplar of the Spirit of the Times

An Occidental interpolation — The Brothers of Mary in Japan — A city of waterways — Osaka in early days — A warrior bold — the Mint — Osaka Castle — Another hero of his times — Religio-political conflicts — Tenno-ji Castle — Commercialism exaggerated — Osaka not 'foreign,' in spite of Western influence — Mission history — Another 'Urakami' experience.

The afternoon was drawing to a close and it was necessary that we should be on our way. From the contemplation of all this wondrous beauty of the past, we turned to take advantage of a very modern mode of travel — the Electric Express, which carried us to our next point of interest, Osaka, the great commercial city of Japan.

It was six o'clock when we arrived. There was a sound of many getas all about the station, as their wearers (officials, travelers, or tradesmen) hurried here and there and everywhere. I was impressed, even at the threshold, with the businesslike aspect of the city. As for the conveyances, there was a choice of the modern trolley, the *more* modern automobile, or that typically Japanese conveyance, the jinrikisha, to carry every man to his destination.

"Does all this remind you of home?" Father Willmes asked, with a comprehensive gesture. And I answered, with a little tug at my heart: "Yes, and No," not realizing, then, with how much more emphasis I should be able

to make an entirely suitable reply to a like question, if put, after the day's sight-seeing.

At seven o'clock we reached the famous *Meisei* (Bright Star School) of the Brothers of Mary; and from them we received a royal welcome. Moreover, a good supper was placed before us, and the whole occasion was made one full of pleasure and friendly intercourse. Brother Grote, S. M., from Dayton, Ohio, showed us all about the place. Père Heinrich, their Provincial, from Tokyo, was also present. Altogether, we made a joyous company.

With deep interest I listened to an account of the development of the Commercial School they manage, which had at the time an enrolment of nine hundred pupils. Though the study of religion is, perforce, not compulsory, yet as many as a hundred and fifty students were voluntarily receiving religious instruction, and a large number had been baptized. There is an average of about twelve converts a year. And besides this, many of the pagan boys, on Sundays, attend Mass. It was really moving to see these boys going to chapel, the next morning (it was an ordinary week day) after our arrival, and there pausing to pay, in solemn sincerity, their respects to our dear Lord. I felt myself truly benefited by the sight; and from the bottom of my heart I prayed that the gracious One before whom they knelt would send the light of faith to illumine their way.

Starting out, after breakfast, to see something of this mighty center of human affairs, I was immediately impressed with the evidences of great enterprise on every side. Osaka is the largest industrial city, not only of the Japanese nation, but of the whole Orient. Its factories are numbered by the thousands, and the employees of these factories by the tens of thousands.

The river Yodo, which flows through this locality, dividing the town into two sections, really supplies the principal motive power for the great business institutions. But on that very account, and because of the railroads now intersecting the land, the transportation value of the stream has been considerably lessened.

But numerous canals cut through this commercial metropolis, all connecting with the river; and these contribute added facilities for the transfer of merchandise within the city. Spanning these canals and the river are, literally, hundreds upon hundreds of bridges. Indeed, Osaka may be said to be a city of river channels, canals, and bridges.

The canals are lined with buildings to the very edge of their banks, thus making thoroughfares of the waterways, and earning for the city the name of "The Venice of Japan." This appellation is, however, scarcely appropriate, as the boats which ply busily back and forth are used solely for commercial purposes.

There are occasions, though, such as that of the *Tenjin Matsuri* (the festival that celebrates the summer opening of the river), when beauty and romance enliven the cold routine of business. At the recurring of this season, during the warm summer evenings, there comes also the assembly of the "cooling boats." These boats find their way from all parts of the city, being floated through the numerous canals to a section extending from the lower part of the Tenjin Bridge as far along as what is known as Nakanoshima Point.

An enchanting sight it must be to observe these small craft, illuminated with bright, colored lights, and drifting lazily hither and thither through the dimness, with occupants enjoying, at one and the same time, the cool river

breezes, the tinkling of samisens, and the sparkle of fireworks.

The site on which the present city of Osaka is built was, in the early days, known by the name of Naniwa or, being translated, 'the place of rapid waves.' It was so called because of the difficulty of anchoring in the vicinity, at the time of the conquering of this part of Japan by the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno. Later on, two emperors, Ojin and Nintoku, built their palaces on the hill where the castle now stands.

History tells us that the latter of these two emperors, looking down, from his palace, upon the houses of his people, noted that little or no smoke rose from the chimneys. Wisely concluding from this that their circumstances were so straitened that they had not sufficient means to purchase fuel, he remitted their taxes for three years.

In 1532 the Hongwan-ji Buddhists translated their main temple headquarters to Osaka; and there it remained until nearly the end of the sixteenth century. Thereby it added greatly its far-reaching political influence toward the increase of the city's prosperity.

But it is to the wisdom of Toyotomi Hideyoshi, in choosing this place for the metropolis of Japan, that *modern* 'Osaka' is indebted for its origin. This great man built here the most magnificent castle in the empire, and thereupon the merchants of Fushimi and Sakai were induced to move their houses to the vicinity; whence there arose, as though from the waving of a magician's wand, a wonderful city.

Although Osaka possesses an extended historical record, it is able to show but few places of interest as considered from an artistic or an antiquarian point of view; for most

of its progress during the last three hundred years is to be traced along industrial or at least *material* pathways.

Yet there is to be found, in a beautiful little park in the very midst of the industrial life of the city, a fine statue of Hideyoshi, conceived as wearing a jimbaori, or camp coat. And there is another monument, which was erected in 1896, in appreciation of the deeds of the warrior, Kimura Shigenari, a loyal official of Hideyoshi. This warrior, at last coming to see that there was nothing to be hoped for his lord save defeat, made up his mind to die fighting. By way of preparation, he refused, on the fatal morning, to take any food. When asked his reasons for this self-imposed fasting, he replied,

"I wish to leave no unseemly stain on my memory: if I eat, I fear that my severed head, when carried as a trophy to the enemy's camp, may have rice cropping from the alimentary canal."

Here, in Osaka, is also the Mint — the first institution of its kind to be established in the country, and to this day the only one in the empire. Therefore all the coins of Japan are struck in this place, as well as the various medals issued by the government. The Mint also attends to the refining of gold and silver bullion, and makes assays of mineral ores. The grounds roundabout these buildings are planted thick with cherry trees, and the place must look beautiful indeed in blossom-time.

Leaving the Mint and crossing the bridge called *Temma* (one of the three *great* bridges of Osaka), we found ourselves before the Oteguchi Entrance of Osaka Castle. This castle, in the olden days of its splendor, was called *Kin-jo*, or the 'Golden Castle.' Built by Hideyoshi in 1584, its buildings at the time formed a little city by themselves. The great bastions were later erected by Taikosama, after he had subdued the resident

bonzes, who had become overpowerful, and from whose citadel the surrounding country had been constantly terrorized. The granite walls enclosing the castle are high: they measure more than two miles in circular extent, and are surmounted by many turrets. Both walls and turrets date from Hideyoshi's time, and the stones used in their construction are immense. The story goes that, in order to obtain these huge granite blocks, the emperor started a competition among the daimyos, offering a great reward to him who would furnish and bring to Osaka, the largest stone. When the prize block was selected, he ordered the other competitors to take away what they had brought. This, however, they naturally refused to do, on account of the trouble and cost of transportation. Thereupon Hideyoshi proceeded, as he had all along intended, to use not only the prize block, but all the great boulders which were now made available for his purpose, in the construction of his wall. And so these great stones are still to be seen, fitted together after the matchless Japanese fashion, without mortar or cement, and so perfectly placed and balanced as to have continued to remain in their original positions, despite recurrent earthquakes, storms, and other ravages of time. This strong wall was itself surrounded, for further protection of the castle, by deep trenches or moats. Most of the castle proper, however, including the famous donjon, was destroyed by fire in 1868, and only a few towers, like tiny fortresses, have remained untouched. For this reason there is really little of the ancient beauty and grandeur now to be seen; only forbidding reminders of the past stand.

However, the view from the platform where we stood, and where once stood the old donjon, is very extensive and very wonderful. Far off we could see the climbing heights of the mountains named Hiei and Atago, and, in

an opposite direction, the mountains of the Yamato province. South of us lay Kongozan, famous in historical lore for the exploit of Kusunoki Masashige, the great model of loyal service. Looking down at this place, I listened to the story of the warrior. Thus it ran:

After making sixteen desperate charges against the enemy and in the struggle losing the greater part of his men, he, being wounded and disheartened, went with his brother, Masasue, and found refuge in a farmhouse. Turning his anguished eyes to Masasue, he asked,

"What shall we do after death?"

And his brother answered,

"My prayer is that I may be reborn seven times into human life, in order to destroy my country's rebels."

"That," replied Masashige, "is exactly my desire."

After this, both, piercing each other with their swords, died together.

It is significant here to compare this admired pagan disposition with the attitude of our Savior when, looking about Him and finding almost all things lost, so far as human appraisal could go, He anxiously cast His eyes heavenward and appealed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and shortly after humbly yielded up His spirit.

Turning our gaze from the distant peaks, our eyes rested on scenes nearer at hand, where the smoke from many factories floated like purple wraiths over the lively, bustling city; and the dark waters of the torrential Yodo, parceling off island-like portions of land, threaded in and out, and seemed to flash a sort of menace of its swollen stream among the streets, as it overflowed into many canals that ran to meet it from all directions. Past the river and the town, farther on, across the blue Osaka Bay, towered the snow-capped mountains of Shikoku.

Near the platform on which we stood is the famous well, *Kin-mei-sui,* or 'Gold-sparkling Water.' We were told that this well furnished an inexhaustible supply of water for the Toyotomi Family and their followers during the siege of 1614 and 1615.

Here the municipality of Osaka has built a receiving tank to supply to the city filtered water which comes from an original reservoir located at a distance.

The City Museum, also to be seen from our point of vantage, contains many fine objects of artistic worth, or of scientific or historical significance. There are pictures and writings, porcelain and lacquered wares, swords and carved objects, metal articles, stuffed snakes, birds, fish, other animals, and shells. Within the precincts are tea-rooms, detached tea houses, zoological shows, gymnasium grounds, and botanical gardens; also a music hall with a fine stage, where, regularly, musical concerts and dances take place.

The *Tenno-ji,* more correctly called *Koryo-zan Shi-tenno-ji,* is a large temple whose five-storied pagoda can be seen from far away. It is quite old, having been founded by Shotoku-Taishi about the sixth or seventh century. It was built to commemorate the victory, in this region, of Buddhism over the religion of ancient Japan.

A conflict, really political but manipulated under religious guise, arose between competing factions, the leaders of both sides aggressively using this garb of religion to further their aims for supremacy. The conservative party retained the worship of the ancient gods, and the progressive party asserted its belief, and placed its hope, in the new faith. There were thirty years of undecided struggles, which were finally brought to an end by the battle of

Picking and Gathering Tea Leaves

A Tea-leaf Picker with Baby Strapped to Her Back: baby and mother get through the day's work quite nicely together

Shigi-san, in the year 587. Buddhism won the day; hence the Tenno-ji.

As in so many other instances in Japan, the original temple buildings were long since destroyed, by fire: the present structures date only as far back as 1812. Here, again, there is, in consequence, little of the old glory remaining. One finds a great consolation, however, in the magnificent view to be obtained from the five-storied pagoda which has been mentioned. The continuity of the surrounding walls is broken by three gates, the western entrance being that used by visitors. Outside this gate is a large torii, from which a great tablet, bearing a, to me, cryptic inscription ('Ono-no-Tofu') in Chinese characters, is suspended.

The temple grounds cover in all about twenty-five acres, and many ancient trees add their beauty to the cultivated gardens. The main temple contains the images of Nyoirin-Kwannon and Miroku-Buddha; also, a few particles of Buddha's bones. On one side of the five-storied pagoda is the Blue Dragon Pond, and on the other side, the Kodo, or Lecture Hall. The Belfry, behind the Kodo, is called *Indo-no-kane* — *Indo* meaning "to guide" — as the sound from it is believed to guide people to paradise. There is also a lotus pond, in the midst of which a stage has been built on raised posts; and here sacred concerts are regularly given during certain festivals. The Treasure House is famed for the beauty of its carvings. It contains, among other things, portraits and autographs of famous men, a collection of Japanese poetry, and other 'treasures,' such as, for instance, musical instruments and weapons used on occasions of note, old masks, the silver halo of an image, etc., etc.

Tenno-ji Park, called also *Imamiya Koen,* is very near the temple. Its grounds cover an area of eighty-two acres. On this site the First National Exposition was held, in 1903. Since then, however, the present park grounds have been laid out. They are very beautiful, and in their midst is a splendid museum of fine arts.

From the park I turned at last, to look once more upon the city, — to gaze at the "Liverpool of Japan," or, as some Americans like to call it, the "Chicago of Japan."

To report literally the commercial greatness of Osaka is but to publish a list of dull figures that have neither interest nor beauty. There are so many products of manufacture that it is out of the question for me to mention here even a comparatively significant number. The spinning industry is productive of more than one third of the textiles made in the empire. The cotton market is recognized as a ranking world factor: it handles raw material from America, Egypt, and India. There are extensive plants (covering acres of ground) for the manufacture of electric bulbs and fixtures, cables, wires, tubes, piping, boilers, and engines. More matches are produced in Osaka than in all the rest of the Orient considered together. Osaka beer and sake are famous, as the output of several hundred breweries attest. The leather goods and glassware are most remarkable. Shipyards, foundries, and factories vie with one another for supremacy. The clank of machinery, the noise of the steel-rivet hammers and the chug of the motors remind one of our busy American cities. *Everything* is manufactured here, from the greatest and heaviest pieces of machinery to the smallest and frailest toys.

Ford *taxis* dash through the streets, trams and jinrikishas carry the people, and electric signs blazon salable

articles in letters of light. There are rows and rows of offices and shops; and from roof to roof the shopkeepers draw white cloth strips of awning to shut out the brightness of the sun's rays.

The buildings are high and modern, and the principal streets are wide and well paved, with trolley tracks laid through the middle. The canals are spanned by bridges of iron and steel, and the waterways are traversed by modern motorboats with high-powered gas-engines..

And yet, though Osaka is the most modern, it is nevertheless, also the most intensely Japanese city in Japan. The reason is this, that there is no distinctly foreign *colony* or section of the city. And it seemed to me that in Osaka one failed to come upon the Westerner as frequently as in other notable gathering places of Japan; and that there were not to be found so many foreigners conducting different branches of business enterprise, or attached to the diplomatic service, as, for instance, in Kyoto, where there are constantly many visitors from other lands for whom provision must be made. Osaka is, however, fast becoming a center for importing houses; but even these are largely in the hands of the Japenese themselves. Therefore, though the city has become a great focusing point for the absorption of a thousand methods of Western industrialism, yet it is, for all that, intensely Japanese (but *modern* Japanese, possibly one should concede); and one feels this everywhere, — on the streets, in the public hostelries, and in the railway station. Oh yes, Osaka is, decidedly, JAPANESE. Thus such Occidentalism as Osaka has adopted is not for the good or the entertainment of the outsider. And neither is it a slavish copy of the spirit of other lands. It is, as it were, an original derivation, which is made use of for Osaka's own special benefit and progress; and her business affairs are

conducted in her own characteristic, Japanese, way. All over the empire the city is a subject of admiration. People speak of Osaka *style*, Osaka *manners*, and Osaka *men*.

All of this was full of significance for me; yet that which appeared of more vital interest was, obviously, my inquiry into the status of Christianity in the city.

Osaka is the seat of the ecclesiastical diocese of Osaka. I began my investigations with a consideration of the prayerful, suffering past, — that is, with direct reference to our Catholic missionary work there, — and proceeded to take account of the present with its work and its dreams, going on to conjcecture about the future hopes of this, the core, as it were, of modern Japan.

In 1559 a Jesuit, Father Gaspar Vilela, first preached Christianity in the territory. He converted about one hundred natives and fifteen bonzes; then a plot against his life necessitated his temporary withdrawal. About this time, a civil war made further advance impossible. After peace was restored, Christianity again began to flourish; and in September, 1564, there were five churches in the neighborhood of the capital.

Ten years later the Christian converts included many personages in the palace of the shogun, and among them one of the shogun's brothers-in-law. Between 1577 and 1579 the number of faithful was estimated to be nearly ten thousand. In 1582, in the central provinces, there were twenty-five thousand Catholics, whose spiritual needs were attended to by five Fathers and nine Brothers of the Society of Jesus.

When Hideyoshi determined to transfer the capital from Kyoto to Osaka, Father Organtino, S. J., following the advice of a Christian nobleman, asked of the ruler a site for a church. His request was graciously granted, and the first church in Osaka was opened on Christams day,

1583. During the next two years sixty-five nobles were baptized in this edifice.

When the edict banishing missionaries and closing churches was enforced, there were, in the eighteen leagues between Meako and Sakai, twenty churches and thirty-five thousand faithful. During that first persecution the sufferings of the Christians were terrible. Fifty churches and eight residences of the Jesuits in the central province were burned. Although the churches in Osaka, Meako, and Sakai were spared, all priestly ministrations had henceforth to be carried on secretly.

In 1593 the Franciscans erected the Church of Our Lady of Portiuncula and also a hospital for lepers, and in the year following, the Convent of Bethlehem. From 1589 to 1613 there was, comparatively speaking, religious peace. In the court at that time there were many Christians, and some among these were commanders, who, in 1615, took part in the bombardment of Osaka. Then came the edict of banishment and an apparent annihilation of the Church throughout the country. Of the twenty-six Holy Martyrs of Japan, about five were from Osaka.

After the reopening of the empire to foreigners, in recent years, the first church in Osaka was erected by Father Cousins, later made bishop of Nagasaki. But the Japanese had, in intervening generations, grown decidedly agnostic. This agnosticism, together with their loose code of morality, placed mighty barriers in the way of progress for Catholicity.

The Osaka Mission of today is under the care of the Paris Society of Foreign Missions. It became a vicariate apostolic in the year 1888. Three years later (1891) it was erected to the status of a diocese. At the time the mission consisted of the following districts: the island of Shikoku and the civil prefectures of Osaka, Hyogo, Kyoto,

Nara, Mie, Wakayama, Okayama, Hiroshima, Yamaguchi, Shimane, Tottori, Shiga, the southern portion of Echizen, which is a land-section of Wakasa. From this diocese the island of Shikoku was separated in 1904, and made a prefecture apostolic: this prefecture was given over to the Spanish Dominicans. In 1912, at the time of the erection of the prefecture apostolic of Niigata, the land-section of Wakasa in Echizen (civil prefecture of Fukui) was attached to this new ecclesiastical district. In 1913 the following civil prefectures were also separated from the Osaka diocese and made to comprise a new apostolic vicariate which was given over to the German Jesuits: Okayama, Hiroshima, Yamaguchi, Shimane, and Tottori. Thus at present the diocese of Osaka is comprised of the following civil prefectures only: Osaka, Kyoto, Hyogo, Nara, Wakayama, Mie (land-section of Ise), and Shiga (land-section of Omi).

Since the time of my visit, a most wonderful account which has filled our hearts with joy has been received from Bishop Castanier of Osaka. I shall quote from the Bishop's letter, as follows:

"God's good Providence has just sent us a consolation as wonderful as it was unexpected. Up in some out-of-the-way villages of the mountains, and only three leagues north of the big city of Osaka, the heart of our mission, we have lately discovered descendants of Catholics of the seventeenth century. This discovery has caused the greatest joy to all the missionaries and Christians of Osaka. I hasten to pass on the good news to our kind benefactors of the United States, being the more happy to do so, because this discovery proves again what has very often been proved before — that is, the vitality of the Church and the solidarity of the faith of our Japanese Catholics.

"Let me retrace the steps of this history I am to give, from a slightly earlier period. In 1923, in a little village three leagues away from here, a school-teacher discovered some Christian gravestones, dating from 1600. This find, of purely historical interest for our Japanese, caught the attention of two professors of the Imperial University of Kyoto. They went to examine the gravestones. Then, one of the villagers showed them a collection of Christian objects inherited from his ancestors. The *Asahi*, a newspaper of Osaka, also sent men to investigate the find, and in the paper's issue of November 8, 1923, published a detailed, illustrated article on the subject. Two families, owning themselves to be descendants of ancient Christians, had been found, so the account declared. Upon reading this article, a Catholic itinerant merchant of Osaka proceeded to institute inquiries on his own behalf. He went into the mountain village and, while displaying his articles for sale, got the members of the two families to talk. On his return he hastened to inform Father P. Birraux, the curate of the Cathedral, about the result of his investigations. Soon after, Father Birraux was commissioned by the Bishop to follow up the findings and, if possible, to resuscitate this ancient Christian *nucleus*.

"From the outset the missionary was aware of the necessity of being extremely prudent and of proceeding with great caution. In the month of January one of his parishioners, acting on instructions received, took lodgings in the midst of these peasants. Before long this person was made the confidant of the members of the two families mentioned, and became even *persona grata* in the eyes of a well-preserved old mother eighty-six years of age. With this aged woman a way was made, not long after, for Father Birraux to secure an interview, which I shall herewith relate:

"The old woman recited the *Ave Maria,* in the form which had been preserved for three hundred and fifty years among the Christian descendants. In this form Japanese words are intermixed with Latin; but the proper sequence of the words was followed, without a fault.

" 'Do you still say this prayer occasionally?' the Father inquired.

" 'Yes, from time to time,' came the answer; 'especially when I am in pain or in sorrow. Formerly, whenever there was a death, all the kinsfolk assembled in secret and recited three rosaries for the departed. In early days we had always to be on the alert. Whenever a death occurred, a functionary from the city of Takatsuki came to examine the corpse to make sure there was on it no sign of what they called the "perverse religion" (Christianity).'

" 'For your funerals did you summon the bonze?'

" 'Yes, because we were forced to it; but while he droned his prayers in front of the corpse, we fell to the rear and recited our own, so as to efface his work.'

" 'Do you know whether any ceremony has ever been performed on your forehead?'

" 'I know that, when I was very small, my father made a cross with water on my forehead.'

"And the old woman went on to tell how, till the age of twenty, she had continued to see eight or ten families of the neighborhood assemble every Sunday. Only, she declared, in order to turn away suspicion, they called the gathering the *cha-bi* or 'tea day.' Every spring, she continued, for forty days the villagers took but one repast (at evening), even though they worked hard all day in the fields — *Lent.* But after these forty days, the old woman added, they celebrated a big feast — *Easter.*

" 'According to the teaching of our forefathers,' she concluded, 'it is not lawful to burn incense before idols

or to offer food before images or before ancestral shrines.'

"By degress, and with each successive visit of the missionary, the hearts of these sturdy villagers opened up. The good old woman went so far as to point out families known to her as descended from Christians; and her children showed Father Birraux the treasure of Christian relics handed down from their ancestors.

"On April 29, after an interruption of three hundred years, Father Birraux had the consolation of offering up the Holy Sacrifice for these people. This first time the demon held off many sons of the martyrs. But in July, on the second occasion of the celebration of Mass up in the hills, several came to visit and to adore the true God. From then on, at each visit of the missionary, their numbers were increased by several more persons; and on Assumption day three were bold enough to make the trip to Osaka, in order to assist at Mass in the Cathedral.

"We hope that, through the intercession of Mary Immaculate whose name has never ceased to be invoked in these mountains, and also through the intercession of their martyr-ancestors in the faith, these descendants of the early Christians will soon return completely to the religion of their fathers."

CHAPTER X

Nara of the Past, and Nara of Today

A Japanese home — When Nara was FIRST *in the land — Relics of the past: Kofuku-ji, Todai-ji, and Kasuga-jinji — The great Narano-Daibutsu — The Nikushinno-Kwannon — A burst of sunlight in the gloom — Another memorable meal.*

That night we lodged with the Brothers of Mary, in Osaka; but left, the next morning, to continue our little tour. This time we had Nara in mind as our next destination, and so we boarded an electric train scheduled for that place. On the way we passed through Yao, and Father Willmes called my attention to the town by mentioning the fact that, three hundred and sixty years before, a flourishing Catholic parish had existed there. . . . Alas, for the bitter persecutions! . . . . Well, we found ourselves next speeding through Ikoma, a town noted for its temple dedicated to phallic worship. And then, almost before we realized it, our train drew into Nara.

At Nara Station we were met by a young Japanese Catholic. He had boarded with our Fathers while he was studying at Kanazawa. At the time of this present meeting with him, he held a position as professor in what we should call a Junior High School, at Tambaichi, near Nara. He appeared to be very much pleased to see us, and at once invited us to go with him to his home. This we were glad to do; and after a little, having arrived at his place of residence, we were cordially greeted by the members of the family.

As the dwelling in which we found ourselves was of the usual, middle-class, type, and as my opportunities to note such interiors had been few, I caught myself glancing curiously about the wide room: it was without furniture of any kind, but the floor was covered with soft, springy matting. Zabutons (cushions) were brought, and we at once squatted down on them, Japanese fashion (that is, *Japanese fashion* in so far as I, personally, found myself physically capable of conforming to it!). Then Father Willmes, noting my interest in things about me, asked the friendly teacher to show me through his house; and with pleased alacrity he arose and proceeded to conduct me about.

There were seven rooms in all. Two, up-stairs, were practically one. They were divided only by karakami (sliding doors made of a frame covered on both sides with opaque paper of a dainty floral design). These rooms were quite light, but were shut in from outside intrusion by translucent paper shoji (shades). On one side these shoji came down to the floor, like French windows, and along that side a wide veranda ran the length of the two rooms. The veranda below was only half as long as the upper one, for a room jutted out at the end, making it quite secluded and hidden from the street, and from visitors as well, who, I was told, were usually taken up-stairs.

The shoji on the other side extended only halfway to the floor, and thus appeared more like windows than the others, though in either case they worked up and down in grooves. I remembered reading, somewhere, that a Japanese house has no windows, and from this I had received the impression that they were all dark and dreary; but the reality is, decidedly, the contrary fact. When properly

built, a Japanese house is the lightest, airiest place on earth.

I was charmed with the soft tones which everywhere prevailed. The walls were of dark cream color, the mats straw-colored, and the woodwork in its natural tint, left unvarnished. The wole effect was harmonious and restful.

There were no pictures on the walls; but there was a zashiki (drawing room, or parlor), the main attraction of which was its tokonoma, a sort of platform of polished ash-wood raised a few inches above the floor level. On this tokonoma was a single flower in a straight bamboo vase. I could not help contrasting the simple, artistic beauty of this arrangement with the appearance of some of the cluttered-up mantels I had seen in some homes of my native land. As a background for the zashiki, a kakemono (decorative picture) mounted on heavy paper was hung, being unrolled from a cylindrical bar by which it was suspended.

Of the five down-stairs rooms, one was a small entrance room, with one back of it ordinarily used as a dining room. Behind the dining room was a lower-floor reception room, long and rectangular, with new mats and a tokonoma, more handsome than that seen above, and with a beautiful screen which pictured a snow-capped Mt. Fuji. The maid's room, the kitchen, and the bathroom made up the remainder of the floor.

In the kitchen the floor was partly cemented and partly of wood, the cement part being sunk two feet below the wooden part. In the lower section were two earthenware kitchen furnaces, where, over glowing charcoal, Japanese meals were prepared. There was no ceiling to the kitchen, and the smoke from the furnaces ascended to the beams and rafters, leaving queer patterns

of soot and ashes. There was a wooden sink, somewhat larger than those of American manufacture. It was provided with a good-sized hole in one corner, into which was thrust a bamboo pipe that reached not quite to the cement floor beneath; and just here the cement was slightly hollowed out, and gave into a drain pipe. This arrangement greatly simplified the plumbing requirements. If any foreign matter should chance to gather in the sink-pipe, a stick could easily be rammed through at once, and the obstruction be thus removed.

The house was truly beautiful in its simplicity and cleanliness; and our Japanese friend, while deprecating its charm in true native fashion, seemed much pleased at my praise.

But anon we came back to our zabutons, and coffee and cake were served. In order to make the occasion more enjoyable while we were partaking of the generous lunch, our host entertained us with songs. He was accompanied by his wife, who beat a tattoo on a drum and emitted, now and again, inarticulate cries. This species of entertainment proved quite a novelty.

Leaving the home of the friendly Japanese, we started out to see and learn something of the surroundings in which we found ourselves.

Nara is situated in the northeast corner of the Yumato province. Nestling at the foot of the hills called *Kasuga-yama,* it commands a superb view of the distant mountains, Ikoma and Kongo. In 709, and for the following seventy-five years, it was the capital of Japan, these years comprehending the reign of seven monarchs. The Nara of today represents only a fraction of the city as it was in its days of glory, when palaces, public buildings, and residences reared their beauty where now only fields greet the eye.

When Kwammu Tenno, the emperor, moved the seat of government to Kyoto, Nara began rapidly to decline. Its beautiful buildings were either removed to other places or left to the mercy of the elements. Today there are only the temples remaining to tell something of the magnificence of this once superb center. Indeed, at one time the place fell quite to the status of a mere country town. But with the Restoration (in 1868) Nara was made the seat of government for the Nara Prefecture, and it began at once to take on new life. It is now the abiding-place of 50,000 inhabitants.

It is therefore evident that the city and its immediate vicinity are of very great historical interest. In fact, it was the scene of Japan's *earliest* history, and the birthplace of her arts and sciences. Even today, though as has been intimated, the countryside is shorn of the greater part of its older glory, the tourist finds in it a strange attraction; for the ruins and the temples breathe of the long ago when emperors and noblemen wrought wonders, both constructively and destructively.

Classical structures, such as the Kasuga-jinsha, Todai-ji, Kufuku-ji, and Shoso-in, and also the Imperial Museum, are situated in the midst of charming scenery, of which the beautiful Kasuga-yama hills form a superb part. All these sights to delight the traveler are within the limits of a large district known as Nara Park. This park exceeds in interest and extent any other park in Japan. It covers a great area of 1325 acres, of which the hills mentioned and the temple alone occupy 250 acres. Our first point of interest, therefore, was this place — Nara Koen as it is called.

Sarusawa-no-ike is an old pond just outside the main park entrance. Willow trees girdle its shining water, and carp and tortoises swim about through the ripples. So

well stocked is the pond that the popular saying is "half fish, half water." Visitors usually buy biscuits from a native vendor, and these they break into bits and throw to the fish, in order to see them gather at the surface.

On the west side of the pool is a shrine, said to be dedicated to an old lady, who, having lost favor with the reigning monarch of her time, drowned herself in the still waters. Strange it will seem to most of us that such a paltry act should be lifted to the heights of heroism. Yet here, I suppose, we have an example of pagan motive and outlook.

Our next stop was at the Kofuku-ji (temple), which is reached by several flights of steps. It was founded by the Fujiwara Family when it was at the height of its power. It appears that, after Buddhism has been well established in Japan, the ruling empress decided to build for herself a permanent palace. Strange as it may seem, Japanese royalty had had, before this, no fixed abode. The explanation of the peculiar circumstance is that, according to the old belief, death profaned a dwelling, so that no ruler dared to live in the house of a predecessor. But after Buddhism had triumphed and dispelled this ancient superstition, a permanent residence was provided for; and thereupon, naturally, a city began to grow up around it. About the same time a dignitary of the Fujiwara Family, whom we may name the Prime Minister, erected a Buddhist family temple, the grounds of which originally covered ten acres and contained one hundred and seventy-five buildings. This was Kofuku-ji; and one of its great, original features was a large pagoda. But all the early buildings, including this pagoda, were burned during an internecine contention in which the temple priests engaged. The present buildings are fewer in number and less magnificent. The main hall enshrines

a celebrated image of Buddha, made by Kamatari. This temple is the chief shrine of the Hosso sect.

The Imperial Museum which we next visited was established by the Imperial Household Department, in 1894. It is built in European style, and is arranged to comprise three departments — those of History, Fine Arts, and the Industrial Arts. In the Fine Art section are exhibited many treasures from ancient temples and shrines, as well as from private individuals. We found, besides the usual Buddha, Kwannon, and Amida statues and pictures, a collection of old paintings, miniature pagodas, spears, etc. The Buddhist statues and paintings show the Graeco-Indian influence upon Chino-Japanese of the period. The museum, though not so large as either that of Tokyo or Kyoto, excels both in its fine collection of the arts of the Nara period. The Industrial Bazaar is a large building near by, in which are exhibited all sorts of industrial products, many of which are offered for sale on the spot.

Our next visit of interest was to the Todai-ji (temple), presumably built by the emperor of the same period, in an effort to prevent his minister from seeming to outglory him in religious devotion or patronage. It is one of the 'Seven Great Temples of Nara,' and the chief temple of the Kegon sect, although as a matter of fact all the doctrines of the eight principal sects of Buddhism usually recognized in Japan are taught there.

Originally the endowment of the place of worship was very great, consisting in part of more than 2400 acres of rice fields, with 5000 farming households settled upon them. The temple grounds themselves comprised at the time about twenty acres; and as to influence, the Todai-ji maintained jurisdiction over all the temples of the empire and enjoyed the highest honors. Fine groups of buildings clustered around the great Daibutsu Hall, and there

were two pagodas, each of seven stories, which added to the general magnificence. But both pagodas and a number of the buildings were destroyed by fire, and have never been rebuilt.

The immense South Gate (built in the year 752, and rebuilt in 1199) contains, in its outside niches, giant figures of Ni-o, or the Deva Kings, which are remarkably fine specimens of that kind of sculpture. Near the Gate are lifelike lions, said to have been carved by a Chinese artist who brought the stone from his native land.

Passing through a second gate, one comes to a great, high hall, surrounded by a gallery. This is called Golden Hall, and contains an immense Buddha — the Daibutsu known all over the world as the Narano-Daibutsu. The great hall has twice burned down, and on both occasions the head of the statue fell from the body and was badly damaged. After the first disaster, the statue was repaired by a Chinese imagemaker, and after the second occurrence, by a Japanese. The history of the statue is very ancient. Let me give at least the traditional tale of it.

About the eighth century, when a terrible plague ravaged Japan, the people recalled the fact that, when, a hundred and fifty years before, a similar disaster had threatened them, the Buddha had quenched the pestilence, and that, in gratitude, a great statue of the god had been erected. What he had done before, so they thought, he could surely now do again. Accordingly, a similar vow was made; and lo and behold, the plague ceased. But fear began to possess the people that, if they should again keep their promise, they might come to the point of stirring up the antagonism of the national gods. In desperation over the situation, an embassy was sent to the Imperial Temple at Ise, there to petition the Shinto god Amaterasu for guid-

ance. When they returned, they delivered the astounding answer that Amaterasu and Buddha were one and the same. Then was built the great Daibutsu of Nara, the symbol of union between Shintoism and Buddhism. It is a gigantic statue, fifty-three and a half feet high: it is said to have taken seven hundred and forty-eight repeated castings to finish it. The Buddha is represented in a sitting posture, on a lotus flower of magnified proportions: his legs are folded; his right arm is uplifted, palm outward; and the left hand is placed on his knee.

The people, in gratitude for deliverance from the plague, set up also a gigantic bell in Buddha's honor. This bell is placed in a beautiful wood near the temple, and is under the special protection of the government. On payment of one sen a person is allowed to strike it. As it attracted my particular interest, I paid a sen to hear its sound. The answering ring was so deep and clear, through the peaceful quiet of the tree, that I paid another sen and struck it a second time. Though sweet and full, its voice seemed to carry with it a sorrowful note of the dead past.

We went on through the woods, and came to Nigwatsudo and Sangwatsudo, places sacred to Kwannon. In Nigwatsudo, the principal image worshiped is the eleven-faced Kwannon, which, tradition tells us, was picked up near Naniwa (the present Osaka). It is said that, by some miraculous intervention, it appears at times to have a warmth like that of human flesh. It is popularly known as Nikushinno-Kwannon, or the *Human-flesh* Kwannon.

In honor of this goddess the Japanese annually hold a two-weeks' festival, and this they continued to observe every year for more than a thousand years. During this festival a torchlight procession is held, for the drawing

of eight great vats of water which are reserved for sacred purposes during the following year.

Sangwatsudo lies a little lower down. It is also very ancient. Though its outer sanctuary has been changed, the inner edifice dates back to the time of its foundation, before the building of the great Buddha Hall, and shows the style of construction prevalent during the Temple Era. The temple contains a famous, dried-lacquer image of Brahma.

As we proceeded, we passed the sacred elevation of Mikasa, — of the hill group previously mentioned by the name of Kasuga-yama. The height is famed in classic song and story, and from the summit a magnificent view of the surrounding country is to be obtained.

Farther on we came to the Kasuga-jinja, one of the finest Shinto temples in the empire. It is built by the same prime minister who erected the Kofuku-ji in honor of Buddha. Mindful of the gods of his fathers, and especially mindful of one of his ancestors, he built a glorious temple for the trio, and gave to the divinities the name of Kasuga, meaning *Spring-Day* or *Spring-Sun*.

This great temple, with its surrounding grounds, is situated in the midst of a quiet wood where cryptomeria, pine, and cypress trees, lifting their spicy branches, form an exquisite setting for the building with their red tints and stone lanterns. A splendid avenue leads on from the first torii, and as we walked along, hundreds of deer followed us. These graceful animals enjoy the absolute freedom of the place, for they are considered as sacred to the divinity. When the second torii is reached, all visitors are required to alight, from vehicle or horseback, whichever the case may be, and to proceed on foot. There is, however, little hardship in this, as the temple is but a short distance away. Its group of buildings stands in the

midst of a grove of cryptomerias, resting, as it were, against the bosom of a hill. The grounds cover 213 acres, and this area is almost always referred to in the same breath with the three thousand lanterns with which it is lighted. Two thousand of these quaint light-bearers are of stone, and the remainder of metal. The whole place is very impressive, even though — 'tis the old story again — there remains but a shadow of the former greatness: almost all that originally *was*, has been destroyed by fire or earthquake, or both.

In the midst of a contemplation of ruined wonders, a very sweet and sudden apparition snatched away my attention. All at once I saw before me a darling little Japanese girl. She was standing just before the stone-lanterned entrance to the shrine. In her small, brown hands she held a basket containing her offering to the spirits. Her round face, framed by glistening black hair and a bright-flowered kimono, looked serious, even while the corners of her red lips were lifted and her dark eyes glowed with friendliness. The dear child! I thought . . . It was a call for another aspiration. "Dear Lord," I cried, "bless her innocent heart and give her the grace of faith!"

The sacred dances are conducted at this shrine, and are considered very graceful and very beautiful; but to our intense disappointment, we found our visit inopportune for seeing them. These dances in this place originated with the Fugiwaris, who, after building the temple, selected from among all the old Japanese and Chinese dances what they considered to be most suitable for temple worship. Thus they established a ritual which combined the best of the old methods, with sufficient significance to endure to the present day.

As we turned to leave, we noticed that it was long past noon, and the fact itself seemed to assert that the physical part of us required nourishment.

"How would you like some chicken and rice?" asked Father Willmes.

The question appealed to me in every way, and so it was that we decided to go to a tea-house not far away, to see what we could find for a meal. In the tea-house compound we passed through an exquisite little garden. It had a tiny pool of water with a miniature bridge; and under the bridge goldfish disported themselves. Besides, there was a wee range of mountains and some dwarf trees, and the grass was beginning to peep through sodded banks. I found myself always coming upon these miniature bits of an earthly paradise, and each time the experience quite enraptured me.

We took off our shoes, and left them on the veranda that ran around the house, before stepping on the snowy mats of the interior, — I had fully learned my lesson by this time.

The preliminaries to eating were very much the same as those submitted to upon other occasions in Japan. The brazier was set before us, and things were placed over it, to stew. Soon the pan on the brazier became very hot, and thereupon the little waitress in attendance took a piece of chicken fat with a pair of chopsticks and greased it until it sizzled. Then she laid in the chicken, which had been freed from every bit of skin and bone, and cut the meat into flat pieces. Then we watched her deft hands arrange celery, cabbage, soy bean paste, onions, and macaroni. Occasionally she added liquid from a pretty pitcher, or soy sauce in place of salt. Layers were added successively, with ever more sauce, more seasoning, until the pan was full. Every ingredient had been arranged according

to its proper place and proportion; and from then on until serving time the mixture was not stirred.

When the *torinabe* had been cooked enough, the *neisan* (waitress) brought a lacquer box of rice, with which she half-filled our bowls, then added a morsel of each thing from the pan, pouring over all some of the broth.

We ate, and again passed our bowls for more. I was told that torinabe shares its popularity with gyunabe (you will remember our meal of gyunabe, in Kyoto), and both are considered the *Bohemian* dishes of Japan, and are well liked by foreigners.

When we came to the end of our meal, we found that it was time to leave the city of Nara. As with many another day's visit in Japan, I had found much to see and much to admire, but also a certain minor note, as of decadence and glory bowed to the dust.

"How little are the works of man," I remarked to Father Willmes; "his greatest efforts are but frail toys in the grasp of the elements. God only is immutable, and by faith alone do we cling to Him. For this faith I thank my blessed Savior, each day."

And Father Willmes answered, "Your prayer is but an echo of mine. And I but ask that the near future may bring forth the glad day when all mankind shall likewise find means to trust and to praise our loving Lord and Creator."

CHAPTER XI

Tea Culture, Ancient Ceremonies, and Inari Worship

The Uji tea-growing district — Tea culture — How tea came to Japan — Tea ceremonies — The Imperial Mausoleum — Fushimi Inari and the cult of Inari Sama — Yearly feasts and fairs — Keen glimpses into pagan hearts with their unfulfilled longings.

At three o'clock we left Nara, and our journey forward led us through the flourishing tea section of Uji. Here the tea plantations are very extensive and, to our Western vision, very intersting. I began at once to ask questions concerning this industry, and received from my companion a great deal of information on the subject.

The tea plant belongs to the same evergreen family as the camellia, and has a tiny white blossom, faintly fragrant. Usually the seeds are planted on terraces or gentle slopes; though oftentimes level ground, if well drained, is found suitable. The bush is not allowed to grow to a height of more than three or four feet. Three years from the time of planting the leaves may be picked, but the shrub is at its best from the fifth to the tenth year.

At the end of April or the beginning of May tea-picking begins, and lasts three or four weeks. There is usually another picking in July, and sometimes a third, later. Soon after being picked, the leaves are placed in a basket and held over boiling water. This steaming process first lasts for about half a minute only, and is gone through with in order to bring the natural oil to the sur-

face. As soon as the steam begins to rise, the cover is removed from the receptacle and the tea leaves are tossed about with a pair of chopsticks. Then the steaming is repeated, after which the leaves are fanned dry. Next follows the firing. The tea is poured into wooden frames covered with a strong Japanese paper. These frames are placed over the fire of charcoal covered with ashes, and are stirred frequently with bamboo pokers. The leaves are next sorted and subjected to repeated firings at lower temperatures, until dried. The thickest, greenest leaves are used for Koi-cha (strong tea), the thinner ones for making Usu-cha (weak tea). Sometimes (I believe this is the older practice) the leaves are not fired at all, but sun-dried.

It is said that tea was introduced into Japan from China by the Buddhist saint, Denkyo-Daishi (767—822). It had been used for a long time previously by the Buddhists of the continent, for the purpose of keeping them awake while they performed their midnight devotions. An old legend tells us that tea and the tea plant originated in this way:

Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century A.D., had spent a long time, one night, in prayerful watching. At last drowsiness overpowered him, and he slept through the remainder of his vigil. On awakening he became filled with remorse, and so angry with his laziness that he cut off both offending eyelids and flung them on the floor. Scarcely had he done so when, from each one sprang a shrub, the leaves of which, if steeped in water, were found to keep drowsiness at bay during the long night watches.

Though encouraged by Imperial recognition, tea culture made scarcely any progress in Japan until the end of the twelfth century. Then another Buddhist priest, the abbot Myoe, imported new seeds from China; these were planted in Uji. From this time the industry flourished

and, under royal approval, gained great fame. Today Uji tea is known far and wide.

All genuine Japanese tea is what we call "green" tea, and is not only used at meal-times but frequently during the day. It is served in small cups, with no milk or sugar. Strange as it may seem to us, Japanese tea must not be made with boiling water; if it is, a very bitter drink results. Indeed, the first brew is often thrown away, as it is not mild enough to use.

After the adoption of tea as a national drink, the tea ceremonies were inaugurated. These ceremonies have gone through many transformations during the six or seven hundred years of their existence. They have passed through a medico-religious, a luxurious, and, lastly, an esthetic stage. The Daimyos who took part in the tea parties of the fourteenth century reclined on couches covered with skins of leopards or tigers. At that time the walls of the houses where the tea-drinking took place were hung with Buddhist pictures and rare hangings of rich brocades or damasks; and there were gold and silver vessels. Precious perfumes were burned, and strange fish and birds were served as a part of the repast.

And all through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the tea ceremonies continued to enjoy the favor of the upper classes of the Japanese. These ceremonies included a preliminary dinner at which tea was the principal thing served, the tea used on these occasions being prepared in the form of powder instead of leaves, so as to make the beverage to be of the color and consistency of pea soup. This was drunk slowly and formally, according to an elaborate code, each gesture of which was fixed by a uniform ruling. Everything connected with the ceremony, — the canister, incense burner, and even the hanging scroll and the flowers in the alcove, — were either handled or

admired, all according to rote. The hands were washed, a little bell was rung, the guests promenaded to the garden and back at certain intervals, and with certain gestures sanctioned by an unalterable law of the tea ceremonies.

During the tea-picking season girls and women, attired in picturesque garments, flock from the neighboring districts to assist in gathering the tea leaves. The tedium of the labor is relieved by gay chatter and by the chanting of Japanese folk songs. A colorful, interesting sight it is, — so interesting that the people of Kyoto often come to observe it.

Uji is, during the summer months, noted also for the size and brilliance of its numerous fireflies. Boats are at the disposal of those who wish during the dim hours to enjoy the sight of these phantom candles of Nature, as they flit hither and thither along the tree-lined shores.

In Uji there is, besides, the celebrated Ho-o-do, or Phoenix Hall, which was built nearly nine hundred years ago. It is of the architectural style of the Fujiwara period — a style in which Japan, combining the essential qualities of such types as had endured from former ages, at the same time completely threw aside the influence of China and began to exhibit her own marked structural characteristics. A plan of this building was exhibited by our Government during the Columbian Exposition held in Chicago some thirty-odd years ago.

After leaving Uji, we came in a short time to Monoyama, famous because of the *Monoyama Goryo* (Imperial Mausoleum), the last earthly resting-place of the late Emperor Meiji. The ground roundabout is rolling, but rises gradually from Fushimi until it reaches the height where Hideyoshi once built his castle. The Emperor of late memory is said to have been so charmed with the beautiful natural scenery hereabouts that he expressed a

wish to rest in the silence of these hills when the time should come for him to be gathered with his Imperial ancestors.

In connection with the designing of the mausoleum many were suggested and rejected because they were either too pompous or too ornate to accord with the simple tastes of the departed monarch. The plan finally approved is shown to be, indeed, one of almost austere simplicity and dignity — a tomb in the shape of a low mound covered with 300,000 pieces of granite which overlap one another like the scales of a fish. The hallowed enclosures are divided into three sections — the Burial Mound, the Place of Worship, and the Ceremonial Court. The Imperial Reserve covers three hundred acres, and five acres of this area are occupied by the Mausoleum. Strange as it may seem, the remainder is rented out to farmers, and is covered with pine groves, tea plantations, or ordinary farm crops.

We passed through Momoyama and in a few minutes reached Fushimi, noted for the erection there of a residential castle, by Toyotomi Hideyoshi, in the year 1594. In this castle the great man received the peace envoys of the Ming Dynasty, and, becoming angry at the terms offered by them, renewed the Korean Expedition. He died in his castle, four short years after building it. The stately pile was demolished by Ieyasu, the conqueror of the Toyotomis, and the more significant architectural portions were removed to adorn other buildings in different places.

Arriving at Fushimi Inari, we left the train, for we wanted to walk to the famous Inari Temple and there to note all that was to be observed, at close quarters. The main torii is very near the station. The shrine buildings, nestling on the hillside, consist of the main shrine, the newer shrine, the oratory, and some other places of in-

terest. On the hill, scattered behind the main shrine, are several thousand small torii and about four hundred shrines. These torii are offerings to the gods, erected by votaries. Whenever one sees a temple with numerous torii before it, he may reasonably conclude that an Inari temple confronts him.

The veneration of the Inari Sama would be unintelligible but for the accounted fact of the general veneration of spirits to be found in popular Shintoism. Buddhism has never placed the veneration of the spirits of popular Shintoism on the same plane of worship as the adoration of the Buddha under his various titles, such as Amida, Dainichi, Vairochama, etc. That this is so, is evident from the very architecture of the shrines and of the temples. It must, indeed, be admitted that there are some shrines which, exteriorly, differ in no way from the Buddhist temples; but before almost every Inari shrine there is to be found that which is never seen before a Buddhist temple: I refer to the torii. The most varied explanations are given to account for the torii. Some maintain that they are of purely Shintoist origin, as might at first be expected; but according to other, modern, views, they are of foreign importation. It is even said that they were introduced into Japan from the South Sea Islands; however, it would now seem that it may be accepted as certain that they came from India, along with Buddhism itself, finding their way in Japan through Korea.

As is generally known, the torii is an arched gateway consisting of two vertical beams sunk into the earth and joined together by two horizontal beams which rest on the verticals. Even today these torii are retained by the Buddhists for the biers of their dead. Such biers are built in exactly the same fashion as are those used for the spirits of the shrines; and certainly the similarity of external con-

struction implies a similarity in the thought underlying them. In the case of the bier, the torii is the symbol of the departed spirit, which is thought to be found in the vicinity of the corpse. And likewise, in the case of the other litters, men's thoughts are of the spirit for whom the shrine is dedicated. The bier, therefore, contains some objects near which the spirit is supposed to hover (i.e., the remains). Many have held that the spirit dwells in the object itself, whether the object be a corpse, or some relic of a shrine, as, for instance, a stone or piece of wood or metal to which have been attached some associations of the spirit world. Thus the torii itself becomes the sign of the proximity of a departed spirit; and by the fact that Buddhism seems disposed to place torii before its shrine (as in the case of the Inari shrines) and *not* before its temples, it would appear to be making a visible barrier or distinction between the Buddhist statues and the *kami*, or the relics betokening the spirits of the popular Shintoism.

The Inari Sama enjoys a special veneration from the devotees of the Nichiren sect of the Buddhists. This sect includes an Inari shrine in almost all its temple enclosures. By the members of this sect, Inari is worshiped with the same words as used for the invocation of Hotoke, and, in accordance with the custom of the sect, the invocation is likewise accompanied with the striking of a drum. *'Nammyo horen gekyo!'* — such are the words chanted, in 6/8 rhythm, to the beat of a drum; and this invocation is incessantly repeated, all day long, upon the occasion of a festival.

But to point differences between Buddhistic devotions and practices and those of popular Shintoism, note should be taken of the choice and selection of ministers of each. Buddhism has its bonzes, who are priests of a sort, upon

whom requirement is placed to pursue certain studies and to receive a definite ordination: these Buddhist bonzes, in Japan, formerly practised celibacy. The shrines of popular Shintoism, on the other hand, are attended by no genuine priests, in any ordinay sense of the term. Every and any worshiper may perform religious worship, by reciting the prescribed prayers and by carrying out the few required ceremonies: no special ordination is necessary for this. In earlier times, however, the services at these shrines were undertaken by the bonzes themselves.

The State's attitude towards the shrines, quite contrary to that adopted toward the Buddhist temples, is as that manifested toward a personage. Thus, different ranks — such as are possessed by State officials — are assigned to the shrine. Shrines are even advanced in rank, as are officials and other personages of celebrity or merit. As in Japan deceased persons are also elevated in rank, there is little to distinguish, except in degree, between the shrines and the graves of persons. The first known instance of elevating the rank of a shrine in Japan ocurred as early as the year 672 of the present era. Thereafter elevation became more and more frequent, and many, indeed, came to attain to the highest rank, among them this shrine of Inari Sama.

The veneration of the Inari, like that of all other spirits of popular Shintoism, is twofold. On a fixed day, each year, a feast in which the whole neighborhood participates is celebrated at every shrine. Then there are, of course, shrines which are occasionally visited by pious worshipers, for prayers, in a private way; and again, there are certain popular shrines which boast of large numbers of frequent worshipers, some who come to the sacred place from afar.

The origin of the superstition, or rather, of the historical development of the cult, of Inari Sama, is enveloped in a fog of obscurity, as is well attested by the numbers of conflicting stories current with regard to it. One legend tells us that, in ancient times, there lived a man possessed of broad estates and extensive rice fields. His favorite occupation is said to have been the hunting of birds and beasts with his bow. One day, as the story runs, he invited his friends to a target contest in which the target placed was that of a *mochi* (a sort of rice cake). His friends found themselves discomfited at being required to shoot at such a target, since rice is held in great and general esteem in Japan. Thereupon the man himself proceeded to take a shot at the mochi. He struck it squarely; when, lo and behold, a white bird suddenly flew out from the place where the mochi had been placed, and the mochi was no longer to be seen.

There is a similar anecdote which relates that Irogu-no-Hada, the ancestor of one, Hada-no-Nakatsu, owned great heaps of rice stalks and was very rich. One day, when he made a rice cake for a target, the target upon being struck was transformed into the likeness of a white bird that immediately flew away to the summit of a certain mountain. Upon this mountain top rice stalks sprouted and ripened, and ultimately a temple was built there.

But it is always hard to get a thread of real significance from these tales: one is balked by not knowing the possible symbolism attached to the very terms used. But at any rate, I made endeavor to at least *locate* the first appearance of this story; and I seem to have discovered it in an ancient book which was written about A.D. 730, when Buddhism had been little more than 150 years existent in Japan. In this account the temple mentioned

as having been erected on the spot where the white bird settled is the temple of Inari, near Kyoto — the temple from which the adoration of Inari Sama spread all over the Sunrise Kingdom. This seems to give us the origin of the Inari cult, and we may justly conclude that it owes its existence to the great esteem in wich rice is held in Japan, as a daily food.

But there is another little book — one written by someone evidently deeply conversant with Japanese history — which assigns a different origin of the Inari Sama. According to this writer the name was the title of a mythical personage, named Uga, who was first to discover and cultivate rice plants in Japan. He is represented as bearing ears of rice, and beside him is a sheaf of rice guarded by a snake, while a fox stands near by.

This brings us to the question of the fox representations before all shrines of Inari Sama. But let here be inserted a remark about *all* such representations as they appear in Shinto. It is a fundamental principle of *book* Shinto that the Shinto religion admits of no idols. In other words, Shinto is supposed to be without images to which offerings of adoration or reverence may be made. Because of this we find the assertion that Shinto is, in consequence, a purely spiritual religion and, in fact, the acme of all religions. This characteristic of Shintoism may be true of it as it is found in books; but in being so found it indicates mere theory, because it is contrary to fact. In practice the opposite characteristic is true, and this is especially shown in the case of the Inari-Sama cult.

In certain periods of world history we find theorists declaring war upon the advocates of the practical: such a warfare comes to be known as a revolution; and in such a revolution theory often, for a time at least, overcomes practice and seeks to usurp the place of the practical and

the actual in the lives of the people. And just this happened when, in Japan, about the year 1870, *book* Shinto secured a dominating position and succeeded in ousting all the Shinto idols from Shinto shrines. The thing itself was a practical enough action, had it only coincided with the actual facts of Shintoist worship. However, it is true that, even to this day, idols in Shintoist shrines are a rarity. Yet, before very many shrines of Inari Sama there is to be found standing a stone fox; and on festive occasions little gilded foxes may be come upon in the shrines themselves. But I have heard it asserted that the fox is to be found in the Inari-Sama shrines solely.

From all this it is natural to mention the fact that many think that the fox is, in Japan, considered to be a sacred animal, consecrated to Inari. Yet this seems hardly to be the case. I once asked an educated Japanese, point blank, what was the attitude of his people towards the foxes that run wild in the woods. He answered, briefly and tersely,

"When we see him, we kill him."

This teased me a little, so I ventured to ask further,

"Have you ever seen a live fox?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Did you kill him?" I persisted.

"No," said he.

Then we both laughed.

And in truth there are stories enough in Japan that show clearly that the wild fox of the woods enjoys no veneration. Whenever a Japanese ordinarily speaks of "the fox," he is referring to a spirit which he conceives as sometimes appearing in the form of a fox, although capable of assuming other forms: indeed, such a spirit is even presumed to have power to take possession of men; for

fox possession plays an important role in Japan, and (like possession by Tanuki and the cat) is encountered in all parts of the country.

So, when the "Fox of Inari" is mentioned, one must think of a supernatural being. What actual conception the Japanese have of this being I am unable to say; but it seems clear that the fox, in the ordinary sense of the term, is not sacred to Inari (the fox of Inari is usually representd as white).

This brings one to the question whether the *representation* of the fox seen before Inari shrines is venerated: probably it is not. One may frequently see children astride the stone foxes in front of the Inari shrines. These foxes are usually mutilated, being frequently without ears, legs, or noses. This fact alone would seem to dispose effectually of all conjectures that the images themselves are adored; what is venerated is obviously a spirit, of which the fox is understood to be the temporary apparition.

After what has been stated, it is easy to see how very difficult it is to give anything like clear or perfect information concerning the real significance of the Fox of Inari. But it is necessary that the whole Inari superstition should be thoroughly studied by the missionary, for he can hardly expect to cope with it unless he knows exactly what the cult, in all its details, really stands for. And this is the more necessary because of the fact that, in emergencies of almost every kind, the Japanese have recourse to Inari Sama. He is supposed to be the helper in every need, and in the minds of the Japanese he occupies a foremost place among other sacred sources of appeal which would usurp the place of God. Very pitiful substitutes these things are, to be sure; but thus far it has been found utterly impossible to supplant them to any great extent with higher and truer conceptions of Divine aid and succor.

As has been said, in some of the Inari shrines a feast is celebrated once a year only: during the remainder of the time the shrine stands so lonely and deserted that one could scarcely imagine that a shrine actually existed in the neglected building. One discovers only the mutilated foxes, outside, to gain any intimation that there is a seat of Inari Sama.

But on the day the feast is celebrated the shrines bear a different aspect. Banners flutter in the breeze, before the entrance, and throughout the day the drum is beaten almost incessantly. People crowd in on all sides, — men and women, high and lowly, venerable old people and young children, — all with joyous countenances and in festive garb, and most of them with a little offering.

At the entrance door they pause, bow, clap their hands, and remain silent for a few minutes, in an attitude of obeisance. This constitutes their prayer — it is a performance that satisfies them, perhaps, for a whole year. After this act they cast their gifts into some one of several big offering boxes provided. The kannushi (or "lord of the spirits") sits near the altar, on which stands a mirror. Before this altar are the white strips of paper often referred to before, the rice offerings and some others, together with lighted candles and a number of small, gilded porcelain foxes. The kannushi recites the prescribed prayers, beats the drum, acknowledges offerings, and sells white strips of paper on which are inscribed the name of the presiding spirit. These paper strips are taken home and retained as amulets, being preserved in a small house shrine spoken of as *kamidana*. We have at present in our Techny museum a collection of these amulets which I secured at Fushimi Inara.

During the evening large paper lanterns are lighted before the shrine, and then and there occurs the opening

of the annual fair. Selling-booths are found erected before the very shrines, and in them sweetmeats, toys, and souvenirs are offered for sale. On the next *morning after,* the vicinity of the shrine presents a strange sight! Many of the paper offerings are found to have been carried off by the wind, and other offerings to have been removed, along with the selling-booths. The place is actually deserted and remains so for another year. The children may again be found astride the mutilated foxes, or playing hide and seek in the empty hall.

Before other Inari shrines, where worshipers may be found any and every day, and all day and even part of the night, the aspect of things is different. I was able, after a time, to gain a point of vantage where I could observe closely one of these much frequented shrines and note the visitors who approached it, seeking mental relief of various sorts.

First there was a pretty Japanese woman, — as pretty as we see in pictures. But she stopped suddenly, for a dog had crossed her path and superstition immediately seized her. (There are Japanese who believe that their lot is affected by a dog that chances to hurry before them: this is a foolish enough superstition, indeed, but it is one which often brings disasters in its train, because the people are persuaded by it to alter their very acts and decisions on important matters.)

Presently the superstitious one went on a little, and then paused a short distance from the shrine. She then bowed slowly and solemnly, assumed an upright position, advanced three steps, and bowed again, with the same deliberation and solemnity as before. Advancing, slowly, three more steps, she came directly in front of the shrine. She then clapped her hands audibly, bowed, and remained for a few minutes in this posture, as motionless as a statue.

What bitterness seemed to lie behind her outwardly smiling face! I felt that, within, were tears being wept by the heart alone. What could be her trouble? How many things one might conjecture, especially after knowing a little of the difficulties sometimes experienced in Japanese domestic life! Perhaps her father and mother quarreled unceasingly. Perhaps the mother brought money to the family, which the father squandered in the entertainment of gaily dressed little sinners. Perhaps the mother pleaded with her, and the father commanded her, to marry a rich man whom she did not love. Whatever her cause might be, she believed in any case that Inari could succor her, could even hear her, and that he could and possibly would grant her petition. The maiden cast her offering into a big box placed for the purpose, repeated her bows, and withdrew as slowly and silently as she had come.

A student took her place before the shrine, clapped his hands, and bowed in prayer. What could this blasé student desire? Perhaps he had spent the term in frolic and carousal. He had had, possibly, plenty of money, had in consequence sated his heart with pleasure, but now inconveniently found that his head was empty. His life of pleasure had left little time for study, and now his examinations confronted him. But then, it might be that Inari Sama would help him. So, bashfully, he took from his pocket a candle wrapped in paper, and placed it near the offering-box. Perhaps the kannushi would light it before the shrine, even while he was sweating at his examinations; and from this light there might dawn upon him a slight glimmer of what he should know.

Next, a poor woman approached, carrying her child on her back. The clapping of hands, I thought, rang in her ears like a cry of despair. Her prayer was long, and on its conclusion she drew from her girdle something wrapped

in white paper: it was just a few grains of rice, saved from the day's rations, — all the offering the poor widow could make! All her hopes had been dashed in the past, and she had come to Inari Sama as a last resort. Poor, foolish widow, to expect anything from Inari Sama's aid! If she had but known that there is One who cares for even the sparrows who nest in the roof of that shrine, who does not allow even the young ravens to hunger, and whose Providence was encompassing her then and there! If she had but known that His compassion embraces all poor mortals. If she only could have turned to Him! But alas, she recognized no higher divinity than Inari Sama.

A rich man approached; and an incongruous figure he cut. He stood before the shrine, clapped, and presented his offerings. He was thinking, perhaps, of a coming banquet, and hoped Inari Sama would win him the favor of the fairest geisha!

Lastly came a maiden of possibly eighteen or nineteen years. She had evidently just been weeping. She clapped her hands, but diffidently, as if the noise terrified her. She prayed and prayed and prayed. The thought of an offering made her pause, for she had nothing to offer; and no one believes that Inari Sama will help a petitioner who comes empty-handed! Poor, deluded victims of a double superstition!

Such are the insights into human hearts that one may gain before a shrine of Inari Sama, who appears to be a sort of personification and veritable apotheosis of the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread." And when one thus comes to look into the hearts that make these requests of Inari Sama, one is shocked at the stored-up superstitions and other spiritual miseries which seek relief and outlet through this aid. Before such a shrine of Inari Sama it is easy to conceive what the world would be without our God and Savior.

CHAPTER XII

How Far Are the Japanese Truly Religious?

A refutation of general opinions — Comparison between Japan and China — Multitudinous evidences — Religious feasts and jubilees — Evidences of religious sincerity — Forms of religious expression — Comparative strength of paganism in the land — The Japanese support of religion — Religious training and education of the children.

It is extraordinary how many people I have met in America who claim a wide knowledge of Japan and yet positively assert, by word of mouth and by pen, that religious life has entirely or practically disappeared among the pagan inhabitants of that Oriental land. These people maintain that the average Japanese of today gives little indication of religious belief; that he is practically an atheist, or, at the very least, is a materialist of the first water.

Is this view confirmed by facts?

During my two-months' sojourn in the land of the Rising Sun, which included extensive journeys from south to north, I became convinced that an exactly opposite opinion to that so generally held would come nearer the truth of the matter. During the entire period of eighteen months that I spent in the Far East and the South Seas, I encountered no people who gave such convincing evidence of their religious belief and traditions as the Japanese. Even the Chinese cannot, I think, compete with the Japanese on this question, although the religious character and moral fibre of the Chinese may be more solid.

I spent six months in China, and during this period encountered everywhere dilapidated and crumbling, neglected and abandoned temples and shrines. This was not the case in Japan. Here and there I did, indeed, see a neglected shrine or two; but as a rule I was astonished to note in what good condition all the temples and shrines were maintained, how scrupulously clean and well-kept were their courtyards and the sanctuaries situated therein. Year after year the people spend enormous sums on the repair, enlargement, and embellishment of the temples, while new, glorious places of worship are being erected in various quarters.

All my readers are, I feel sure, aware of the fact that Japan surpasses every other country, except India, in the number of deities it worships. According to the *Kojiki* ("Records of Ancient Matters") and the *Nihongi* ("History of Japan"), there are in heaven alone no less than eighteen million deities. But there are, besides, the myriads of other deities on the earth, — the divinities of the rivers, seas, wind, fire, and mountains, — who find their embodiment in the phenomena of nature. Does not this very fact, that Japanese people created all these divinities in the course of the centuries, and continue to create others today, dispose of all need of further evidences of the existence of religious faith among them?

In view of the number of its deities, it is not surprising to learn that there are more temples in Japan than in any other country on earth. In every city I visited, I found, besides the numerous shrines situated in other quarters, a whole "Street of Temples" in which temple follows temple, every one with its own clients. Occasionally one even finds in the same town two "Temple Streets" (the *old* and the *new*), a fact that is usually explained by the growth of the place. Particularly are the

temples visited on the occasions of the *Kobo-mairi* (*mairi* = pilgrimages), which take place on the twenty-first day of every month. Each pilgrimage made comprises 88 'stations' (making one think of our own), and at each station certain miraculous facts from the life of Kobo-Daishi, the Founder of the Shingon Sect, are commemorated. Such Kobodaishi are numerous throughout the country, and especially so in Nagoya, both in the city and neighborhood. I shall never forget the impression which I received during my two-days' stay at the famous Bright Star School (already mentioned) of the Marist Brothers at Osaka. This school is situated in the "Temple Street" of that city, and from my room on the third floor I commanded a view of the entire row of temples, magnificent or humble, as the case might be. As I gazed on the scene, the thought occurred to me: 'How can a people so attached to shrines be regarded as unreligious? Can such a people be so immersed in materialism that there is no longer even a vestige of religious belief to be found among them?'

In the city of Nagoya, every block has its guardian deity with its special shrine, erected under the eaves of some certain house. Before this shrine the residents of the block regularly place their offerings.

Naturally one need not expect to find among the Japanese people religion according to our usual conception of the term. The religion practised by the Japanese — especially under the form of Shintoism, the State religion — is indeed a poor, pitiful thing, woefully lacking dogmatic truths and still more deficient in moral principles. The religion of the average Japanese is a chaotic jumble of Shinto-Buddhist traditions of a fabulous and legendary character, which incorporate chiefly ancestor-worship, household-worship, and nature-worship, mixed with

fetichism and even phallicism. This religion, moreover, finds its chief expression in a multitude of deeply superstitious practices that one would not expect to find among a people so highly civilized as the Japanese.

The superstition of the Japanese is most strikingly shown in the extensive use of amulets. Before any temple of any consequence is a booth for the sale of amulets, occupied usually by a Shintoist priest or Buddhist monk, or else by one of the higher or subordinate servants of the temple. Few houses can be found in Japan in which paper tickets or wooden tablets are not nailed to the front door. These are amulets from some famous shrine or other, and are supposed to ward off all misfortune from house and home. They usually announce that, on a given date, some member of the household made a pilgrimage to the shrine in question. Probably the majority of the Japanese carry on their persons each at least one amulet of this kind — after the fashion of our medals or scapulars. The most popular souvenir of soldiers, students, and merchants, before they travel abroad, is an amulet to protect them against dangers and mishaps.

Japanese superstition finds conspicuous expression in other directions also. Astrology, for example, still enjoys a great vogue in Japan. And the local newspapers, even to this day, dare not, without expecting to face the displeasure of their readers, omit the announcement of lucky and unlucky conditions that must be carefully considered in the question of houses or the laying out of gardens. Thus we learn that a straight path to the door is unlucky, and is in consequence scarcely ever found leading to a private house. Even the streets and alleys in towns and cities are curved by design, to defeat the machinations of the evil spirit. Usually it has only been by way of exception that straight streets were to be found; although it is true

that there are certain numbers of straight streets in the 'old' city of Nagoya. Of course, the superstition has been more or less broken down in recent years.

No other land in the world can boast of so many religious shrines as Japan. How many bands of pilgrims, large and small, have I not met in railway coaches or in the vicinity of their holy places! These pilgrims were usually dressed in white, and often bore badges of all kinds, and vermillion seals, a sign that they were making a pilgrimage. Every group of pilgrims was led by a guide, who sounded at intervals a little bell to keep his band together. In the numerous celebrated temples of Kyoto and Nagoya I encountered thousands of pilgrims, even though it was March, when the season was not especially favorable for traveling or pilgrimages. However poor he may be, and however remote his abode, every Japanese entertains the idea of visiting once during his life the great shrine of Ise (Yamada). For years and even decades he saves his *sen and yen* until he is able to undertake this pilgrimage. When I had the opportunity of visiting this greatest of Japanese shrines, which, in the matter of natural beauty, rivals the most glorious places I have ever seen in Europe or America, the attitude of the pilgrims impressed me greatly. They were evidently inspired with religious sentiments, for on their countenances were stamped a deep seriousness and a pious awe and reverence for all the sacred things that surrounded them.

Unfortunately, Shintoism is too empty and meaningless to exercise an elevating or ennobling effect on its adherents. This was true when it was still the ancient, popular religion of Japan, and is still more the case since it has become the State religion.

Further convincing evidences of the religious bent of the Japanese is supplied by their religious festivals. Nei-

ther Shintoism nor Buddhism has a Sunday in the Christian sense of the word. They have, instead, ever so many more religious feasts and jubilees than we. The temple feasts have a special appeal for the Japanese people. It may, of course, be objected that these feasts are not an expression of religious feelings, but merely an outlet for the worldly jubilation associated therewith. Any one, however, who has not been content with viewing the external show and glitter, but has withdrawn quietly to the vicinity of the shrine to observe occurrences there, will see the Japanese of every rank come, one after another — poor and rich, students and teachers, citizens and peasants, old and young. Before the shrine they perform their devotions, — brief, maybe, but evidently sincere, — lay down their offerings, and then disappear to resume their festivities. He who witnesses this gets a new conception of the meaning of the temple feasts, and no longer questions the religiousness of the Japanese people.

Again, if the actual celebration of these temple feasts is not always very dignified, and is in fact frequently marked with more levity than would commend itself to our religious sentiments, we need only to penetrate into the interior of the Japanese dwellings to see in the living-rooms the proof of religious earnestness. I have had many opportunities to see the interior of Japanese homes, those of the poor as well as of the rich. I was there impressed by the fact that each family had its house-altar with the ancestor-tablets resting on it or beside it. Every Buddhist family has its butsudan, and every Shintoist family its kamidana, in which are deposited the ancestor-tablets, and before which they perform the household devotions. In many homes, indeed, one finds both a butsudan and a kamidana. A number of amulets from various shrines visited are frequently to be found beside these house-altars,

which according to their equipment may cost from a few to a thousand yen. Reverence to the souls of the deceased members of the family is paid daily before these altars and ancestor-tablets. The duty is usually performed by the mistress of the house, in the name of the surviving members, flowers and candles being set before the altar, and food and drink offerings made. If nothing else is at hand, a cup of water is deemed sufficient. Wealthy families allow themselves the luxury of a special temple, of smaller or larger dimensions, as the case may be, in the gardens of their homes.

One circumstance — I noticed this particularly during my first brief visit to Japan, and it again attracted my special attention during the later, two-months', stay — brought before me most forcibly the religious sense of the Japanese people. This was the fact that, even on ordinary days, both Buddhist and Shintoist temples were frequented, and often crowded, by pious Japanese, from morning to night. I made my first observations in eleven temples in Kobe, on one and the same day. Then, for the first time, Japanese paganism, in all its strength and might, presented itself before my eyes. All was still so new to me that I could not see enough of the devout worshipers. I observed how they entered, how they took up a reverential attitude before the shrine, cast a coin or a handful of rice into the offering-box, joined their hands, bowed, clapped their hands to express their salutation to the divinity present, rejoined their hands, and then remained for an interval with bowed head, while they murmured a prayer in a whisper or a subdued voice. Finally they clapped their hands again, bowed, and departed. They performed their devotions entirely oblivious of any strangers that might be present and gazing curiously at them. I certainly could not regard this as a

mere outward show, and imagine that the worshipers were only following an ancient, hereditary custom. It was my impression that their prayer came from their hearts, and that they sought the divine help in full sincerity. In one direction, I saw a mother leading her blind little child before a wooden image of Binzuru, the god of healing; she then showed the child how to rub the eyes and face of the image, and then its own face and eyes, in supplication for a cure. Yonder was a pilgrim before the shrine, repeating most devoutly the prayer which he had known from childhood, and through which he had already obtained countless graces. There again was a leper who had come to implore Kwannon, the merciful and thousand-handed, to heal him. Nearer were some poor people, possessed by the Fox, who, with bitter lament, implored their liberation from the torturing demon. And there I beheld a maiden in tears, who had just made a round of the temples, beseeching some special favor for herself or possibly for some one dear to her. Beyond was a merchant, paying his reverence, in solemn measured fashion, to the god of the sea, through offerings of rice and wine. Votive pictures hung round the shrine in hundreds. These tokens of the sincere gratitude of the sick declared in unmistakable terms that it was the god of the shrine who heard the prayers of his suppliants, and made them whole.

The people usually run from one temple to another, imploring the benevolent consideration and aid of the various deities. "The god here is better for this, the god there for that," is an expression frequently heard. A certain grandmother was led to Catholicism in this way. After she had vainly sought aid from various Japanese divinities, she was brought by her Catholic grandchildren to a Catholic church.

"What!" she said; "is there a god in it, also?"

"Yes, certainly," said the children, "and the *greatest* in all Japan."

She herself experienced how true the confession was, became a Catholic, and found happiness in her new religion.

When prayer fails to secure the desired aid, sacrifices are offered to the divinity, by casting some dear or costly object into the river. Money offerings are almost always associated with prayer, and much money is actually offered to obtain the divinity's aid in connection with business undertakings and like affairs. For example, the Zempoji Temple near Tsuruoka, where the sea-dragon is especially worshiped, receives about four thousand yen in alms, daily, during the deep-sea fishing season in Hokkaido.

It is worth mentioning that in both Buddhism and Shintoism all the four forms of religious expression are encountered, though surely not in the precise significance with which we use them. I refer to acts of adoration, thanksgiving, atonement, and petition. In the case of any individual divinity, however, one or other of these forms is used by preference. For example, adoration (*reihai*) belongs especially to the ancestral deities; petitions and thanksgivings for favors received belong to the dragon and the fox-god.

Following my first visits to the temples in Kobe, I went to over three hundred other temples and shrines throughout the land, and I found everywhere a repetition of the same spectacle of pagan devotion, pagan worship, and pagan prayer. "Even after one has been absent long from Japan, one's ears still ring with the hand-claps and the murmurings of the pagan groves, where the wind rustles through the tree-tops, the water rushes along with-

out rest, and the thousand-voiced choir of grasshoppers mingles, in summer, its chirpings with prayers of men" (Haas).

Many incidents could be related in which the religious thought and sentiment of the Japanese people are touchingly revealed. One example must suffice. The great temple in Kyoto, Higashi-Hongwanji, the leading Buddhist temple in Japan, was burnt down about thirty-odd years ago. The numerous adherents of the Shin sect, to whom the temple belonged, immediately determined to rebuild their shrine in a more beautiful style than before, and accordingly sent their offerings of gold and stone and wood to Kyoto. Many women had no money or building material to offer to the great Buddha; but their love for Amida (the Buddhist redeemer) made them inventive, and they offered their hair. They had this twisted into ropes, with which to haul the building timber to the courtyard of the temple, and to raise the pillars and beams on high. During my visit to Kyoto, as you will remember, I saw these remarkable ropes, which are shown as precious relics to pious pilgrims, in the great temple of Higashi-Hongwanji. Another touching incident in connection with the rebuilding of this temple may be mentioned. After material for the restoration of the temple had been donated from all quarters, it happened that some hundreds of persons who were bringing their gifts for this holy work were overtaken on the way by an avalanche, and over forty of them were smothered. However, not one of the survivors and no relative of the victims was heard to utter a word of complaint at the tragedy. On the contrary, the survivors rejoiced at the fact that they had at least exposed themselves to the same danger, out of gratitude for the blessings of the Buddha Amida; and many wept tears of joy.

The Kanazawa Kindergarten in Charge of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost

Mission Residence of Kanazawa

Some concise statistics may be given concerning the adherents of Buddhism and Shintoism (the two leading forms of religion in Japan: this, doubtless, has at least become clear by this time), their temples, elders or officiants, and monks. Although the apostolic prefecture of Nagoya corresponds in extent to only seven per cent of the total land area of the country, and although its population is but nine and six-tenths per cent that of all Japan; nevertheless, authentic statistics show that within this prefecture are to be found more than fourteen per cent of all the pagan temples (*tera*) in the whole land; besides, sixteen per cent of the total number of temple elders or officiants (*jushukubozus*) can be found in Nagoya. In the whole of Japan there are 71,628 temples and 53,203 temple officiants or elders; and in Nagoya there are 10,238 temples and 8,539 temple ministers. The foregoing facts tend to show the condition of Nagoya as to pagan worship in relation to the rest of Japan. Now let us see how Nagoya stands in this matter, with regard to other ecclesiastical districts in Japan. For this it will be convenient to present a table:

In the archdiocese of Tokyo there are 19,613 temples, and 13,182 officiants.

In the diocese of Osaka, 17,986 temples, and 12,846 officiants.

In the diocese of Sendai, 3,428 temples, and 2,234 officiants.

In the diocese of Nagasaki, 5,602 temples, and 4,502 officiants.

In the vicariate of Hiroshima, 6,021 temples, and 4,923 officiants.

In the apostolic prefecture of Shikoku, 2,558 temples, and 1,960 officiants.

In the apostolic prefecture of Niigata, 5,237 temples, and 4,070 officiants.

In the apostolic prefecture of Nagoya, 10,238 temples, and 8,539 officiants.

In the apostolic prefecture of Sapporo, 832 temples, and 779 officiants.

In Kagoshima and Okinawa, 188 temples, and 154 officiants.

With even a cursory view of these records it will be easy to see what is meant when it is said that NAGOYA is a *hard* missionary district. But when all this is shown, there has still been no adequate representation of the actual force of the official or priestly influence of paganism in Japan until it is said that the number of temple elders or officiants are relatively slight when compared with the facts that, aside from these, there are in the country probably 200,000 or more bonzes or monks. Besides this, it must be added that there are also thousands of Buddhist nuns. And finally, it remains to be stated that, out of a population of nearly 60,000,000 in Japan, three fourths of the people are Buddhists, divided into some 54 to 60 different sects. Of the official religious personnel, whether of men or of women, it is entirely supported, not by the State, but by the adherents of Buddhism, who contribute huge sums to promote their religion.

Shintoism claims about seven million adherents. Many of these, indeed, are merely nominal Shintoists; but on the other hand, there are at least as many Shintoists in several of the Buddhist sects. For example, the Nichiren Sect of Buddhists, which had a large body of adherents, has adopted Shintoism unqualifiedly as a part of its doctrine (this was made apparent in the chapter on the Inari shrines), as have also, to a considerable extent, a number of other sects such as the Shingon and Tendai. Shintoism

is divided into thirteen sects, with 130,258 shrines and over 65,000 kannushi (priests), all maintained by the State, or by the respective prefectures, districts, or villages. But besides the Shintoist shrines just mentioned, there are others, called *kyokwai* or *kosha,* which are supported by the voluntary contributions of the respective sects, and form a potent factor in the religious life of the community. Numberless voluntary offerings are always available for the erection of these temlpes. In every Shintoist shrine that I visited I saw a large broad wall, on which were recorded all substantial offerings; and on all occasions I was impressed by the number of these gifts. Nevertheless, the Japanese people have plenty of funds left for their Shintoist shrines, and this certainly proves that they cannot be unreligious.

Enough has, I think, been said to show that the mass of the Japanese people still clings to its ancient forms of religion; that in its fashion, it is thoroughly imbued with religious sentiments; and that it has not the most remote intention of exchanging its own for another religion. The more influential among the Japanese, those in the higher walks of life, have, it is true, quite departed from all those tendencies and religious predilections; they have become outspokenly atheistic and materialistic in the extreme. But in this they, surely, do not differ from our "upper set" here in America. After all, these persons form a pitiable minority among the Japanese. At the present moment there is a hue and cry going forth for the return to the older and more exclusively social and religious ideals of Japanese life. The whole education of Japanese children has, as its direct object, to drill in them a respect for everything Japanese, including the Japanese forms of religion. So long, therefore, as the Japanese Government reserves to itself the exclusive right to educate the young

through public schools, and so long as Shintoism remains the State religion, there is little prospect that Catholicism will make any faster progress than that which has been recorded for the past number of decades.

CHAPTER XIII

A Definite Introduction to S.V.D. Mission Work in Japan

Establishment of Japanese S.V.D. missions — Early and late divisions of territory — The prefectures apostolic of Niigata and Nagoya — Nagoya: why a hard and little fruitful field — Kanazawa: the hospital, the kindergarten, and the projected seminary — Hospital regimen in Japan — A visit to Kenroku Park.

A conviction of the truly religious trend of the character of the Japanese people first came to me seriously while I tarried with Father Willmes at the Fushimi Inari shrine, as already related, taking in the significance of the votive toriis, and, even more particularly, noting the evidences of fervor (real, true, self-sacrificing fervor I often found it) among the Japanese whom I found gathered there for worship. That all believed in the efficacy of their prayers to the pagan god, I had no doubt. And, thought I, if that confident spirit of prayer and sacrifice could be but transferred to the one true God, who loves them with a surpassing love, what wonderful things might be expected of this, after all, splendidly intellectual people.

At this point in my mingled investigation and revery Father Willmes cut me short with —

"It's time for us to go."

And at the sound of his voice and at his touch on my arm I came back to more immediate considerations. I turned and accompanied the good Father, and we proceeded to board a train which brought us into Kyoto at

six o'clock that evening; but because we wished to see the bishop of the diocese for some particular matter of the moment, we left almost immediately for Osaka, expecting to find him there. We were disappointed. In response to a call, his Lordship had left shortly before our arrival; and in place of an interview, we received a summons to return to Nagoya as soon as possible, to respond to a sick-call where there was imperative need. We reached the city at four o'clock on the morning of Friday.

We found a few stars shining, between dark, rifted clouds; and all about us there was unusual quiet: it really seemed the most silent hour of the night, for the Japanese people are so brimful of life that sounds of their activity penetrate even to nature's restful moments, — at least, into the "wee, sma' hours." Almost all night long there was to be heard the sad, sweet tone of a messagier's fife, answered by the note of a distant comrade. And it is true that in many places there are beggars in the streets at all hours, and minstrels with conch shells, and Buddhist priests, chanting; moreover, occasionally, one catches the sound of a coolie singing. In fact, one seems always to be hearing singing of one kind or another; and this is often quite pleasant and soothing, almost like a serenade, especially if good spirits rather than *sake* prompt the vocal efforts. There is, too, almost always, laughter in the streets, — a laughter that sounded to me so like that of many of my own countrymen that I often leaned down from a gallery window, searching, but only to discover a group of native Japanese passing below. Then in the cities, in the late hours (perhaps I should say *the very early hours*), one often hears the footsteps of a geisha, as she runs along the way, calling for a jinrikisha; and in the distance one catches the note of a deep, sleepy voice, answering "Hai", after which comes the clatter of feminine

little clogs, returning, and after them the rubber-soled tread of the rickshaw man approaching with his vehicle.

For the next two days I remained with Father Willmes. While resting, I read a good deal of Japanese history, and this even served to increase my interest in the places I had visited or was to visit before my return to the Western world. During this time I also found occasion to listen to some of the many experiences of my brother priest in the Land of the Rising Sun. These experiences would of themselves fill a book; and they contained more pathos, sweetness, disappointment, consolation and thrills than many a *best seller* of the day. They were the heart-throbs of a Catholic missionary and of the people of his adoption. For indeed a hard task, and one filled with many responsibilities and difficulties, was assigned to the Fathers of the Divine Word through the erection of the apostolic prefecture of Nagoya.

The establishment of our mission in Japan was one of the last acts performed by our late founder. This mission was dear to him, and he did all in his power to further the work.

In 1907 our first three missionaries arrived at Akita, a provincial town of the North; among these was Father John Weig, who had been recalled from a Chinese mission field and appointed superior of this mission. In the following year the first Missionary Sisters of the congregation of the Servants of the Holy Ghost arrived; and immediately the building of a 'higher school' for needlework was begun. In 1911 an orphanage was opened.

Having become acquainted with the country, its language and customs, through the friendly offices of the Fathers of the Paris Seminary, the new missionaries began active work, first in Akita, then successively in Niigata,

Sado, Tsuruoka, and Yamagata. The new station of Takada was opened in 1909.

All these mission centers were located in territory taken over from the Hakodate diocese. Then, from the archdiocese of Tokyo the stations of Kanazawa and Toyama (1909) were taken, and were also placed under the care of the Society of the Divine Word.

By decree of the Congregation of the Propaganda, dated August 13, 1912, the apostolic prefecture of Niigata was established, and there were assigned to it the three civil prefectures of Akita, Yamagata, and Niigata, formerly belonging to the Hakodate diocese, and the three civil prefectures of Toyama, Ishikawa, and Fukui, from the Tokyo archdiocese. The station of Nagaoka (in Niigata) was founded in 1914, and that of Kosaka (also in Niigata), with Kemanai as a branch station, in 1915.

A subsequent re-arrangement of the districts of Japan's missions affected also a change in the mission entrusted to our Fathers, by again adding to their territory. A decree of the Propaganda, issued February 18, 1922, committed to our Society's care a newly formed prefecture, Nagoya, made up partly of districts formerly belonging to the apostolic prefectures of Niigata (the three civil prefectures of Toyama, Ishikawa, and Fukui, named above), and also two, Aichi and Gifu, formerly belonging to the archdiocese of Tokyo in Central Japan. The legal title of the new prefecture was declared to be The Apostolic Prefecture of Nagoya, named after Nagoya, the most important and promising city of the district, lying to the extreme south on the Pacific, with a population of 820,000 inhabitants.

This newer ecclesiastical territory comprises 9200 square miles. To the west it spreads along the Sea of Japan for 249 miles; in width it extends from the penin-

sula of Noto, on the Sea of Japan, for 187 miles across Central Japan, southeastward to Toyohashi on the Pacific. A twenty-five-mile border on the northeast unites it with its sister prefecture of Niigata. On the east it is bounded by the archdiocese of Tokyo; on the south, by the Pacific: and again, a little farther south and southwestward, it borders on the diocese of Osaka.

Massive mountain ranges, characterized by a wildly romantic beauty and impressive size, extend over the greatest part of the interior. Solemn silence reigns almost constantly in the out-of-the-way, well-nigh impenetrable, and only sparsely inhabited regions. But to the west and southwest the mountainous country becomes undulating and sloping as it nears the ocean, running into level land watered by numerous rivers and streams. Here are fertile farms and gardens and rich forests yielding immense returns. This section, dotted with hamlets and villages, towns and cities, has a total population of 5,700,000 inhabitants, with a general average of about 620 people to the square mile; but in the Owari section of 543 square miles, in the vicinity of Nagoya, the average reaches the astounding figure of 833, one of the highest attained in any part of the empire. Only by scientific agriculture and highly developed industry it is possible to sustain such an enormous population in such a limited territory. The chief exports are porcelain, silk, textile manufactures, and paper.

Corresponding to the density of the population, the apostolic prefecture possesses a large number of important cities. Above all these is, of course, Nagoya, the third largest city in Japan, which, at the time of my visit, had been increasing its population during the past three years at the rate of forty to fifty thousand annually, and destined in the not distant future to reach the million mark.

A litle farther to the south lies Toyohashi, then counting 85,000 people. By a proposed incorporation of several adjacent towns, to be effected in the near future, the population of this city would be increased to 200,000. Gifu, the capital of the Gifu prefecture, famous for its cormorant fisheries, lies to the west of Nagoya, and boasts a population of 80,000. By incorporating a number of near-by towns and villages, the population is made to run to 120,000. Besides these there are, in close proximity to Nagoya, Okazaki (65,000), Owari, Ichinomiya, and Ogaki (30,000—40,000 each). Farther along the west coast is Kanazawa (170,000), often described as 'the most typical Japanese city.' Next, according to numerical order are Toyama (70.000), Fukui (60,000), and Takoaka (40,000).

The climate of the three western provinces, Toyama, Ishikawa, and Fukui, facing the Sea of Japan, differs from that of Gifu and Aichi, bordering on the Pacific. In the former there is great humidity, with much precipitation, and their winters are noted for heavy snowfalls, measuring at times several inches, while in the latter the climate is dry, with very little snow in winter. During the winter months the western section is overhung with gray, heavy masses of clouds, accentuating the dullness of the landscape and the sense of a somnolent vegetation; but the southern section along the Pacific enjoys azure skies and a bright sunlight which smiles upon the blooming orange buds and the green fields to be seen everywhere.

What position does the Catholic mission enjoy in this so densely populated territory — this territory where, in the early and later Middle Ages, many decisive battles for the supremacy of feudal lords over Japan were fought out? This, you will recall, is the land of the renowned national heroes of the 16th and 17th centuries — Oda

Nobunaga, Hideyoshi (the famous Taikosama of the old missionaries), and Tokugawa Ieyasu, who effected peace and unity in a country disrupted for centuries by civil wars. This is the territory which is now of the utmost importance from an economic and industrial standpoint, to the empire.

In Nagoya and the adjoining province of Aichi are centered some of the greatest industries of the country. For instance, in 1924, the products of the textile industries of Nagoya amounted to 200,000,000 yen. In comparison, Osaka, which is looked upon as the Manchester of Japan, comes far below this figure. Again, the products of Aichiken in ceramics, in 1924, amounted to 36,353,101 yen, which is more than 60% of the whole ceramic output of the empire. And one might easily go on for some time with such enumerations. But it is easier, and perhaps as interesting for most readers, to be informed that, industrially speaking, the section comprising Nagoya and Aichi stands well up in the forefront with such cities as Osaka, Tokyo, Kyoto, and Kobe, in most industrial departments. And the increase in industrial activities may best be shown by stating that the total value of industrial productions in Nagoya-Aichiken, for 1914, was 117,052,428 yen, and in 1924, 659,423,646 yen, showing an increase of 60% in ten years.

But now let us ask: What is being done there in Catholic mission work?

I think I can say without exaggeration that there is scarcely a mission district in the whole world that counts so few Christians as the prefecture apostolic of Nagoya. There are about 300 Catholics distributed among the three mission stations of Nagoya, Kanazawa, and Toyama. Two years before my visit, when Father Willmes sent to the Right Reverend Vicar General of the diocese of Osaka

an announcement of his transfer from Kanazawa to Nagoya, these words were added to a 'congratulatory' letter received in reply: *"Vous êtes donc chargés d'un poste qui a la réputation d'être dur de travailler"* ('You are assigned to a post reputed difficult to be worked'). Truly, the missionary finds Nagoya a stony vineyard. With this assignment, the Missionaries, S.V. D., were entrusted with the actual work of battering down the bulwark of Japanese Buddhism, and of winning the people over to God. Of the full significance, stupendousness, and importance of the task, much has already been intimated, and much more will be told in detail, later on in our narrative. But for the present, let it be said that, in conjecturing why there are so few Christians in the prefecture apostolic of Nagoya, the principal facts to be considered are these:

Nagoya is a virgin mission field; no mission section in all Japan has been worked so little as this new prefecture. For twenty years one lone missioner, living at Nagoya, has had under his care 3,286,600 souls; and the missioner at Kanazawa has had an equally large number. In addition to this, the important station of Nagoya was vacant for a considerable time; and so too was Toyama.

I really wished that I might remain for some time in Nagoya with Father Willmes, where the harvest fields were ripening and the laborers were so pitifully few. But I was compelled to leave him shortly, in order to complete the mission tour of Japan in scheduled time.

On Monday morning, March 12, I left Nagoya for Kanazawa, there to join Father General. I was agreeably accompanied on my way, — that is, as far as the railway station, — for Father Willmes with an old catechist and a zealous young Christian Japanese (named Mr. Sakuma) went along with me. But we parted as I boarded the

train, and I was left in solitude, so far as companionship was concerned, for the rest of my journey.

I traveled *via* Maibara, and passed through some of the most exquisite scenery it has ever been my good fortune to look upon, — especially did I find it so in and around the various stations reached before and after the stop at Tsuruga. For miles we skirted the shore of a beautiful lake whose blue bosom reflected a bluer sky, all cloud-flecked and silver-misted. It always makes me ponder on the glory of heaven on occasions when I find the earth, its faint shadow, to be so enchanting. But on this trip there were certainly dark spots in between, — oh, the tunnels! Because there are so many mountains in Japan, I suppose, I found myself passing through more tunnels in a short time than I had ever known of in a railway journey: all along the road to Akita and Sapporo, and back to Tokyo and Yokohama, there are dozens and dozens of them.

At six o'clock the train drew into Kanazawa. Father Mohr, the genial superior of Kanazawa mission, was at the station to welcome me. Msgr. Reiners was there also; but I was not permitted to enjoy his companionship for any length of time on this trip, because he was obliged to leave, next day, for Tokyo, for an expected audience with his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Giardini, during which he hoped to discuss at length the question of the status of the *Aishikwai* (Daughters of the Sacred Heart), in order that the Roman approval might be secured for this new and promising congregation. I learned subsequently that the Apostolic Delegate warmly espoused the cause and promised to endorse a petition to Rome, to be presented by Msgr. Reiners, prefect apostolic, and director of the young community.

The next morning I said my Mass in the hospital of the Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. After Mass I was taken through the building, and was able to have an interesting talk with the pleasant Sister Superior.

"Other lands, other customs!" — thus she began to talk of her work. "So the matter goes with our Holy Ghost Hospital as regards general institutional arrangements, building construction, and household ordinances and usages, when compared with our American provisions for the care of the sick. If one should here attempt to carry on hospital work after the most approved American methods, he would find himself able to accomplish but little, and could boast of but few patients."

The hospital is a fine looking building. It is constructed of wood, as wood is the prevailing material used for nearly all buildings in this part of the country. To reach its sanctuary one passes through a pretty little garden where dwarf trees and bushes are artistically arranged according to prevalent landscape plans. Beyond the garden a clear stream of water flows swiftly beneath a picturesque bridge; this, in turn, both unites and divides the quiet tranquillity of the hospital and the noise of the city outside.

As I entered the front door and stepped into a wide vestibule, the first object that held my eye was a representation of the Holy Ghost.

"This is intended to inform the visitor," said the Sister, "that in the Holy Ghost Hospital we are all under the care and protection of the Heavenly Dove. But," she added, "the loving care of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is also particularly besought. In the year 1918, on the eve of All Saints, we had a solemn enthronement of the Sacred Heart, together with a consecration of the household, at which time the Sacred Heart statue was placed upon the

altar of our chapel, there to stand, for all Catholics in the house, as a testimony and admonition that the Christ is victor in our midst, ruling in triumph over all."

Passing through the vestibule I found, on the left, a waiting-room for transient patients, — for those who come only for diagnosis or immediate treatment, but do not intend to remain in the hospital. After registering, those who are required to remain, either for diagnosis or for medicines, are conducted to another large room, where it is more agreeable, particularly in warm weather, for them to wait for a white-garbed Japanese nurse to come and take them to the house physician. After the doctor has made his diagnosis, the patient is taken back to the waiting-room, where the Sister Apothecary supplies whatever may be required in the way of *kusuri* (medicine). Most of the patients are unable to pay the full price for their medicines: in fact, many of them request that they may be permitted to receive it for half price or even less; and the request is always cheerfully conceded, if the person is really needy.

For lack of a competent surgeon at the hospital, major operations could not at the time be performed. But many small operations — such as those of the eye, ear, or throat — were made, and these, thus far, had always been attended with splendid results. Since, a new building, with a completely equipped surgical room and attending surgeon, has been provided, and there has followed an ever increasing number of patients requiring advanced surgical treatment.

The most prevalent of organic troubles is the scourge greatly dreaded by the Japanese — tuberculosis. Especially is this true where climatic conditions similar to those of the vicinity of Kanazawa prevail. Of course, there are different stages of this terrible disease; and the Sisters

have rejoiced when patients have come to them in the first stages. Under such conditions they have, time and again, been able to send the sick home, completely cured. The wards for the tubercular patients consist of two wings which spread out at right angles with the main building. These wings are again connected by two others running parallel with the main portion of the hospital, thus forming a complete quadrangle. About thirty-three sufferers can be accommodated, those in the first and second stages being placed in the right wing, and those showing a more advanced development of the disease in the left. Poor patients are received free of charge, and these enjoy all the care and attention that paying patients receive.

The Sister assured me that there was very little trouble experienced with the sick. The Japanese are by nature cheerful, courteous, and docile, and these traits make the close association between patient and nurse decidedly pleasant. This is true, not only of the educated classes, but as well of the poor and ignorant.

As regards house rules, however, the Sisters are obliged to make their discipline somewhat elastic. Except in cases where the doctor absolutely forbids company, the friends and near-neighbors of the sick are allowed to visit them. Scarcely is a patient admitted before his visitors begin to arrive, and, sitting on their heels beside him, begin to commiserate his troubles. To refuse them admittance, or to fail to set out the usual *tea*, would produce utter *sabishii* (desolation) among the Japanese, and would keep them from entering the institution.

The habitual custom of giving gifts which prevails among the Japanese is evidenced here also. A *mochi* (rice ball) is often brought to the Sister in charge: it is a gift which bespeaks a generous heart of gratitude.

The Holy Ghost Hospital (Sisters, S.Sp.S.) in Kanazawa

Jinrikisha

Aside from their hospital work, the Sisters also go to the city to visit the sick. Sometimes a patient is too ill to attend the polyclinic, and sometimes he requests to be taken home to die. On these excursions, usually, but one Sister goes; but she is accompanied by a Japanese nurse. The reason for this method of procedure is to be found in the fact of the scarcity of nuns. If two of them were to go together, this would be a waste of time for one. Visiting the sick in this way the Sisters are able to make many conversions. They also have several baptisms a month in the hospital. More than three fourths of their patients die as Christians. Sometimes these conversions are easy; sometimes, difficult. In this vicinity Buddhism is very strong, and it seems hard for a person who has always lived according to its tenets to tear himself away, especially when relatives and friends about his bed keep repeating the great Buddhist prayer: *Namu Amida butsu.* There have been times when the patient was glad and willing to die in the grace of the Catholic Faith, when a word from a father or mother completely changed that disposition. Filial piety is very deeply rooted in the Japanese people, and a parent's expressed wish often combats the will of a promising convert. Still, many, either secretly (in order not to grieve their relatives), or openly and bravely, embrace Christianity.

The Sister gave me some figures for the period between the summers of 1919 and 1920, and these furnish an idea of the activity of the hospital. They are as follow:

Patients visited in the city	80
Hospital patients	328
Patients at the dispensary	3163
Baptism of adults	44
Baptism of children	13

I left the institution, touched and edified by all that I had seen and heard; and I at once proceeded to visit a small kindergarten near by, also in charge of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. I found there only twenty-three children: but such children as they were! They were like bright little butterflies: I could compare them to nothing else, the darlings, with their smooth black hair and shining dark eyes and gaily colored clothing. It seems strange that, the *smaller* the little maiden, the larger and brighter the design of her kimono! But this I found to be the case, apparently. The effect, however, is charming: and these 'small ones' were so sweet and so friendly that they crept right into my heart.

There was a beginning made, in Kanazawa, of a seminary; but sad to relate, it was all but a complete failure as regards its original purpose. Recently it had been decided to discontinue it, or else maintain it simply as a dormitory. There had been in all but seven boys under its roof, — all with very doubtful vocations; and the expense of the upkeep was rather high. What disheartening things confront one at times! I have learned since, however, that one young man remained faithful to his priestly vocation. As for the hospital, it has now become entirely self-supporting.

Roaming through the city, I came to what is known as Kenroku Park. The name of this truly beautiful place signifies 'Park of the Six Combinations,' the *combinations* being vastness, solemn solitude, venerable moss-covered appearance, the labor bestowed upon it, running water, and a charming prospect. The park is separated by a wide moat from castle grounds which occupy the heart of the city. It is very lovely and is said to be one of the most beautiful parks in Japan, the other two being

the Kuribayachi Koen, at Takamatsu, and the Koraku-en, at Okayama.

It has wonderful, thick-grown trees and bamboos, and rock and arbor arrangements that make an exquisite natural picture. Three artificially constructed hillocks lend the charm of their soft outlines, and two ponds add a placid glow. The water from one of these ponds descends like silver music at the foot of a small arbor said to have been planned by Kobori Enshu, master of tea-ceremonies and tea-houses. In the center of this pond is a tiny hillock which is reflected on every side: in spring and autumn this is especially beautiful. Near by is an ancient pine tree which, tradition tells, was grown from a seed of the pine at Karasaki Omi. On the western side is a Shinto temple with a small pond near, the clear water of which never dries up, even in the extremest drought.

There are azalia groves with clumps of the lovely pink blooms, lespedeza, clusters and beds of iris, blue and purple, gold and white, and a wilderness of flowers adding their glory to the wonderful whole. The cherry trees here are all grown from seeds brought from different places celebrated for the size and delicate coloring of the cherry blossoms. I considered what a charmingly beautiful spot it must be when the flowers begin to spread their color and perfume.

Walking through the extensive grounds, I noticed in different places evidences of the strange phallic cult. The museum, with its treasures of art and history, was very interesting. I truly enjoy browsing through such places and endeavoring to piece together the loose ends of a civilization — the religion, patriotism, art, science, or idealism of a people — from the mute evidences to be discovered of days long passed into oblivion.

From the Kasumi-ga-ike, in the northeast part of the park, I obtained a magnificent panoramic view of the city with its streets, shrines, shops, and dwellings; and beyond the farthest boundary of the town, Mt. Utatsu kept lonely watch over all below his kingly height. Concerning this mountain, I was informed that, during the persecution of Christians that occurred about the year 1870, approximately 800 Japanese Christians from Urakami (Nagasaki) were interned there, and were obliged to remain on the mountain for almost two years.

Looking farther on, toward the north, I discerned the smiling blue waters of the Sea of Japan; and anon the Noto mountain range rounded out the picture framed by the far horizon.

CHAPTER XIV

Making the Visitation

The pleasing custom of 'seeing one off' — Toyama, and a jolly priest in a pessimistic mood — Some of his stories — Toyama a great medicine shop — Takada a quaint place of snows, in more senses than one — Father Zimmermann, a man of hope and promise — Away to Nagaoka — Niigata's dismal appearance, mission-wise — A little about rice culture — On the way to Yamagata A test of Japanese music.

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning, March 15, I started off with Father General, to visit, one by one, the remaining mission stations of the prefecture of Niigata.

Father Mohr, together with some fifteen persons of the hospital staff — nurses, and others — accompanied us to the station: such is the friendly custom in Japan. It is indeed usual for a number of relatives or friends or acquaintances of a sojourning guest to travel with him as far as the actual 'parting of the ways,' wherever that may chance to be. This is the Japanese characteristic way to wish one God-speed. I could not help thinking, on this occasion, how much the railroad company must make in selling platform tickets alone, for each person is obliged to pay a certain fee for the privilege of remaining with a traveler until his train carries him away from the station.

After a pleasant journey of about two hours, we arrived at Toyama. The mission of this place was in charge of Father Oertle. We found him, though jolly, nevertheless in a very pessimistic mood. No wonder!

The small mission district consisted, practically, of only one *family,* that of a physician. Some sixty other people, from out of a host of families in Toyama, were also Catholics. But that was all! — that is, all in so far as outward evidences go to show.

"We haven't the necessary means to compete with the Protestant missions after their own manner," the zealous priest protested. "It takes money to arrange lectures, to advertise for an audience, to rent a hall. Then, too, a fair knowledge of the language is necessary, — not merely a few phrases and sentences, which may do well enough to see one through under ordinary conditions, but not for the purpose of delivering public discourses. Furthermore, it is extremely difficult to secure an audience. A lecture on some how-to-get-rich-quick scheme would be well attended; so too would a circus or a comedy. But a sermon with Christ or Christianity as the theme — why, the effect of such an announcement would be similar to that described in the Gospel "Parable of the Banquet." We should find one delayed by business; another elsewhere engaged but regretful that circumstances made it impossible to attend; and another fearful of stirring up a family scene by coming. Of course, the latter excusing party would easily assert his authority as head of the house were it a case of enjoying a pleasant evening elsewhere; but to be with a foreign missionary — that would surely cap the climax of the ridiculous!"

Then I listened to some of Father Oertle's personal experiences.

"Once the wife of an official came to look at our kitchen; she wished to learn how to bake, that is, in a small way. She was cultured and well-mannered, and had to be entertained, even if in the kitchen. When her call had lasted some time, she evidently thought it cour-

teous to broach the subject of religion. After listening to what we had to say, she was astonished and surprised. She declared that she had learned at least two things in coming to see us, besides 'how to bake': first, that the 'foreign missionary' in residence did not correspond to the description given of him by members of her family; and second, that she could converse with him quite at ease. In short, she confessed that she had found her visit pleasant and enjoyable, and had really learned something about Christian ideas that set her thinking. It seemed to her, she added, that our religion offered spiritual satisfaction and unassumingly solved many spiritual difficulties. She finally left us, well satisfied in what she had heard and seen. Upon returning home she told her husband, in her enthusiasm, of all she had experienced during her visit to us, both as pertaining to household matters and also to religion. However, the lord of the house had no word of appreciation or gratitude for the favor, but stormed and railed and threatened divorce proceedings if she dared again to go to the missionary to discuss religion. Since then she has never returned; but we are at least assured that she now knows how to bake!

"This, though, is characteristic of Japanese logic. In a Japanese hymn book I recently came across a hymn of adoration to the Emperor Mutsuhito, who died twelve years ago. The text is, in all truth, an adoration of the Emperor; the melody was stolen from the Catholic Church: it was our Eucharistic *Ave Verum Corpus*. In justice, I must remark that such things are legal, being permitted by law.

"Another example. An honest laborer came to me and asked what it would benefit him to become a Christian. I enumerated the spiritual advantages. Disappointed, he asked: 'Is that all? I thought there was money in it; or

that, in case of sickness, I could have my health restored, free of charge.' This same man went also to one of the Buddhist bonzes, to seek advantages and also to obtain sympathy in his troubles; and there he was consoled. How? The foundation upon which Buddhism rests is pessimism, so there was scant consolation in the religion; but the priest of Buddha advised him to go in for pleasures, even sinful pleasures, and spoke to him of the buoyant exhilaration to be found in the use of alcohol. The effect was evident. The poor unfortunate forgot his misery for the time being, and went home, — that is, *after paying the price*. Thus the blind lead the blind.

"I have done everything possible here in this town; I have tried every means to win souls, but all in vain. I have been even mocked and ridiculed on the streets. Finally, I did discover at one time a *Nicodemus;* but I was at once at a loss to find a place where I might chat with him freely. Twice we met to discuss Christianity in the rear room of an inn. Then he invited me to his home; but only at nighttime could I go to instruct him. But at any rate I felt that I had at least made a start. For two winters, once a week, I made the trip to his home, which was in a neighboring town, timing my visit so as to reach his place by dark. The servants gradually grew accustomed to my coming; but many times I went only to find that the time was inconvenient, or that some other matters had intervened to interrupt for the time being our plans. Then I had to return home, disappointed. The journey was a distance of some two hours on foot, and I was often obliged to make it through deep snow; and at the time my shoes were very badly in need of mending. Finally, I decided to try to get used to the Japanese shoes (they are more like sandals than like our shoes) ; but these caused me to gain severe colds, because I was unaccustomed

to them: yet there was no help for it at the time. Instead of bemoaning my fate, I recalled the old saying of the baker who polished his hot stove with the cat's back, meantime admonishing the cat,

'Cat, cat, get used to it;
It all depends on doing it.'

"This we *must do,* frequently, in *our* business, — we must *get used to it.*

"In the meantime I had gained admittance to another home. The son of the house had studied abroad, and was in consequence supposed to be more 'enlightened' than many others. It was he himself who invited me to come to see him. Yet, when I first went, I was very coldly received. But overlooking the reception that was accorded me, I persisted in calling again and again. After a half-year the people became accustomed to expect me, and gradually warmed up sufficiently to converse with me sometimes. Finally, I made the acquaintance of a third sympathetic person; and this was a splendid young man indeed. As he lived on the road to our principal mission station, we had more opportunities for instruction than was the case with the others; and his progress was, in consequence, rapid. But I dared not enter the home of this third friend; I was afraid that I should destroy all in attempting it. However, after a long time I was admitted here also; and at the present day the members of this household are very friendly toward me.

"But it had been long since my arrival in the place, and yet I had found only three men to listen to me, — an adult person and two younger fellows. Then my first friend died. Again, one of the others even yet faces difficulties of such a nature as to test his courage to the utmost even to entertain the idea of actually becoming a

Catholic: it would require of him an effort of almost supreme courage to meet the issue, and I cannot but doubt that he will make it. You see, it is largely a question of relatives. His comprise about sixty families, all of whom would set themselves dead against him once he attempted to make any outward moves whatever toward religious innovations. Then, too, it is difficult to change customs. The individual is afraid of public opinion.

"Lately, however, a change in sentiment seems to have been effected among the people at large. Now we have fifty or sixty families who listen to our instructions and lectures."

And then the good priest smiled his own serene smile, and added,

"Our good work must continue unceasingly. It is not my intention to preach pessimism. Providence is with us. The day and hour in which Japan will follow a different course is set by Divine Providence, the same Providence that works throughout the world in tearing down idolatry. We are God's humble instruments, and we are thankful to Him that He is using us to do the pioneer work in Japan."

The mission possesses a very attractive and suitable property in Toyama — a comparatively beautiful building, a pretty garden, and a catechist's house; but the latter was, at the time of our visit, rented out to a pagan family, *'for necessity's sake.'*

Father Oertle and I visited the city temple, and went also to another pagan place of worship, about a half-hour's distance from the first; this last was a center for the open practice of the phallic cult.

Patent medicine is the principal output of Toyama. This industry furnishes employment for fifteen thousand workmen and nine thousand salesmen. The fame of

Toyama medicine is spread all over the empire; and the medicines are sent as far as China, Siberia, and Hawaii.

The next morning at seven o'clock we were off once more, this time for Takada. On this journey I had a most delightful surprise. At Naoyetsu, the station just before Takada, a clergyman entered the car. At first glance there was something familiar about his appearance; then I looked again, and my heart began beating a regular tattoo of welcome. It was Father Zimmermann, an old friend and classmate. The recognition and pleasure were mutual, and we fell at once into a conversation which seemed to be only an extension of our earlier associations.

In Takada there was still snow, and plenty of it. The laborers were busy shoveling, and even sawing, iced snow. This district, lying between Taguchi and Naoyetsu, is noted throughout Japan as being subject to the heaviest of snowfalls. For this reason all the houses of the town and near vicinity are provided with unusually wide eaves, so that the streets beneath may be sheltered and protected by the extended roofs. At one time, during a recent winter, almost all the houses were literally buried. Of late, skiing had become a popular sport in the vicinity.

Through the snowy streets we came to the mission station, which we found in rather a poor condition. But Father Zimmermann, as brimful of enthusiasm as he had ever been, was looking, encouragingly, for better things concerning the little plot allotted to him for spiritual culture. Together we roved through the city and all about, while he meanwhile explained in his cheerful way many things concerning the local people (whom he declared he dearly loved), their customs, the places of interest in the vicinity, etc. He said he was awaiting the arrival of a new moving-picture outfit, with the help of

which he intended to make a rousing propaganda in behalf of our holy Faith.

"It will be of great assistance to me," he cried in his zealous way. "The pictures will be more attractive than any words of mine could be; and the people will come to see them when they would not come to listen to a sermon."

I caught an echo, as it were, of his enthusiastic courageousness, and felt that he must succeed in our dear Lord's work, though in his whole district there were but forty Christians, of whom only twenty practised their religion as they should.

The following morning at eleven o'clock Father Zimmermann piloted us on an expedition to Nagaoka. In this town Father William Stoecke, now rather well known in this country, had resided. The mission headquarters of this place was only a rented house: a change of location in the town had been made by the resident priest not less than seven times. It seemed pitiful that the mission cause should be made to suffer under such untoward conditions, for Nagaoka is a city of 53,158 inhabitants, with many fine public and business houses. The town might have been even greater and more powerful, but for its espousal, in bygone years, of the doomed cause of Tokugawa. With the defeat in the battle with the Imperial Army, the prosperity of the city suffered.

This, however, was more than offset by the discovery of petroleum veins in the vicinity. The well-boring towers that rise in the Higashi-yama section, the iron pipes for conveying the oil, and the tank wagons crowding the freight yards, all speak loudly of the mineral and industrial success in Nagaoka.

We did not remain long in Nagaoka, — only a few hours. Shortly before five o'clock we were off again, now

bound for Niigata. At Nagaoka we said farewell to Father Zimmermann, who was to remain in this station overnight in order to say Mass there, next morning, for the handful of Christians in the place, at the time without a pastor.

As, aboard the train, I watched the flying scenery, I found myself trying to remember a number of Japanese expressions which I had learned for *everyday use.* I'll transcribe just a few:

Ohayo-Gozaimasu — Good morning!
Konnichi-wa — How do you do!
Komban-wa — Good evening!
Oyasumi-nasai — Good night!
Otasshade — Good health!
Sayo-nara — Good bye!

I was so busily engaged in conning the words of the, to me, most strange language, that I was but dimly aware of my surroundings when the train drew into the Niigata station, at 6.58 p. m. Here Father Ceska, now the Prefect Apostolic of Niigata, together with Fathers Herrmann and Dietrich, was awaiting us, and we were warmly welcomed.

It was a rather long walk to the mission station, but we enjoyed every moment of it, with our congenial companions beside us cheerfully answering a flood of eager questions we were hurling at them: everything that we saw on the way seemed to be an occasion of special interest.

The streets we found to be intersected by canals, which were in turn spanned by many bridges. There are in this city no fewer than two hundred of these picturesque structures, large and small.

We soon crossed one of these bridges, — a very large one, — and almost immediately found ourselves in an old mission settlement which had been formerly, under the administration of French missionaries, in a really flourishing condition. But before the mission had come into the hands of our Fathers, all the mission buildings — church, orphanage, and the rest — had been burned to the ground. We soon discovered that the station presented, as a residence, anything but an attractive appearance — it looked forlorn and poverty-stricken in the extreme, and gave one an impression as of loneliness and neglect. It seemed strange and sad to me that this station, which was supposed to be the very center of the whole prefecture, had come to such a miserable state. But there were excellent reasons why this was so, as will be shown later.

The next day, Sunday, was rather unpleasant and rainy. Still, the disagreeable weather did not keep the faithful from coming to assist at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. There were all of a hundred villagers assembled in the little chapel. A sermon was preached, before Mass, by Father Herrmann. Afterwards we all went to what was referred to on every side as the 'Blue Villa,' for dinner. This 'blue villa' was for the time being the residence of Fathers Herrmann and Dietrich; and here Father Dietrich was earning a few yen a month by giving private lessons in German. He was also teaching (and receiving a small money consideration for it) in school. Before I had seen the place, the name, 'Blue Villa,' seemed to carry with it rather high-sounding significance; and so I really expected to be able to look upon something that bore at least a resemblance to a villa. But sad to say, the word 'blue' required this time to be taken in its more common meaning of depressing, for the 'Blue Villa'

looked just as forlorn and lonely and poor as the mission station proper.

At three o'clock we returned to the chapel and there had Benediction.

When Japan was opened to the outside world, Niigata was chosen as one of the five treaty ports. However, the expectation of the inhabitants in this respect was never realized, as the harbor is made shallow by sand which is washed down from the Shinano; and it is also exposed to northerly winds. But rice culture in the vicinity is very extensive; as also are the raising of beans and soja beans.

The rice culture is a most interesting industry. Among the Chinese and Japanese five cereals are recognized as staples: rice, barley, millet, wheat, and beans. But that which occupies the highest rank is rice. The other cereals are grown mostly as winter crops, and are raised in small patches or in fields too dry for the cultivation of rice.

Cultivation of rice fields — *paddy fields,* as they are often called by foreigners — is very laborious. It requires much hoeing, the building of perforated mud dams, and a series of terraces so arranged that the water from a neighboring stream may find its way, gradually flowing (or rather, dripping) from terrace to terrace; for flooding is very necessary for all good rice. Various fertilizers are mixed with the soil, and the seed is sown (toward the end of April in the north: from one to two months later in central and southern Japan). It sprouts in five or six days. In the early part of June, or later, the young shoots are taken from the first beds and transplanted in rows in the fields. It is interesting to see the apparently lifeless places all at once become vivid with activity, as men and women stand, knee-deep, in water and mud, transplanting the tender young stalks. The hot summer gives new life and strength to the carefully hoed and

watered plants, and a distinctly beautiful note is added to the rural landscape, — the rice, a shining green, planted in rows intersected by other rows, — until the whole resembles a gigantic checkerboard rising from the valley into sharply raised, verdant hills. This the centuries of terracing has effected. The plant blossoms (in the north) in September, is reaped in October, and is then hung on short poles. It is threshed either with old-fashioned flails or with a kind of large comb or heckle.

The public park lies at the northern end of the city, on the bank of the river Shinano; and within its grounds is the temple dedicated to the titular deity of Niigata. The park is beautifully laid out, with a placid pond, a green arbor, a curving mound, and groves of plum, peach, and cherry trees. There is also an interesting institution known as the Niigata Commercial Museum.

On March 10, St. Joseph day, Father General and I said our Masses early, and, immediately after breakfast, left for Yamagata, traveling via Koriyama. The scenery along the way was most exquisite. Lake Inawashiro, like a gem dropped from the blue sky, glowed in the sunlight. On one side richly terraced hills rose from the very water's edge, swelling as they mounted higher and higher, till they seemed to touch the heavens; while from the other shore spread low fields dotted with clusters of villages and hamlets. At the outlet of this lake, where the sparkling water pours itself into the river, is a stone bridge with sixteen spans. There are aslo mountain sections along this road, where the railway winds along precipitous edges and threads over bridges which are examples of supreme technical and engineering accomplishment. Gazing at the chasms below, I could not help thinking, a number of times, what might happen should a train become derailed in the middle of one of these bridges.

The Tsuruoka Church Garden during Cherry-bloom Time

Catholics Assembled Outside the Niigata Chapel, after Sunday Morning Services. It is plainly to be seen that the Niigata Mission Station (comprising church, chapel, and offices) is not what it should be.

The Church of Tsuruoka: the Most Beautiful Church in the Entire Apostolic Prefecture of Niigata

The Interior of the Church of Tsuruoka, Showing the Statue of the Blessed Virgin, the "Jewel of Tsuruoka"

At 6.04 p. m. we arrived at Yamagata. Father Schoeppler, in charge of the mission there, met us at the station and conducted us to a headquarters which was just as poor as the most of the other mission stations we had previously come upon.

We had supper, and then found that a surprise was to be given us — an entertainment of welcome by some thirty grown-ups and children. It was very easy to arrange a stage, — just a shifting of the paper walls of the Father's residence was all that was necessary. I really enjoyed the unique entertainment, because it carried with it a very great deal of good-will. Here I listened for the first time to two musical instruments of which I had heard much — the famous *koto*, and the *shakuhachi*.

In this station was an association that interested me very greatly — a Holy Childhood Circle of twenty-three children, with an organization 'paper' which is spread far and wide among pagan children. I have a very firm confidence in the power of the press; and so I was brought to feel that even this tiny mustard seed must bring forth good results.

CHAPTER XV

The Embedded 'Jewel of Tsuruoka'

Preliminary to departure — A slight contretemps *upon arrival — Tsuruoka's beautiful church — The broadness of the Buddhist's conception of worship — The 'Jewel of Tsuruoka' — A general love of Mary throughout the countryside — Seeing Tsuruoka — The baths of Tagawa.*

The next morning Father Schoeppler suggested a walk through the city. For an hour and a half Father General and I enjoyed the sights of the town. But while they had their own unique characteristics, and brought their own unique pleasures, the qualities of originality were not of sufficiently great significance to warrant a full description here: they were just a part of that minute variousness of interest which goes to form the chief delight and fascination of Japan and the Japanese. Of course, here as everywhere much of the attractiveness that might have been ours to view was withheld because it was the winter season. There was still plenty of snow about, much of it by this time trampled and soiled.

"The gentle coming of the greenery of spring will be very welcome here," I ventured, "after this long and tedious winter."

"Yes, indeed," came a swift reply; "spring alone is supremely fitted to the Japanese life and temperament."

We roamed about, here and there, until it was dinner time; and immediately after the meal we said good-bye to the friendly missionary and boarded the train for Tsuruoka, traveling via Shinjo and Amarume.

Shinjo forms a gateway to a great plain which is the most populous in the civil prefecture, and is of the highest agricultural value. It is rendered fertile by the waters of the lower course of the Mogami and the Aka. In the confines of this plain are the towns of Sakata and Tsuruoka. Somewhat of the desolate aspect of winter still remained in these districts, but one felt that it would be but a few weeks only before all this would be changed.

It was 7.31 p.m. when we arrived in Tsuruoka Station. Here we had a rather disconcerting surprise, for neither one of the two Fathers in charge of the Mission was found waiting to meet us. For a moment it seemed a real dilemma for us, inexperienced globe-trotters as we still were, to find ourselves alone in a strange city and without even so much as a speaking acquaintance with the language. But, thank God, there is always the humorous side of life; and we began to be a bit tickled over the prospects of a mild adventure. So, first we tried our luck at hiring rickshaws; but by the time we had *come to* sufficiently to do something of this kind, we found that all the rickshaws had been taken by others.

What to do next! Well, we could at least secure our baggage, and begin walking; and this we did, *instanter*. I found that I knew just two Japanese words which might possess some potent magic to bring us to the end of our journey: they were *Tenshudo*, meaning *Catholic Church*, and *Babacho*, the name of the street on which the church was located. Walking along, and shifting my heavy suitcase from one hand to the other, I persisted in repeating these two words from time to time to passersby, and continued to hope that we were actually, all the while, drawing nearer and nearer the greatly-to-be-desired *Catholic Church* on Babacho.

At last, after about twenty-five-minutes' walk which naturally seemed very much longer, we came upon the Mission Station. There was a garden in front, but it was at the time mantled in deep snow, and all looked very bleak and lonely; therefore it was not with any great assurance that we began knocking at the door. Yet the place was certainly inhabited, after all; for soon we heard a tumbling noise within, and almost at once stood face to face, on the threshold, with our Father Reinirkens, the assistant pastor; and *he*, in turn, became so dumfounded that he could scarcely find words with which to welcome us. But for all that, Father Gabriel, the superior, was even more surprised when he returned home, a little later (he had been for a short evening's stroll), and found us both within. A most indefinite report of our coming had been sent to them, and they had been waiting to learn for certain of the day and hour when we might be expected to reach Tsuruoka.

But we all felt that supper was decidedly in order; and it was immediately prepared. When it was ready, we found ourselves so tired and hungry, after our experience of 'being lost in a strange city,' that we proceeded without further ado to make great inroads on what was set before us. For a time there was but little disposition to talk; but as soon as the inner man became a little satisfied, the flow of 'talk' set in. It was good to meet old friends (Father Gabriel is a classmate of mine), to renew old themes, and to speak of new projects and aspirations.

Here in Tsuruoka I found the only church in the whole prefecture which appeared to be in any way fit for Divine worship. Indeed, Tsuruoka Church is more than just *fit* — it is really beautiful.

The town of Tsuruoka is but little known throughout Japan; but it is, nevertheless, quite famous among the

Catholics, not by reason of its flourishing Mission (for work here is even more difficult than elsewhere, on account of the conservative character of the inhabitants), but simply because of this beautiful church, which immediately claims the attention of all visitors. It is considered to be one of the most attractive places of worship in northern Japan. Although only a frame edifice, and quite plain in its exterior lines, it is nevertheless extremely satisfying and inviting in its pleasing harmony of structure, situation, and general arrangements. The interior, in particular, by its very simplicity, meets and confirms the taste of the Japanese. The visitors who enter it for the first time exclaim, without exception:

"Ah! — *rippa* (wonderful!)!"

Christians and pagans alike, in this holy place, involuntarily fall on their knees and touch the floor with their foreheads. On all local festival occasions, — whether Buddhistic or Shintoistic in character, or whether profane, — the little church claims a large number of visitors; and few leave it without making a small offering. For the past few years it has been made possible for the sweet sound of the Angelus to be heard, day by day, all over the town and vicinity. The people in the surrounding villages, although fervent Buddhists, on hearing it, turn their faces toward the church, to pray; for the conscience of a Buddhist is graciously broad in such matters. Thus, the Church of Tsuruoka has of itself become a more effectual propagator of the Faith than even the missionaries themselves. And the fact that the Catholic Mission, in spite of the fact that there are three local Protestant mission stations, is referred to, quite simply, as THE MISSION, is due, in the first place, to the little church itself.

Within the church is something very, very beautiful — a life-sized statue of our Blessed Mother. This is, in

truth, the 'Jewel of Tsuruoka.' It is an excellent copy of the miraculous image of 'Notre Dame de la Delivrence', of France. Father Dalibert, from the Paris Mission Seminary, builder of the church, imported it from France, after the church was completed. He placed the statue on a high pedestal, in order that, even as the lighthouse directs the seamen in navigating ships at night, this image and symbol, too, might direct the Bark of Japan so as to steer it safely through the night of paganism and into the harbor of the true Faith.

Ah, how mildly the sweet Mother with her dear Child looks down on those who call upon her! With every visit she grows dearer to those who come to kneel before the image. How diligently her intercession is sought God alone knows. He alone has counted the tears that have been shed here; for it is with *such* affectionate devotion that the Christians of Tsuruoka cherish this statue.

After each service, the little ones, before leaving the church, gather around Mary, and with hearts and hands lifted up to their Mother, say one *Hail Mary* for the conversion of Japan. This practice was introduced entirely by themselves. There is only one votive offering about the statue, and this was dedicated by the prior of the Trappist monks of Hokkaido. It is considered advisable not to allow more, for a wall covered with votive offerings would be disagreeable to the simple tastes of the Japanese; besides, the best votive offerings are good resolutions in the hearts of the faithful.

'Our Lady of Tsuruoka' is known to all Catholics of Northern Japan; and all who can, come to pay her a visit. Actual pilgrimages, so agreeable to the character of the Japanese, have not, until recently, been possible, owing to the great distance and poor railroad connections. Things are, however, changing since Tsuruoka has been placed on

the railway maps of Japan. In May, 1922, the first pilgrimage arrived from the neighboring mission station of Yamagata, about four-hours' ride by train. It made a very good impression on the people of the home station, for they at once began planning other pilgrimages of their own. Akita, also, has come to the front with arrangements for pilgrimages, in so far as railroad accommodations will allow.

Through Mary to Jesus! This proverb will also verify itself in Japan. Every day the Catholics of Japan — and, we hope, not *only* these — implore Mary, the 'Morning Star,' for the conversion of this beautiful country. And these petitions are not in vain. Even the pagans have recourse to her; and often her picture or image is to be found in their homes. The picture of the Sorrowful Mother, in particular, is much in demand. Even most of the Protestant natives love Mary, despite the warnings of their missionaries to "beware of the idolatry of the Catholics."

A short time before my visit, Father Gabriel had attended a concert in the town, given in one of the Protestant academies for girls. Three times during the entertainment the *Ave Maria* was sung. He also learned that one of their most popular songs closes with the refrain, "Protect us, Mary." Similar things have been reported from other missions. Yes, indeed, the 'Morning Star' has already appeared to announce the approach of the 'Sun of Justice,' in order that, following its gentle radiance, the inhabitants of the 'Land of the Morning Sun' may find the path that leads to heaven.

I, too, rejoiced fervently in this beautiful church, far from my native land, yet very close to my heart. I, too, knelt, before the statue of our sweet Lady, and, gazing on the features chiseled with artistic grace and tenderness,

addressed a beseeching prayer for the conversion of this lovely land.

Finally I rose from my knees; but even while I still lingered in the tranquil atmosphere of the Divine Presence, a group of Japanese entered the church. They were country people, who had come to the city, and who, as most of the country folk invariably do, had, after going to the different pagan temples, included in their round of visits a little call of homage to this beautiful church. These people, entering, gazed about, admired the exquisite simplicity of the interior of the house of God, then slowly walked to the front, with their eyes fixed on the altar. Pausing there, they flung several coins over the communion railing, and, after making a low bow, clapped their hands and murmured a few brief prayers; then they clapped their hands once more, and were off again.

"God help them: God give them the grace of faith," I whispered, as I, too, left the church.

The next morning after our arrival in Tsuruoka Father Gabriel and I went for a trip through the town. As we passed through the winding streets of the place, he explained to me that it lies in the center of the Shonai plain, and that it was, in the past, the seat of the famous Sakai family. Its products are chiefly silk and cotton fabrics. And, in order to encourage these industries, the city supports a weaving school and a habutae (silk) conditioning-house. The castle grounds and a number of pagan temples comprise the principal sights.

Soon we left the narrow streets and continued our delightful walk, under a clear blue sky, beyond the environs of the town proper. Soft breezes pervaded the atmosphere, and seemed to be whispering happy secrets to

us of the near approach of the Japanese spring with its glorious train of floral loveliness.

In about an hour and a half we came to Tagawa, a famous health resort. Here are wonderful hot springs, said to have great healing and invigorating qualities.

Our destination was one of the hotels of this beautiful resort, where we visited a convalescent friend of Father Gabriel's — a zealous catechumen. Here we were invited to have a hot mineral bath, and we gladly accepted.

The Japanese, as a nation, are said to be the cleanest people on earth. Among the better classes the daily bath is considered to be all but an absolute necessity. At the mineral springs they often bathe (principally for purposes of cure), two, three, and sometimes five or even ten times a day, and enjoy remaining for a long time in water often heated to a temperature of about 110° Fahrenheit.

In every city you will find many public baths, all most conveniently located. The bath-house is usually a one-story frame building with a high board fence before it, so that nothing of the interior may be seen from the street. Over a wide gateway flutters a blue cotton curtain, its long strips descending to about two or three feet from the ground; so that, while one can enter easily, the bath-house door opposite is completely screened from view.

There is a pavement inside the gateway, of blue and white tiles, and the walls on either side form a dado of the same color. On the left side of the curtain is inscribed a Japanese character (letter) meaning *Woman*, and on the right side another, meaning *Man*. These characters also appear in the glass panels or transoms of the doors leading to the respective baths. Over each entrance is a *gohei*. According to the *Century Dictionary*, a gohei is

"a slender wand of unpainted and unvarnished wood, originally a branch of *Cleyera japonica,* from which hang strips of Japanese paper, notched alternately on opposite sides, representing offerings of rough and fine white cloth." There is but one gohei to each deity worshiped in a given place. In the present instance, the gohei was hung in honor of the god of the bath. Above the doors and across the whole front of a bath-house is the name by which the establishment is known: it is often woven into a picture of a rushing cataract or swift-flowing stream, surrounded by verdant fields or flowering trees, thus giving the idea of the pleasures of out-of-door bathing.

A small fee (generally about four cents) is paid to the attendant, as one enters the bath-house. Of course, the guest's shoes must be left in the tiled entrance; and he at once steps within, on a soft, springy matting with which the dressing-room is carpeted. At the far end of this room hangs a long mirror, and the sides are lined with racks holding large, shallow baskets. One of these receptacles is given to a new arrival, to hold his clothing and belongings. A wide door opens from this apartment; and as it swings back and forth, from the room behind comes the sound of splashing water and the scent of steam.

This, the bathroom, is about two feet lower than the dressing-room, and is usually tiled with the favorite blue and white, though sometimes the floor is paved with concrete, and sometimes with hard, smoothly planed boards. It slopes gently to one corner, so that the water flung about by the bathers may find an outlet there. The walls are also tiled to a height of several inches.

The bathers, seated on three-legged stools, or bent over their buckets, may be seen, dimly, through clouds

of steam, as, with fibre cloths and soap, they diligently scrub themselves. The steam is thickest in the far corner where the common pool of hot water is sunk in the floor. From this place, the water is dipped in wooden, brass-bound buckets. And such buckets! The wood is scoured till it is white as milk, and the brass hoops are polished to shine like gold.

After the bathers have sufficiently scrubbed themselves, — and this is the strangest part of the Japanese bathing, that they wash themselves thoroughly before entering the tub, — they draw pail after pail of the hot water, and pouring it over their bodies, rinse away all soap and lather. Then they fill the tubs, and immerse themselves in the warm element, emerging after a while, with glowing skin. They dry themselves with thin pieces of cotton material about twelve by thirty-four inches in size; and though this towel may have been lately wet and wrung out in warm water, the body, from its recent heated bath, will have been raised to such a pink glow that a very slight rubbing with even a damp cloth is all that is necessary for a thorough drying and stimulating effect.

Of course, all Japanese do not go to the public baths. Those who can afford it have private baths in their homes. But even in connection with the private baths the same features and regulation methods predominate. One must scrub himself thoroughly before entering the tub. While there are many grades of difference between the marble baths of the wealthy man and the wooden tubs of his humbler neighbors, the principal customs are the same.

Most of the tubs are made of wood, either square or elliptical in shape. These are bound with brass hoops, and have a wooden cover which is always placed over the tub when it is not in use. The purpose of this is to pre-

vent the escape of heat from the water during the process of preparation for the bath, and afterwards.

Strange as it may seem, the water is usually heated after it is in the tub. For this purpose, a small iron stove is built in one end of the bath. After a sufficient quantity of cold water has been emptied into the tub, a fire is kindled in the tiny furnace, and the water, circulating about its hot sides, grows warmer and warmer, until it finally reaches the required temperature. This consumes at least an hour's time, sometimes longer, depending upon the size of the tub and the amount of water.

Owing to the lengthy preparation, the same bath is used for the whole family, the head of the house taking precedence, and being followed by his wife, then by the children in order, and lastly by the servants. Hotels employ the same system, the bath being prepared once a day, generally about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the guests taking their turns at enjoying its comforts; but many of the larger hotels have a number of baths, thus accommodating several at a time.

To our minds this system seems odd. Yet it is not so repellent as one might fancy at first thought, when we consider the thoroughness with which the body is cleansed before entering the bath proper.

An argument against Japanese cleanliness has been used to this effect, that though the Japanese are always bathing, yet they put on their soiled clothes immediately after; for they do not indulge in fresh linen with every bath. But even this argument is easily open to discussion; for their bodies are always so scrupulously clean that the inside of their garments cannot be soiled, even though the outside may bear the marks of dust and grime.

On account of the hundreds of volcanoes throughout the country, there are many, many hot and mineral

springs. Most of these have the reputation of possessing great healing virtues, especially in combating the ills of rheumatism, stomach disorders, skin diseases, etc.

In places where nature's healing waters bubble forth, attractive conveniences have been arranged, — perhaps there is a picturesque inn, or a large hotel, or a sanitarium, or a village with a street of toy, curio, and tea shops.

Generally, these healing waters are found in localities where there is the most exquisite natural scenery, with attractive walks, sheltered nooks, clustering hills, or falling waters to brighten the path that leads back to health. Nor is it only the sick who come to these wonderful springs. During the season the wealthy from neighboring towns — that is, those who have the leisure, such as officers, and gay young people — spend a part of their holidays in the enjoyment of the attraction of these resorts.

And here was I, in Tagawa, in just such a place, experiencing the invigorating comforts of a bath issuing fresh from Nature's own fountains, and heated in Nature's own furnaces. But when Father Gabriel and I offered to pay for the benefits received, the proffer was smilingly and courteously, but firmly, refused.

How kind and gracious these most excellent Japanese are, indeed!

CHAPTER XVI

Missionary Heart's-ease

Railway luncheons — Akita at first sight — Missionary Sisters in Japan: arrival and labors of Sisters, S.Sp.S. — — Conversions in Japan — The Aishikwai — The special work for mothers and children — Holy Week in Japan — Around the hibachi — Special spiritual joys for Easter day.

While twilight was purpling the misty air, we returned to the mission at Tsuruoka, with a warm feeling in our hearts for the kind friends we had met. Of course, at our evening meal we talked it all over again; and even in my sleep, dreams came of trickling rills and mossy banks, restful and pleasant.

The next morning, about half-past nine o'clock, we left Tsuruoka for our final destination, Akita, arriving there at half-past seven.

Our experience of railway journeys in Japan had taught us that the frequent traveler seldom carries his lunch with him. Though the likelihood is that there will be no diner attached to one's train, there will be found a very dependable system of food vending at stations along the route, capable of satisfying at small cost almost any but very fastidious requirements. Whenever a train stops at a station of any consequence, a call of "O-bento" is almost at once to be heard, bringing to the tourist's attention a corps of green-capped venders of eatables. There they may be seen, tramping back and forth on the station platform, in front of the coaches,

ever alert upon slightest provocation to offer their tempting viands.

It is possible that, just at first, the visiting traveler may not take kindly to the "honorable bento," — the staff of life and (as with us at home) the staple article of any repast, — the bread of the Japanese; but he soon grows accustomed to it, and even comes to enjoy its peculiar flavor.

The luncheon provision which the green-capped young waiters offer is very simple. It generally consists of two wooden boxes, tied together with a paper ribbon; and the cost is 40 sen, the sen being the half-cent of Japan. On the top of all are to be found a paper napkin and a pair of new chopsticks: the fact that the chopsticks are new, beyond a doubt, is proved by finding them still half split in two, with a toothpick wedged between. The larger box of the two will be found to contain hot rice: the smaller one, being divided into compartments, will reveal to the astonished and more or less delighted novice, a variety of food, such as, maybe, a piece of fish or a slice of meat, a portion of cold, boiled potato, a sweet omelet, two or three unknown vegetables (served either boiled or pickled), and also, sometimes, a portion of brown beans; and at last, a bit of ginger, for seasoning. It is true, to be sure, that in different localities different varieties and combinations of food are offered. For instance, there is often a pickled lily or lotus root found, or, perhaps, some black mushrooms, shrimps, edible sea-weed, or steamed eels.

Tea is also, of course, served, very expeditiously and cheaply. For eight sen (four cents) the 'green-cap' will hand you a glazed earthenware pot, with cover, handle, and cup of the same material. He will at once fill the pot with boiling water and at the same time offer you a bag containing a generous handful of tea leaves; thus you

will be in a position, immediately, to brew your own beverage. I think it will be easy to see, therefore, that the traveler may supply himself, at almost any time on the road, with plenty of desirable food at small cost.

And so it was with us, as we traveled onward through Amarume and Shinjo, over the wide, snow-mantled plain: we enjoyed these nicely packed lunches very much.

Upon our arrival in Akita, in the evening, we were welcomed by a number of our brethren — Msgr. Reiners, and Fathers Friese, Schwientek, and Finger. Heretofore our visits at other mission centers had been fleeting; but we were to remain in Akita for more than a month, and we found ourselves very glad (and as time went on, came to be more so) that such a disposition had been made of our time at this juncture of our Japanese mission tour.

Though the prefecture apostolic is named after the city of Niigata, Akita, the heart of the prefecture, had been thus far, to all practical intents and purposes, the central headquarters from which all missionary activities of the region roundabout emanated. And hereby hangs a pretty and interesting tale of missionary development, as instructive as it will be found entertaining, although not all the weary stages of the process of growth, and the justification or rejection of policies, appeared to those responsible as exactly "pretty" during the time they were being proved out.

It will be remembered that our Fathers *began* work in Akita in 1907. Now the first station of a new mission is simply bound to receive rather greater development than the others following: it belongs to the natural order of events that it should. And this was consequently the case with Akita. But there were still other reasons why this should be so. The station at Niigata, still in charge of the French Fathers, was completely destroyed by fire in

The Temple of Zempoji

Scene in Akita Park

A Buddhist Cemetery in Tsuruoka

1908. It was not until 1912 that the prefecture of Niigata, as such, was definitely described and decreed by the Holy See. Therefore, before our Fathers of the Divine Word had really had an opportunity to get under way with their new field, the World War broke out. As has been said, the Niigata station was a mass of charred ruins. Little or nothing could be done to mend matters there, as long as the war lasted. But meantime, certain things were done in Akita, since there they were bound to be done, under existing circumstances, if anywhere.

The foundations made at this post are about to be described. These institutes, having been built up *during* the war period, could not be abandoned *after*; and this necessity (i. e., of maintaining what had been got under way) brought about a delay in the development of Niigata and other important centers. Moreover, some of these foundations involved a very heavy expense to keep them up, — an expense that could scarcely be justified, on the surface, till a later date. More concerning this matter will be treated of a little further on. On the other hand, it was shown in chapter thirteen that new and important mission districts were more or less continually being added to our original mission, until at last there were two vast prefectures — Niigata and Nagoya — in charge of the Fathers of the Divine Word.

In pursuit of the general policy as just outlined (or, as perhaps others would prefer to say, in consequence of the inevitable trend of events), it appeared for some years as though almost the entire efforts of our missionaries in Japan were concentrated in Akita (and in a sense this was true), to the great distress and neglect of a great number of other, most important, places, with especial emphasis to be laid upon Niigata, and later, Nagoya, as title

cities of the prefectures assigned. So, there have often appeared to be two sides to the question as to what ought to be done to best care for the S.V.D. Japanese missions, under existing circumstances. And the time has not yet come, by any means, for a definite and unbiased decision in the matter. In the meantime Akita has, in some respects, become a bulwark of strength to the mission, rather than a burden; and slowly but surely different mission stations are being taken up and worked, with new institutions scattered here and there. But the real vastness of the sacred project and the all but insuperable requirements for the solving of at least a part of the problem will best be seen at the end of the next chapter, where a resumé of the situation and of conditions in Nagoya will be given: with various modifications, the same great missionary questions will be found to prevail all over Japan.

Now let us proceed to a description of the Akita Mission by saying that there are in the first place three distinct mission settlements:

First, that of the mission proper, where the Fathers live and where is located the parish church. I am bound to pause here and confess that, although the church in this central mission headquarters should have been such as to call forth the pride, not only of the missionaries themselves, but of the people of the countryside, it appeared, *as a matter of fact*, as little more than a simple oratory. However, I am sure that intelligent readers will not lay the blame for this at the door of the missionaries: they will ponder the subject a little deeper than this. Then, secondly, there is the school and orphanage and convent of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost. I have purposely placed the convent last on the list, because at the time of our visit, the Sisters had no convent build-

ing of their own. This little community center of the Sisters, S.Sp.S., is situated in the section of the city called *Narayama*, which is about fifteen minutes' walk from the church. Then there is a third settlement — that of the *Aishikwai*, a community of native religious who bear the name, Daughters of the Sacred Heart, with a kindergarten school, a 'Mothers' Association' headquarters, and a dispensary: this community was located, at the time of our visit, in the *Teramachi* section of the city, which is also about fifteen minutes' walk from the church; but it has since removed to that part of the city called *Hodonomachi*. When we were there, the little group had not been as yet fully recognized and canonically erected as an authentic religious organization of the Church by the Holy See; but complete recognition and faculties have since been cordially extended to them from Rome, through the efforts of Msgr. Reiners, who was chiefly instrumental in effecting their foundation, and through the more than friendly offices and patronage of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, Msgr. Giardini.

Our Fathers, S.V.D., had been in the land of the Rising Sun only about a year when five Sisters, S.Sp.S., were sent to aid them in their work, from the Mother House in Steyl (Holland). When these Sisters (Sister Pia was their appointed superior) arrived in Akita, they secured a temporary dwelling-place in a small Japanese house. Of course, all was very strange to them at the beginning, and very hard; but they found themselves, nevertheless, even from the first, quite happy and eager for great and telling labors in behalf of our dear Lord and Master. Three months after their arrival they moved into a new, two-story, school building which had been erected for them. Here, after they had mastered the difficult language, by taking full advantage of assistance

kindly and freely offered by the Father Superior and a certain Japanese lady, they opened a kindergarten. Sixteen children sought admission and these continued to attend regularly during the following winter. At first the little ones were very timid and reserved in the presence of the starngely clad women; but soon they put aside their fears, especially as the Sisters entered into their play, and taught them numberless delightful things to do, and to accomplish and enjoy, — just such things as our little Western children learn in kindergarten.

In 1909 the Sisters ventured to extend their activities by opening an academy for girls. The aim of this school was and is to give the young Japanese maidens a good common-school education and practical instruction in all households arts. The school offers a two-year and a three-year course. All graduates, of either course, receive, after a year of post-graduate or normal work, a teachers' diploma, which authorizes them to be considered eligible for employment in the public schools. The greater part of the time given over to applied instruction is devoted to Japanese dressmaking. In Japan it is customary for the women and girls to make their own dresses. Lessons are also given (by the Sisters assisted by Japanese lay teachers) in *Western* plain and fancy needlework, drawing, painting, singing, etiquette, domestic sience, and in both Western and Oriental literature, in arithmetic, and in ethics. Unfortunately, the teaching of religion as such is barred from the regular course of studies prescribed for an officially recognized school in Japan. Special courses, however, may be given, after school hours, in certain *extra* branches (including religion) — that is, branches outside the regular curriculum.

During the first period of this school for girls our Sisters encountered great difficulties; and more than once

The Convent of the Sisters S.Sp.S. in Akita. This is the home of the Missionary Sisters who are in charge of the flourishing and progressive school in the Narayama District. This building also housed for a time some two dozen orphans, but this department of the work had to be given up because of lack of means.

A Graduating Class of the Narayama School

the very existence of the institution seemed doomed. Often, too, it became necessary to meet the competition of some particular Buddhistic school, which began, presumably, to offer similar educational facilities. But despite all these trials, the girls' academy continued to show progress. From a registration of 13 pupils in 1909, the number had risen to 520 in 1926.

Great was the joy of the Sisters when, in 1911, after a long period of prayer and patient waiting, a few scholars began to present themselves for the offered course in religious instruction. That same year also witnessed the opening of an orphanage, which, it was hoped, would offer better opportunities for missionary success, since the orphans would necessarily be placed entirely under the care of the Sisters. And this work may be said to have, for a time, come quite up to expectations. The children received a solid Christian education, and were prepared in the orphanage for the reception of the Sacraments, while the most of them also attend public school in the city. But special difficulties arose over the care of the children, and the work had to be abandoned. At the time of our visit a number of the older boys had previously left the house and had entered schools for higher education, either to prepare for their future vocation as catechists, or to learn a trade. Two of the girls, also, had left the school, to take a course in handiwork at Tokyo, in order to qualify as teachers: these have since returned to the Sisters, and are now giving valuable assistance in the school. In the academy we found all flourishing, and every effort was made to see that each child was given, in so far as possible, the education best suited to her several qualifications: many in this way later become, as in the case of the two just mentioned, able assistants of the Sisters, as teachers or nurses in various institutions. Experience

shows that such native teachers and public servants in general tend to exercise a more salutary influence upon their own people than do the 'foreign' Sisters. As an addendum, it may perhaps be proper here to add that it cost the Sisters approximately seven dollars a month to provide for each orphan they accept: not a great sum, but one the Sisters often found it painfully hard to find. Great is the strain of struggle and sorrow when circumstances seem to force them to refuse their ministrations because of untoward circumstances or an utter inability to find funds for their purposes.

As early as the year 1918 (*early* is here used in the sense of being comparatively soon after the foundation of the Sisters in Japan) the Sisters were obliged to discontinue their kindergarten work, although the attendance was increasing rapidly, because the room in their institution was absolutely required to accommodate the growing classes in the regular school grades. At this time the Sisters realized that their financial condition and prospects forbade their attempting to increase their building accommodations; but this difficulty was largely overcome within the following two or three years. With the constant increase in the applications for admission to the grades, the then prefect apostolic, the Right Rev. Msgr. Reiners, S.V.D. (now prefect apostolic of Nagoya), went ahead and, despite financial difficulties, undertook the erection of an addition to the school building: this was completed in 1922. Thanks to St. Joseph, who inspired many donations during the ensuing months, the greater part of the expenditure for the building has since been covered: thus does the Lord always meet a deliberate act of faith put forth in His name.

Msgr. Reiners had built the hospital in Kanazawa, some years before this, and had asked for the services of

the Sisters in conducting the institution; consequently, in 1914, four Sisters began this work. But of the hospital I have spoken in a previous chapter: through the works of mercy performed in this beautiful and efficiently equipped institution, many precious souls have been gained for heaven.

To return to the girls' academy at Akita, once more, it should be here added that the present teaching staff in this institution consists of 15 Japanese lay teachers and 6 Sisters. Besides, several Japanese teachers from outside visit the school, twice a week, in order to give special lessons in drawing, painting, and in Japanese writing.

The building expenses and school upkeep cost, of course, large sums of money annually; however, the increasing number of scholars insures a step forward in the material condition of the school.

But although the missionaries as well as the Sisters have used every means to propagate the Faith, — by instruction and all other lawful methods, only twenty-one scholars have, thus far, been baptized. A considerably greater number have studied the Catholic religion *for a time;* and others, while willing to be baptized, have found many obstacles in their way. Some of these difficulties are domestic conditions, future marriage problems, human respect, love of pleasure and riches, attachment to idols, belief that one's *native* religion is as good as the *imported* Christian religion, etc. To these difficulties may be added a certain degree of hatred of Christianity itself, which still prevails, having come down from generation to generation, from the time of the persecution of the early Christians to the present day. The word "Jasoko" (the religion of Jesus) tends to cause a feeling of aversion in the hearts of the Japanese. The native adherents of our religion are, in their eyes, traitors and people morally degraded. Until

about thirty or forty years ago, signs were posted in many places, warning all against the "Jasoko." This explains the opposition of the parents, grandparents, and the entire family group, when one of the girls expresses an intention of being baptized.

The Sisters spoke to me of their prayerful plans for the near future. They hope for a new chapel, they said, — one more easy of access to outsiders and to the pupils of the school. A clinic in Akita was another of their dreams; for such an establishment would bring them into much closer touch with the people, and would afford many opportunities, while ministering to bodily ills, for performing the healing works for the soul — baptisms, etc. They also contemplated the re-opening of the kindergarten. They were, too, praying very earnestly at the time for a separate convent house. Having been called to give up the quarters in the school building which had been assigned to them for their community life, they had occupied a few rooms on the second floor of the orphanage. Under the existing conditions the school and the orphanage were separated by an open space between: this space they proposed to utilize for the convent, thus facilitating the management of the two institutions. As has been stated, the convent has since become a highly appreciated reality with the good Sisters; moreover, in 1926 the kindergarten was again opened under most favorable circumstances: a relatively large number of children were presented for admittance, but accommodations would permit of the acceptance of but sixty.

At the time of our visit five native girls had applied for admission into the congregation of the Sisters, S.Sp.S., but scarcity of room had made it, thus far, impossible to

admit more than two of these. Thus there was felt a great need for a novitiate for native candidates; and this has been since in some measure supplied.

But it is time that some more particular mention of the third missionary center in Akita should be made: the Aishikwai, of course, are referred to. As a person of considerable prominence in ecclesiastical affaris put the matter to me at the time, by way of introduction, I feel it quite fitting to say that they are "admirable."

All credit for the foundation and final establishment of this splendid native sisterhood must be given, as I have already intimated, to Msgr. Reiners. He was for years simply indefatigable in encouraging and nurturing the organization and in bringing it to perfect completion as a regularly recognized religious society of Holy Mother Church. But perhaps as much praise is owing to three European women of considerable experience and religious training who really called together and sustained and maintained the first nucleus which afterwards brought to birth the new society. I noticed that, in all their works, the particularly characteristic mark among them was their joyous humility and absolute lack of any of these traits of sophistication which often mark the efforts of even most religious in these latter days. But among the Aishikwai there seems to perpetually endure an atmosphere of joy and simple spiritual contentment, and I was told that this is so when they are engaged in facing trials, difficulties, and setbacks sufficient to sober the more prosaic Christian, as well as when all is serene. And this very quality among them seemed to me to be absolutely fitted to win the confidence and friendship of Japanese children and women, among whom practically all of their labors were distributed. It was a joy and a delight to see them with their blessed charges in their kinder-

garten, and it was another precious privilege to observe them in their dispensary work, and also in their practical classes in domestic science, etc., with the Japanese mothers. At the present time their community consists of 5 professed Sisters, 25 postulants, and 17 candidates.

But I have been describing Akita in its religious intitutions, since our arrival, and have quite failed to continue to establish the points of *personal* contact.

The morning after my arrival I took part in some school-closing exercises (it was the end of the term) in the school of the Sisters, S.Sp.S., in the Narayama district. The whole occasion was carried out in strict accordance with a quaint liturgical ceremony for the delivery of school certificates or diplomas. The affair was extremely interesting to me. Several speeches were made before the entire program came to an end: there was a discourse by a layman, another — a short address — by a professor, an informal talk by Msgr. Reiners, and last, but by no means least, a most interesting address to the entire assemblage by *Kocho Sonobe Pia* — that is to say, Sister Pia, the superior.

On Thursday Father Schwientek took me for a streetcar ride to the seaside city of Tsuchisaki. On the way we passed the famous 'Shogun Field,' an ancient battleground where, 'tis said, the Ainus, — the aborigines of Japan — were worsted and practically annihilated, in the year 802.

The remaining days of the week were taken up in exploring the city and in attending to correspondence, interspersing these occupations with long conversations relative to the mission work, with various Fathers and Sisters in Akita.

Then came Palm Sunday. The weather was very gloomy and its sadness pervaded my very soul. All at

once, apparently, I grew homesick and disheartened. But this was certainly not a fit disposition of mind to be in for Palm Sunday, and so I did my utmost to 'buck up.' Msgr. Reiners had the ceremonies that morning and I assisted; and then and there, in that poor little church, my spirits began to rise again. After all, I realized, the same loved Friend who is with His faithful in the costliest temples is also equally with them in the humblest of church abodes. So I asked forgiveness for my peevishness, and thanked the Lord for so speedily delivering me out of my doldrums.

After Mass Father Schwientek invited me to take a walk with him to the beautiful Akita Park. This park occupies the former castle grounds, in the eastern part of the city. We entered the outer enclosure, and, passing through the main gate, followed a winding road. This road led us to a level summit, where stands a Shinto temple dedicated to the Satake Family. There was also here a public library, and besides, a number of rest houses. Aged pine trees scattered about over the grounds added a note of cheerful green which served considerably to brighten for me the gloomy day. Below, a moat that formerly surrounded the castle was full of lotus plants; and these seemed to be but waiting for the first trumpet call of Nature to bring them into a full burst of bloom and fragrance.

The view from this vantage point was superb, and Father Schwientek was able to point out to me the Tori-machi, Akita's busiest section, and even our little mission station, tucked away and insignificant as it was in the general panorama. Also, between borders of houses and factories, there ran below the broad band of the Omono River; and its smaller tributaries, the Ohira and the Asahi, blended their waters with the mother stream. The mist

that had hung over the town began to rise like a golden web, as the sun pierced at last the rifting clouds; and thereupon, as had happened to me several times before, the delicate, indescribable beauty of Japan began to grip my heart, and I felt a renewal of joy which was quite as keen as that I had experienced when, for the first time, I felt this glorious charm and landscape and *atmosphere*. As we retraced our steps, Father Schwientek told me that the situation, general arrangement, and splendid views commanded make this park the most celebrated in all northeastern Japan.

On Monday, Father General, Msgr. Reiners, and I went to the Teramachi, to be present at the closing exercises of the graduating class of the kindergarten that was under the auspices of the Aishikwai. As I had noted upon every occasion that I came into contact with this native Sisterhood, so this morning I felt, almost overwhelmingly (it was a good tonic, after yesterday's blues), an intoxicating spirit of peaceful, blessed joy and good cheer, everywhere and in every countenance present, whether of persons little or big. In fact, the whole program was filled with most interesting amusements. I wondered, anyhow, whether there was anything more lovely on earth than a Japanese child in its gay-colored garments, with its sweet friendliness and childish simplicity! At and rate, I refused to try for the moment to find any other answer to my question than that which presented itself immediately before me. "Oh," I said, "God love them"; and I thought how proud their teachers must be of these little ones. It would have been a great pleasure to have lingered far longer in their midst than we were able to do. It was a tonic to be there: it was an experience of something extremely refreshing and wholesome; and I found myself scarcely able to turn away from those naive, dear little

The Christian Mothers' Society of the Teramachi District, Akita. The three religious with white veils started the community of native sisters known as the AISHIKWAI (Daughters of the Sacred Heart). This community has since received the sanction of Rome and has been canonically erected. The Christian Mothers' Society represents one department of their labors.

First Investiture (June 1, 1925) of Novices, Postulants, and Aspirants of the Seishin Aishikwai (Daughters of the Sacred Heart).

creatures, with their oval faces, smiling red lips, and dark and luminous eyes!

But the best of friends must part; and so we at last bade one and all farewell and went our way, carrying with us a lasting remembrance of their innocence and beauty.

In the afternoon I went to Narayama, to visit the community there. Sister Hildeberta, S.Sp.S., the superior, had much to tell me concerning experiences in Japanese mission life. When our chat was over, I went to the chapel and gave Benediction to the community, then returned to our mission center.

Here, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, appeared Father Rosenhuber, S.V.D., from Kemanai, affectionately called among his confrères, *Father Rosen*. We were pleased enough to see him. He had come to Akita to find out from his superior what to do in regard to a project for establishment of a sanitarium in Oyu, in his mission district. Father Rosen appeared to have brought the springtime with him; for, on the day following his coming, warm weather set in with emphasis. And how pleasant it was, once more, to feel the warm sunshine. As to the proposed enterprise, conditions arose to prevent its being actually realized.

As our genial friend was to leave us again on Holy Thursday, we made use of every available moment to be with him. It was a delight just to have him as one of our company, and a still greater delight to listen to his outspoken views and plans for the betterment of the conditions of the Church among this chosen people of his adoption. Many were the occasions we found to sit about the hibachi (for it remained chilly within-doors) and chat on and on. Even now such scenes as we had together often return to my memory. I can close my eyes and

mentally picture that charcoal brazier, with its copper kettle singing a happy little song while we went right on singing ours.

The Japanese delight in simple contrivances; and indeed the hibachi is one of the simplest. This in Akita was made of a portion of a tree-trunk, smoothed and polished and hollowed out in the center. The wood was beautifully grained, and the color was of old oak. A copper pan fitted into the hollow part. This was filled with light straw ashes; and a small earthenware tripod pressed down into the ashes, so that only three prongs pointed upward. In the middle, between the three prongs, was kindled a charcoal fire. The copper kettle was then placed over the tripod; and the fire, smouldering gently beneath it, gave out neither smoke nor gas . . . . so simple, yet so cheerful! No wonder we have nothing like it in our country; for I think we have quite lost our simplicity of spirit (in the best sense of the term), although we are certainly sufficiently forward in our innumerable inventions to suit our jaded, complex present-day life.

So there we sat; and many were the opinions submitted, the plans suggested, and the hopes expressed. The Narayama and Teramachi problems (concerned with the distribution of labors among the two sisterhoods, the European and the native) were discussed among our confrères, in a very lively manner. Moreover, many corollary difficulties were brought upon the tapis — such as, for instance, the fact that the girls' academy in Narayama was annually costing the missionary superior of the prefecture of Niigata more money than all the mission stations of the prefecture, added together. It was, of course, obvious that such a condition was abnormal; yet how to find a remedy was not so easy. Different expedients were suggested, rejected, and taken up again,

only to be finally laid aside. As a matter of fact, experience has since shown that it is impossible to expect such a school in Japan to really become self-supporting until it has expanded sufficiently to accommodate from 400 to 500 students. Therefore the wisdom of Msgr. Reiners' early policy of continuing the school at all costs has been proved, especially since the institution now not only pays its way but is able to contribute upwards of 400 yen a month to the Niigata prefecture.

Then, too, we talked of the great things to be expected of the Aishikwai: many hopes were then and there pinned upon the ministry of these native Sisters among their people. They must, we said, inevitably bring Catholicity nearer to the hearts of the Japanese; so plans were evolved to give them every assistance possible. Money must be forthcoming, we asserted; appeals must be made to charity; and so, on and on we went, time flying past far faster than we realized.

It is wonderful how such seemingly casual, inconsequent meetings will remain fixed in thought, when presumably more important ones are quite lost to us. But, although there were certainly no immediate results to show for all our verbal joustings together at this time, I am not so sure but certain later outcomes have been brought to pass, at least in some sense and to some degree, just because of our talking together for so long a time around that hibachi, there in Akita, that Holy Week.

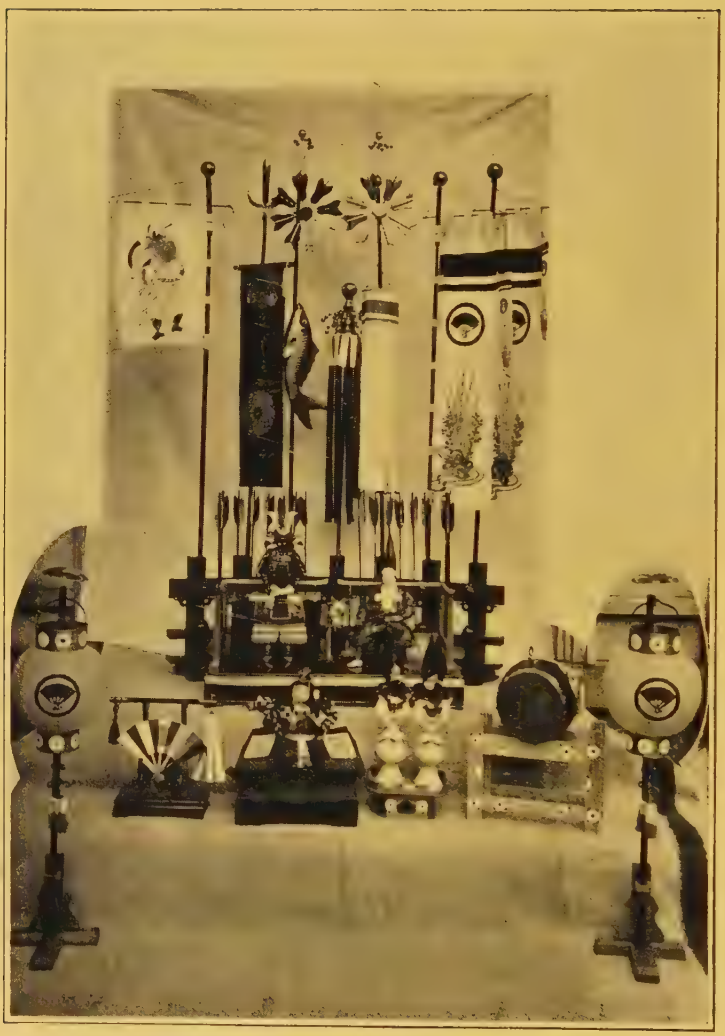
On Good Friday, Msgr. Reiners had the ceremonies. Father Schwientek and I again assisted. We even sang the Passion, Father General joining with us: Father General had the part of the Savior; Father Schwientek, the crowd; and I, the Evangelist.

On Holy Saturday Father Schwientek was the celebrant, I the deacon, and Father Finger the subdeacon. After the morning ceremonies, Msgr. Reiners and I went walking through the beautiful Akita Park. While we admired the sweetness of the eager coming of spring, we had a long talk on things missionary, on missionary methods, concerning various criticisms of the work in Japan, and of work past and future in the field. Two and a half hours passed before we realized it; but upon our return we were fortunate enough to find ourselves just in time to partake of the noon-day meal.

What a beautiful day was Easter Sunday, in this land of loveliness! Every one was in the *Alleluia* mood. Even Nature smiled with a brightness that, so many tell us, can never be discovered so clear and perfect in any other land as in Japan . . . . oh, the azure sky, the golden sun, the soft twitter of birds, and the balmy air with a fragrance like ambrosia! I could almost fancy I heard the faint stir of growing things, pushing their way through the earth at the call of spring.

Father General had his Mass in Teramachi, and I sang High Mass, at nine o'clock, in the church of the central station. Before Mass a great pleasure was given me, — that of baptizing two Japanese girls: one, *Elizabeth*, from the Narayama school; the other, *Aloysia*, from the Teramachi settlement. During the Mass that followed the baptisms, one of these girls received our Lord for the first time. What a glorious feast for both these innocent maidens! Surely, during their whole lives, Easter will always bring back to them sweetest memories.

An Exhibition Prepared for the Girls' Doll Festival, which Occurs Annually in March



Emblems of the Boys' Festival, which Occurs Annually in May

CHAPTER XVII

Mingling (Mission) Business, Pleasures, and Profits

The missionary at home in Kosaka — The Kosaka mines — A doll show and a doll holiday — Jap babies: bundles of joy and winsomeness — Children everywhere — Kemanai and the "Oyu Project" — A pleasant afternoon and a memorable evening — Resumé and cullings from reports.

Our next journey was a trip to Kosaka, where Father Puhl, the only priest of our mission whom we had not yet seen, resided. Leaving Akita at 11.05 a.m., we reached our destination at five o'clock in the evening. Father Puhl, however, anticipated the greetings reserved for the end of this day's journey by meeting us at Odate, from which place we traveled (by local train) for an hour more before reaching Kosaka. And in the end we had the added pleasure of meeting Father Rosen again, at destination.

We were glad to find that the Kosaka mission station possessed a fairly good building (though we learned that it was purchased for about $700). And we were also glad that a good supper awaited us. While we were regaling the inner man, we enjoyed a most hearty chat with the two Fathers. The same evening we were made guests of honor at a meeting which was held in the largest room of the station. There were about fifteen people, in all, present; and two of their number were physicians. We were cordially welcomed on all sides, and cheerful talk and smiling courtesy made the time pass quickly; and, of course,

we were served with refreshments (tea and *mochi*, or rice cakes) before the evening came to a close.

On the next morning Father Rosen left for his mission in Kemanai. I walked with him to the station, and thus became better acquainted with the city. Enclosed on all sides by protecting mountains, it has a bustling charm all its own. It is a small metropolis, queen of its own surrounding district, with schools, hospitals, and many central institutions of like nature.

Kosaka owes a great part of its prosperity to its thriving mines; about half of the inhabitants are mine workers. The mining area covers some three hundred and forty acres, which are owned or leased by what is known as the Fujita Firm. The great revolving furnace of the mine proper, which lies about two and a half miles north of the town, is said to be the largest in the Far East. Light and motive power are supplied by electricity which is generated by means of the beautiful waterfall of Choshi, several miles distant. This, by far the most important mine for copper in all Japan, was not known about until 1861. Upon its discovery it was worked for a time by the *daimiate* (the government of feudal lords). Later the Provincial Government took it in charge; and finally (in 1884), it passed under the present management. It ranks second or third in the empire in its copper output; it also takes second and third places, respectively, in its production of gold and silver. Much of the copper is exported, but the gold and silver are sold to the Osaka Mint.

I was greatly taken with the picturesque mountain scenery, and as well with the cheerful activity eyerwhere in evidence.

During the day Father Puhl suggested that I should accompany him to the home of a wealthy neighbor, a tea merchant, whose only daughter was holding a doll exhibi-

tion. The invitation pleased me, as it promised me another experience in this land of interesting surprises.

We were met and welcomed by the merchant himself, and were at once taken to a room which I found chiefly remarkable for a cleanliness and simplicity which are the usual features of a Japanese household. Across one end of the apartment were several broad shelves, painted a vivid red; and these shelves were filled with a bewildering collection of dolls. The little maiden, happy possessor of all this beauty, glowed with pleasure as we praised the exhibition. There were dolls of all sizes — some dressed as infants, some as small children, some in the gala attire of brides, geisha girls, or housewives; and all with the raven hair and pretty color of the little Japanese themselves.

The proud father told us that this festival (*San gwatsu sekku*), affair (always taking place on March 3), was intended to train the girls for motherhood, to teach them the love of little ones, and to suggest that their care and upbringing is the greatest career for women.

On this day all the family dolls are brought out from fireproof receptacles. Some of these are very old, some recent additions to the collection. The older ones have their own wee furniture and dishes. In many families the dolls are carefully preserved, sometimes for hundreds of years, and pass from generation to generation.

At the same time the toy shops also were gaily decorated for what they call *O Hina Sama*. This is a reproduction in miniature of the whole Court of Japan, and of all famous or well known people. There is a doll to represent every character. Going about the city, I began to feel that I was fairly hemmed in with dolls — here; there, and everywhere.

This is the great holiday for little girls. The boys have their special festival (*Go gwatsu sekku*) on the fifth of May. Then all the cities and villages are ornamented with huge carps made of cloth or paper. These are fastened to poles in the same fashion that we fasten our flags; and they float, rising and falling, swelling and drooping, in the breeze. The significance of the carp is to show that, as this fish swims through the water against the current, in like manner should the healthy lad make his way through the world, overcoming all difficulties, and finally rising to fame and wealth.

This wonderful country has been called the "paradise of babies," and indeed the designation seems to be true. But the babies are so sweet and loving, so seldom fretful or whining, that I think they must in turn have a part in making Japan a paradise for those who have charge of them.

When the new baby comes, it is always welcome: the father and mother are happy, and the older children clap their hands with joy. Runners are sent out, carrying word to all the relatives that another child has been born into the family. And thereupon relatives and friends begin to come, each bringing a present. All are eager to take the new baby, to hold and cuddle it, and to rock it back and forth. And then, everybody is ready to praise the new-born, and to comment on its beauty. But no one kisses it, as the Japanese do not caress in this manner.

The baby is dressed in loose, comfortable clothes, with no pins or hooks or buttons. First, next to the tender skin, is placed a soft, silk or cotton, kimono, and over this another, of flannel; and if the day is cold, even another is added. Then, over all, a beautifully embroidered kimono — the baby's gown — forms the outer garment. The

finishing touch is given with a wide silk sash of softest texture, tied about its waist.

When bathing time arrives, after the older children have been bathed and dried and dressed, the baby's turn comes. The nurse carries it to the bath — a bath that would be too hot for us — and gently lowers it. Though at first it may kick and squirm and scream, it must grow accustomed to the heated water, and after two or three immersions, becomes very placid. The first bath and the place of it are always held to be notable. The first bathing place of the infant Taikosama has been made into an enclosure, with much shrubbery and a fence about it.

A month after its birth the little pagan baby is taken for the first time to the temple, the event being called the *Miya Mairi*. On this occasion the mother and older sisters wear new kimonos, beautifully embroidered in bright colors and marked with the family crest. The father carries the child; and richest gifts are presented to the patron god and to the priests at the shrine. Then, after the return home, presents are sent to relatives and friends. These presents, arranged in lovely black boxes, are placed on little lacquered trays, over which are spread squares of embroidered silk. In this manner are they carried to their various destinations. A bright-colored piece of paper folded in a peculiar way is sent with each gift. This is called a *noshi*, and is sent to bring good luck. The box, tray, and cover are always returned. The box, however, is not washed before it is sent back: it is considered the height of ill manners to so cleanse the receptacle, and would be considered also as auguring the worst possible luck.

Thus is the small Japanese child started in life. Another remarkable thing is that all bear part in tending the little ones — the father and the other older brothers,

and the sisters above eight years of age. It is a common occurrence to see a boy or girl with a baby on the back, playing games or running along on the streets. It seems a labor of love; for there are never scowls or harsh actions, but only kind words for the little mite's entertainment.

The children are everywhere, flocking around corners, running through alleys, darting across streets. Sometimes it is almost impossible to tell the infant from the little mother who carries it on her back. Such lovable babies they are, too. Their little red mouths seem always ready to smile, and their shining eyes lift confidingly to meet one's gaze. Their little warm hands are so soft and dimpled and their attire so bright hued that they seemed to me more like animated dolls than anything I can describe. Even as they grow older, the Japanese children still retain the charm that first endears them to all. There is never a gawky or an awkward age. They seem to glide gracefully from the softness of childhood into the fulness of maturity.

But even after all that has been related, it would probably be rash to conclude that marriage and home conditions are ideal in Japan. It would be rather the superficial and popular writer who would rush in where, perhaps, angels would fear, or at least would not be prone, to tread, crying that such a thing as race suicide is unknown in the nation. As a matter of fact, there are in Japan, if close observance goes for anything, more families without children than one could find, say, in any wholesome Catholic district of Europe or America. However, I must qualify my statement here by saying that children are to be found in very many families, but they are, frequently, adopted children. Again, in many families it will be found, upon investigation, that all the children of the home center are not from one mother: divorces and re-marriages are very

common. Besides, it must be confessed that in Japan, among the masses at least, women are looked upon as principally significant because of their sex rather than for other qualities: marriage is a comparatively easy thing in Japan. Finally, the practice of abortion and even of child murder is not a rare thing: on the contrary, certain districts gain a special, if undesirable, reputation just because of the frequency of such disposals. And so, the Christian comes to his inevitable sigh again: in high pagan culture one finds almost unlimited potentialities for good; but the grace is lacking to put into practice the ideals of Christian living.

* * *

At one o'clock that same afternoon, Father General, Father Puhl, and I left on foot for Kemanai, which calls for a walk of only about an hour and a half from Kosaka. A fine, brisk wind was blowing, and the tramp was bracing and enjoyable. Upon reaching the rectory, the cook, a real "calf" of a fellow, admitted us. The house was shabby enough, and we were not surprised when, later, Father Rosen informed us that the whole place had cost him but 600 yen ($300). Father Rosen, it will be remembered, had appeared before this upon the scene of our journeys. He it was who was so anxious about a plan for a sanitarium in one of his outlying stations — Oyu. This priest is very popular in his part of the country, being admired all over the prefecture apostolic for his *pep*. He is brimful and running over with plans and devices to establish the whole mission on a more solid financial basis, while the spiritual welfare of his dear people is the thing nearest his big heart. Just at this time he was especially immersed in what we had all come to speak of as "the Oyu project."

As I wished to learn all that I could about this proposed enterprise, I started out, late in the afternoon, with Father Puhl as guide, for a hike to Oyu, leaving Father General and Father Rosen to go over reports together in Kemanai. Reaching the idyllic town (it was a hot-springs center, and picturesque in the extreme), Father Puhl pointed out to me the property which was considered as the best site for the project. I saw at once how ideal such surroundings would be for those seeking to recover health. But the difficulties of the proposal were also made known. At best, it is not easy for a 'foreign' missionary to launch successfully upon such business matters. For the better opportunity to enter into a full discussion of all the pros and cons of this question, Father Puhl took me to what is known as the *Chiba Hotel,* a local hostelry, with whose hosts he was well acquainted.

We were received in a most friendly manner. As soon as we entered, the finest room, one of which the entire wall was decorated with the most wonderful winter scenery, was placed at our disposal. Then some things very unusual in a Japanese house were brought in — *two chairs* for our convenience. These articles of furniture, so rare in this country, were highly prized because, some time before, two of the Imperial Princes had sat in them while resting on their way to Lake Towada, a place about three hours distant. There was a fine garden through which we were afterwards conducted: there tame monkeys in cages frolicked and chattered at us; and there also was a little pond with water so clear the gold fish swimming about seemed like pieces of the precious metal quickened into life. Afterwards came refreshments — tea and tasty sweet tarts, and fruit. A relative of the landlord, a fine young man (he was then a catechumen) who seemed always ready for service, accompanied us to the mineral

bath — an alkali and sulphur spring. This bath in the hotel was both refreshing and invigorating: it was a real treat. To top all, before leaving we were required to sit down to a bountiful supper, wholesome and well prepared, and served by a dainty little maid who omitted not the slightest detail in waiting upon us. We enjoyed our visit very much. Everything had been so *just right* and beautiful and inviting, and the welcome so evident, that one could not but have appreciated it. In fact, I should have liked to remain a whole week.

I felt the evening's walk to be wonderfully conducive to poetical fancy. The moon, full, round, and silvery, hung in a dark-blue sky, its radiance brightening our path and glorifying each tree and shrub and tiny house into a thing of shining beauty. To the right and to the left of our glowing way we could hear the purr of softly dripping water from the terraces of the rice fields; and the sweet spring scent that rose from earth to meet the moon's caress completed the charm of that long-to-be-remembered return. We reached the station at nine o'clock, and, tired though content, found ourselves quite ready to sink into the arms of Morpheus.

We had now visited all the mission stations of our two prefectures, Niigata and Nagoya. Everywhere we had found intense zeal and untiring efforts being expended, though the results of the missionaries' labors had often appeared disheartening, even to the extreme point. I have already pointed out many of these discouragements; but the matter is so extraordinary and overwhelming that I cannot help again calling the attention to it, even at the risk of repetition. To begin with, let me refer to Msgr. Reiners' annual report of 1925. He shows that 4866 sermons and catechetical instructions harvested only forty adult baptisms. Truly the task is laborious, espe-

cially in places where the missioner has no catechist to assist him. During the year mentioned above, the prefectures of Niigata and Nagoya combined were able to boast of but six catechists. The work, of course, is comparatively easier and more successful where, with the stations, there are schools and hospitals, as in Akita and Kanazawa. Christianity is more than mere theory, and it is eminently necessary to *present the practical application* of its truths. Therefore the Society of the Divine Word is striving to establish at each station some institution, be it ever so small — a dispensary, or nursery, or kindergarten, or, as in some cases, all three in one.

The school for girls under the direction of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost, showed a remarkable increase, being filled to capacity. The Daughters of the Sacred Heart (Aishikwai) reported that their first five novices were invested in June. The new hospital conducted by these native Sisters was flourishing splendidly, every available room being filled. This congregation, still in its infancy, also, conducts two nurseries and issues two publications — one for mothers and one for children.

In the Nagoya mission particularly, the whole section throbs with industry and commercial activities; but there are altogether too few missionaries in this really vast, and as yet little worked, territory. What are five missionaries for five million immortal souls! The station at Atsuta, a section of the city of Nagoya, opened a year before in a rented house, is developing satisfactorily. The parish, I have learned, numbered fifty souls on August 1, 1926. By November, this number had incresed to one hundred. One hundred Christians! Yet these one hundred people overcrowded the two small rooms used as chapels. Imagine, if you can, a missionary do-

ing effective parish work in such close quarters that he finds scarcely sufficient room in which to hear confessions. Moreover, financial troubles bristle on every side.

The report from August 1, 1925, to July 31, 1926, shows that in the apostolic prefecture of Nagoya (which comprehends the civil districts of Aichi-ken, Gifu-ken, Fukui-ken, Ishikawa-ken, and Toyama-ken) there is a population of 5,549,833 pagans, 301 Christians, and 11 catechumens. Including the prefect apostolic, there are seven Fathers, S.V.D., there are also eleven Sisters, S.Sp.S., and three catechists (two men and one woman). There are five stations with resident missionaries, one catechist school (in common with that of Niigata), and one hospital. During these twelve months the hospital has cared for 424 inside patients and 1,812 outside patients, with 8,953 days of treatment and 12,983 consultations. Regarding missionary ministrations, there have been 82 baptisms, 2,381 confessions, 10,626 communions, 3, marriages, and 6 deaths.

The apostolic prefecture of Niigata, which comprehends the civil districts of Niigata, Yamagata-ken, and Akita-ken, has a population of 3,813,000 pagans, 529 Catholics, and 63 catechumens. In this prefecture the zealous workers number twelve Fathers, S.V.D., eleven Sisters, S.Sp.S., one Japanese postulant, one Japanese aspirant, and five Daughters of the Sacred Heart (Aishikwai) with nineteen postulants and twenty-six aspirants. Besides the members of religious Orders, there are three catechists. Here there are five stations with resident missionaries, one catechist school with four students, one girls' high school (with 520 students, 137 of whom were boarders), one orphanage (with a registration of 27), one hospital with the following record: hospital patients, 69; days of treatment, 1,957; outside patients, 1,651;

consultations, 9,630. The missionary ministrations number 140 baptisms, 6,438 confessions, 34,599 communions, 3 marriages, and 3 deaths.

On my desk, as I write, there lies a recently received letter from Msgr. Reiners, containing the information just given — to wit, that the Nagoya prefecture has lately been raised to the dignity of an independent district. Erected by the Holy See in the year 1922, it had, until a few months ago, been governed from the older mission district of Niigata. Since June 26, 1926, it has had its own mission superior. Msgr. Reiners, S.V.D., formerly prefect apostolic of Niigata and acting superior of Nagoya, has now become prefect apostolic of Nagoya, while Msgr. Anton Ceska, S.V.D., is the present prefect apostolic of Niigata.

As for the Nagoya mission, it is no exaggeration to say that it is the most difficult of all the difficult mission fields (and all *are* difficult) of Japan. It is the stronghold of Buddhism, as has been shown, being the very center of its most prominent sects. It is said that, of all Japanese cities, the city of Nagoya possesses the greatest number of temples, not even excepting the 'temple-city' of Kyoto. Shintoism, likewise, is strong in influence, for Nagoya is the city of *Atsuta-Jingu*, second in rank among the Shinto shrines of the country, wherein is kept the famous 'Sacred Sword' that annually attracts hundreds and thousands of pilgrims. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that hundreds of thousands of visitors come, for the multitudes that assemble on great Buddhist or Shintoist feast-days are said to far outstrip any crowds that ever gather for religious celebrations anywhere in Europe or America.

But I want to penetrate a little deeper into the really appalling state of affairs with which the Fathers in Nagoya find themselves confronted. Again and again I have stated

that the district is the stronghold of Buddhism; and I have mentioned the number of Buddhist temples there — 12,756, or an equivalent of one for every 435 inhabitants. But this is not enough; for the Buddhist bonzes maintain, besides, upwards of 750 halls for propagandist purposes, altogether (as has been shown in a previous chapter) there are 8,539 temple ministers to care for the affairs of these local sacred places. However, all this is going over old ground. I want here to show something of the stupendousness of the Buddhist economic forces in Nagoya, Aichiken, and near by. They receive a support that is beyond all ordinary conjecture, both in money offerings and from returns from their vast land holdings. But to add to this, the newly proposed Religious Laws of the Government will, if they go into effect, restore to the Buddhist sects all the properties confiscated during the restoration of Shintoism as the State religion, in 1868. Of all such confiscated estates throughout Japan, 60% are to be found within the boundaries of Nagoya-Aichiken. Much of the land holdings are in rice fields. These the bonzes rent out to the people, and many rice growers depend entirely upon such rentals or leases for their livelihood. Thus some idea can be gained of the immense financial ascendancy of the Buddhist bonzes, not to speak of the moral control.

The number of Buddhist monks (priests, temple ministers, and what not) has been given. This suggests an extensive influence among the people. The control of vast land holdings suggests another. Through an intricate system of inter-marriage comes another: and all these put together present a formidable barrier against Christianity, the strength of which can be but scarcely realized by any except those who are in an intimate position to know. Besides all this, the Buddhist bonzes conduct,

in the city of Nagoya alone, three Boys' High Schools (in one of which there is a daily attendance of 1,300) and two Girl's High Schools: what of the influence exercised through these vast educational departments?

And over and above all else, the religious zeal of the Buddhist population of Nagoya-Aichiken is proverbial over the country. This zeal is obvious to any one, for it is a thing to be observed in the many and frequent pilgrimages undertaken, the numerous feasts and festivals, the continuous streams of visitors to the temples, and the many generous money offerings and other gifts continually being deposited in the coffers of the central shrines and elsewhere.

The immense population — 820,000 people in Nagoya city alone, increasing hourly toward the million mark, and ten other cities in the district, each of which has a population exceeding 30,000 inhabitants — also calls for a momentary consideration, that is, with special reference to the missions. Think of it; there is but one residential mission in the entire city of Nagoya (with a struggling, rented, mission house in one other section)! And besides these, there's a mission center in Kanazawa, one in Toyama, and a rented mission house in Gifu — and that is all! Just for one moment turn back, and look again at the number of Buddhist temples in the same extent of territory and in the midst of the same population!

And as to institutions, we have in Kanazawa a hospital — nothing else; everything else *yet to come.*

Now with all this, not a word has yet been said about the Protestants. Their mission centers are scattered all over the cities, and are all well located and easily accessible. If a Japanese decides that he wants to find out something about the Christian religion, he goes to one of these

Protestant mission houses to gain his information. The light of the Catholic priest is, decidedly, hidden under a bushel: he dwells in obscurity and poverty, is without books or means, and is generally considered to be a nonentity. The American and English Protestant missionaries all teach English in the public schools, and thus gain an immediate entrée into desirable Japanese society.

According to the statistics of 1922 (when I was over there), there were also 111 Protestant churches and halls of propaganda (there are far more now), attended to by 68 male and female missionaries and at least 300 *Japanese* preachers, catechists, and various other helpers. Against this number stands the great Catholic Church with only seven priests, eleven Sisters, and four catechists! The Catholic mission has two small church buildings (chapels, or rather, two adjoining rooms thrown together to make a chapel), and four prayer-halls (just rooms); and only two of the five mission stations are completely furnished (one other is partly furnished, and two are being carried on in rented houses).

Finally, the country places in the interior of Nagoya mission are, so far, left entirely untouched. Father Willmes has written to assure me that there should be, NOW, at least ten well-equipped Catholic mission centers in the city of Nagoya alone. When shall we ever get to meet the souls of the country folk?

Therefore, I simply ask my reader to stop for a moment and think of the kind of situation with which our handful of poverty-stricken priests over there are faced. Oh, work and hardship on the missions are nothing to being compelled to face such a state of affairs and being forced to *wait*, WAIT, year after year, hoping, yearning, praying, for better opportunities to go on with God's Cause!

Is it not time that we (I am here counting myself as one of the great body Catholic of Mother Church) set to, and expended all our energies on these fields for a time? The more we are forced to hesitate, the more we force the missionaries to hesitate; and it is just this hesitation that is losing the battle for us, while others are forging ahead. The Nagoya prefecture is a mission field certainly ranking high among those of the very first importance in the whole of the Orient. Should not the means be forthcoming to see it adequately manned and adequately representing our holy Faith, throughout its borders?

A Mission Station in Charge of Franciscan Fathers in the Sapporo Diocese

Young Catholic Japanese Baseball Champions of the Order "Virtus"

CHAPTER XVIII

A Trip Up North

Official visits over — Attractive Odate — A railway journey and a long discussion — Incongruities of mission life — The Japanese Educational System, and its particular menace to Christianity — Arrival at Aomori — Crossing the Straits of Tsugaru to Hokkaido — A sleepless all-night train ride — Sapporo at last — The City and its missions.

As I have intimated, the visitation tour, so far as our own missions were concerned, was now at an end; but I felt it extremely desirable that I should take advantage of every moment left to me before the scheduled time for our return to the home country to visit other parts of Japan wherein were carried on other missionary labors for Christ and His Holy Church.

On Tuesday, April 3, we said our Masses one after another, in the house-chapel in Kosaka — a sorry little Bethlehem on the second floor. It seemed pitiful that the King of kings should be called from heaven to such a poverty-stricken place on earth. But it was the best there was to offer, and He surely understood that it was so.

After we had eaten our breakfast, Father General and I left for Odate, with Father Puhl in our company. We hired rickshaws, and after an hour's ride in these man-sized baby carriages, arrived at our destination.

Odate is a very pretty town, with a population of a trifle less than 10,000. It lies on an extensive terrace, with two rivers flowing through, — the Noshiro flowing north,

and the Odate flowing south, — to contribute their brightness and scenic beauties.

Taking a stroll through the active little city, we inspected several public schools, and a pagan hospital in which Father Puhl had rendered splendid service during war times.

Early in the afternoon, being joined by Msgr. Reiners who by previous appointment was to accompany us to the northern railway terminus on Nippon Island (named Aomori), we departed from Odate. Our aim was to have at least a look at the city of Sapporo (Hokkaido Island), to call upon the Franciscan missionaries there, and to visit a famous Trappist monastery at Tobetsu.

As the train carried us past the little town and away through the beautiful country, we gradually fell into a trend of conversation touching subjects that lay nearest our hearts. I was so enthusiastically *full* of Japan, its customs, its activities, and its missionary prospects, that I could not help grievously lamenting the poverty of our churches and chapels, remarking particularly upon the woeful condition of affairs at Niigata, then the main station of our missionary activities in Japan.

The city at the time housed a very considerable proportion of the Christians of the Niigata prefecture; and yet the mission building there was so poor and insignificant that the chapel was unequal to the accommodation of the parishioners without the removal of the paper walls which separated it from the miserable "rectory." Whereas, in strolling through the town when I visited there, I had found every evidence of efficiency, comfort, and prosperity in the government buildings, in the medical school, hospital, day-schools, and in the beautiful residence of rich merchants scattered all over the city. The temples, as well, were exceedingly well kept, and even the meeting-

houses of the Protestants were by no means unsightly in the midst of other 'native' structures. The Catholic mission alone appeared, — well, I shall not attempt further to describe *how* it appeared.

Distressing indeed it is to see irreligion and superstition amply provided with the best of facilities, while institutions of the true Faith stand, insignificant in appearance and destitute of even the most necessary things to give it meaning and use! But, after all, Niigata mission was but one among many.

We talked of such things, trying to *find a way out*. As for the wants of the missionaries themselves, I said nothing. I knew that no servant is greater than his master, and when so miserable a home was the best to be offered to the King of kings upon His coming, I knew that these men should be, and were, glad to sacrifice their own comfort, if in so doing His kingdom could be spread.

Then our talk drifted on to the whole subject of education in Japan; and Msgr. Reiners, being fully conversant with the question from every side, gave us much interesting information.

Japan's educational system is elaborate and comprehensive, and extends to the farthest hamlets of the empire; yet it is of comparatively recent date. Before the Restoration light poetry and the Chinese classics were the principal things of intellectual value to a man of letters. Science, as such, was unknown. In 1871 the Department of Education was established; in 1872 the Code of Education was promulgated; and in 1873 the first Ordinary Elementary Schools were opened, according to the provisions of the Code. Then followed the Higher Elementary Schools, the Middle Schools, and the Imperial Universities.

The Department of Education governs, more or less, all the schools of the country, private as well as public, official inspectors being sent to visit, examine, and report all things relating to these places of learning. There is a Minister of Education, who is assisted by a Superior Council of Education: this latter is an advisory body which meets once a year to answer questions submitted by the minister.

In every *ken* (civil prefecture) the government has complete charge of the schools, subject to the regulations of the Department of Education and limited by the funds provided by the local assemblies.

The Ordinary Elementary Schools, which *require* attendance, are practically free schools, the means for their upkeep coming mostly from taxation. In the Higher Elementary Schools very small fees (of a few sen a month) are usually collected, — generally about six sen per month. In the Middle Schools a trifle more is charged; and in the High Schools there is a slightly larger fee. As the small amounts thus received are found quite inadequate for the expenses of the schools, the deficit is made good out of public funds. Here we have uncovered the tremendous handicap with which the private schools must contend. With nothing to back them, they are obliged to take the chance, either of antagonizing the teaching groups by offering smaller salaries than may be obtained elsewhere, or of frightening away the pupils by charging them higher tuition rates than the public schools call for.

The average school buildings are very much inferior to those of the West. Yet they are large and well ventilated, and really quite spacious when compared with ordinary Japanese dwellings.

A peculiar feature of the general school system is that the teaching staff numbers about two thirds male and one

third female, even in the girls' schools. But there are several causes for this, to us, rather strange phase of student life. As a rule, educational provisions for women have been, in the past, rather inferior, but this can no longer be said to be true. Yet the women are still more or less subject to early marriages, and this lessens their opportunities for advanced educational pursuits. Moreover, their opportunities for social intercourse may hardly be as extensive as those of the men.

The salaries of the teachers vary with the grades. Those for 'Ordinary Elementary' teachers were made uniform in the year 1922—23, and were, for men, 70.56 yen a month, and for women, 49.55 yen. This shows a great advance in recent years, for in 1916 the average salary for teachers of the same grade was 22.22 yen. Of course, the compensation increases through the grades, until that of the 'University' teachers is reached. The teachers also enjoy the privilege of an 'Official Bank,' which has its great advantages in a bureaucratic country like Japan. They are also entitled to receive a pension after fifteen years of service, but this salary is decidedly insufficient. Therefore, despite these inducements, a scarcity of competent teachers is felt all over the land. Nevertheless, the grand total of the dispensers of knowledge is by no means insignificant.

A thing remarkable to note is the rapid increase of percentage of attendance in the Elementary Schools; and another is the new interest taken in the female education. Indeed the empire is today covered with educational institutions of all kinds. They are well equipped, flourishing, and overflowing with pupils. This is all the more a matter of wonder when one considers the few resources the country possessed to produce so stupendous a work in a little over half a century.

The school discipline is not at all severe. In some classrooms the old Chinese habit of studying aloud prevails, but this is rarely the case. In the event of bad conduct there is used, first, moral suasion, then detention after school hours, complaints to parents, suspension, and finally, expulsion. Corporal punishment is strictly forbidden.

The school year, which begins on April 1 and ends on March 31 of the following year, is divided, by the usual winter, spring, and summer vacations, into three terms.

The State claims the monopoly of the Ordinary Elementary Schools. Private elementary schools cannot be established without a special permit, and such a permit is given with the proviso that it may at any time be withdrawn. In all these places of learning, only such textbooks as have been sanctioned by the Educational Department may be used.

In the beginning the Ordinary Elementary course covered four years, starting at the age of six; and the Higher Elementary studies also required four years. In 1907, however, a change was made, which extended the Ordinary Elementary course to six years and reduced the Higher Elementary to two years.

The curriculum for the Ordinary Elementary School includes reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, morals, gymnastics, drawing, handiwork, geography, history, object lessons, sewing, singing. In the Higher Elementary are taught morals, the Japanese language, arithmetic, history, geography, science, drawing, singing, sewing, manual work, gymnastics, agriculture (optional), commerce (optional), and English. The Middle Schools teach morals, Japanese and Chinese, English, history and geography, mathematics, natural science, physcis and chem-

istry, civil government, political economy, drawing, singing, military drill, and gymnastics.

Girls are not admitted to the Middle Schools. It was first intended that their education should end with the Higher Elementary course, but it was soon found necessary to give them also a better education than that of the lower grades only. This called for the establishment of a Higher Girls' School, similar in its advantages to that of the Middle Schools, but with such changes of equipment and curriculum as were deemed suitable to the sex. This school prevails everywhere, with a four- or five-years' course in Japanese literature, English, history, geography, mathematics, natural history, drawing, sewing, music, gymnastics, household management, and manual training (optional).

The Protestant sects have scattered their schools throughout the country. They are well able to build and equip these institutions, for they have ample means which flows constantly to them from the generosity of home-center groups, particularly such groups in the United States and England. Though their elementary schools seem doomed on account of the competition of the State free classes, yet they have many high schools, and their kindergartens flourish from year to year.

The *Doshisha* (Congregationalist) has recently attained to university rank. The *Aoyoma* (Methodist) has similar plans. The *Rikkyo Gakuin* (Episcopal) has already opened a college department. The Disciples of Christ (denomination) have, with the hope of co-operating with the Baptists, plans for the founding of a large university.

These Protestant schools have exerted a wide influence throughout the empire, — an influence which has been at one and the same time both helpful and detrimental.

They have literally flooded the land with literature full of prejudice against the Catholic Church, and have always portrayed that Church as the inexorable enemy of progress. To quote an instance: Peter Parley's (Samuel Griswold Goodrich's) Universal History — which might better be called *Slander* — could be found until quite recently in every book-shop selling foreign publications. On the other hand, though the teaching in Protestant schools is erroneous and inadequate, it is certainly superior to the State-school teaching. The pupil is taught of God and of many elevating truths. His ideas are refined, and his ideals are raised; his scope of thought broadened, and his will-power is strengthened. And this will-power and groping after higher things in life, if directed in the right way, proves to be of immense service to the individual.

But the Japanese Educational System has been an almost insuperable obstacle to all efforts to promote an effectual Christian education in the country, for the following reasons.

It has been stated that the State claims a monopoly of the Elementary Schools — that is to say, attendance at these schools is required. But the Normal Schools also form a State monopoly. Thus the State claims the children during their six most impressionable years, and it also claims those who are to be the educational leaders, for almost as long again. During this time the minds are formed and *set*, as it were, and during this time the teaching that Christianity is opposed to *science* and to *Japanese patriotism* is frequently inculcated. As to being against patriotism, the State teaching aims to show that Christianity speaks of a deity higher than the deity of the Emperor, who is the only *living* god of Japan, the channel of all truth, of all justice, of all right, and of all duty.

However, the system has overreached itself in so holding off Christianity; for the modern education it has advanced is agnostic and even atheistic, and has all but swept away the ancient barriers of morality which were formerly largely effectual. Thus the prisons have been filled as never before; nay, larger and more numerous places of incarceration have had to be built all over the country. Of course, such effects are common to all countries where modern education is introduced without the checks and interpretations which the Christian religion is alone competent to provide: but Japan hoped to make an exception to the rule, and — slipped up! Now the whole cultural state of the people is chaotic in the extreme. Nobody knows where truth is to be found, and the nation is the victim of every philosophic and socialistic error of the times, even having its advocates of anarchism, political misrule, and what not. But the medicine is working. Government heads are beginning to realize that modern Western culture is but a cauldron of seething danger, unless provided with the checks and adjustments which an adequate religion affords; and so, many are turning to the Catholic Faith as being alone capable of stemming the fast-flowing tide *downward*, toward political and racial disintegration. Yet pride hinders the great in the land from acknowledging their mistake; moreover, the terrible thunders of the Decalogue hinder them, again, from subscribing to any Western system of ethics based on the Old and New Testaments. Many, if only allowed to keep their concubines or their ill-gotten gains, would be very likely to embrace Catholic Christianity with avidity.

But in spite of the barrier which the Japanese Educational System has built up against Christianity, the

educational *authorities* have seemed, of late, to be disposed to take a more liberal view of their calling. As presenting an instance of this new tolerance, a certain professor of the Tokyo Imperial University, who for many years had been a most outspoken adversary of Christianity, is reported to have said, at a large meeting of the directors of the Provincial Middle Schools held in Tokyo, that "Christianity in this country was formerly in disagreement with the State; but such is no longer the case." According to these words one might be led to think that Christianity had undergone a change for the better. When applied to Catholicity, however, there is room for objection to be made to such an assertion. We should prefer to think that the favorable change had taken place in the doctor himself; for it is a fact that this great adversary has sent his own son to the Catholic Morning Star School, and here the youth is at present pursuing his studies.

We had become so engrossed in our talk together that we were astonished when we at last paused to note the hour and found it to be far past three o'clock, and discovered at the same time that the train had arrived at its destination — Aomori. This city is the capital of the civil prefecture of the same name, as well as the principal city of the province of Mutsu. It possesses the most important harbor in the extreme north of Nippon. In prosperity and in general trading facilities it is unequaled in northeastern Japan, though the conflagrations which have from time to time destroyed its buildings have somewhat retarded its development.

We were in the city but an hour before boarding a steamer named *Tsaruma Maru,* which was bound for Hakodate city and harbor, on the island of Hokkaido. This trip makes a little cruise of a hundred miles or more

through Aomori Bay and the Straits of Tsugaru. These straits form a deep channel which separates the great island of Nippon from Hokkaido, and also forms a ribbon of connection between the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Japan.

The channel, too, forms a peculiar barrier to the distribution of flora and fauna. The *Ezo-matsu* and *Todo-matsu* (species of the pine tree), which flourish in Hokkaido, are not found on Nippon; and in the same manner, the *red* pine, so prevalent everywhere else in Japan, cannot cross the watery barrier into Hokkaido. Likewise the grizzly bear, found in Hokkaido, is not known to exist anywhere on Nippon. The technical line which thus bounds and separates the flora and fauna is termed the Blackstone Line (named after a famous naturalist).

The Tsugaru Straits provide channels for two distinct ocean currents or streams, one a warm stream and the other a cold, and one flowing from east to west and the other from west to east. Our boat, encountering these opposite currents of water, found itself in a sea nine fathoms (54 feet) deep before it had got two and a half chains (165 feet) from shore. While we were tossed back and forth under the sway of opposing forces beneath us, I could not help meditating briefly upon the significance of a possible watery grave in such disturbed elements.

As is the usual state of affairs on board boats in Japan, we found neither benches nor chairs upon which to sit: so, imitating the rest of the passengers, we took off our shoes and sat on our heels. This posture, however, we found very uncomfortable to *Western heels* and *Western muscles* after a very short while. Finally, noticing some persons lying down, in the second-class compartment, we tried this expedient; and though the floor was hard, we noticed that in this position the shaking

and straining of the boat was far less than when standing or squatting.

When at a quarter past nine o'clock in the evening we found ourselves safely landed at Hakodate, we were greatly relieved. Here we immediately boarded a fast train for Sapporo. But there was no sleeper, and the cars were filled; therefore we had to be grateful for a chance to sit down, and to nod and nap a little. This we were required to do throughout the night, for our train was not scheduled to arrive till 7.33 a.m. Thank God, we got in on time.

At the station we were met by the superior of the Sapporo prefecture apostolic, Msgr. Kinold, O.F.M. The first thing he did after greeting us was to engage *kurumas* (a *kuruma* may be a Japanese vehicle of any kind: in this case our kurumas were jinrikishas) and speed us away to the mission station, a twenty-minutes' ride from the railway terminal.

Once arrived at the mission, we said Mass, Father General saying his in the private house-chapel of Msgr. Kinold, while Msgr. Reiners and I said ours in the proto-cathedral, a new frame church edifice which had cost the modest sum of 4000 yen ($2,000) to build.

Our first call, after Mass and breakfast, was to the provincial house of the Franciscan Fathers (which is, at one and the same time, also the seminary), situated at a distance from the proto-cathedral requiring about twenty minutes of walking.

Our hearts rejoiced to find here eight hopeful, zealous, young Japanese, preparing for the priesthood. Father Wolfgang, the regent, had great faith in the future good to be accomplished through these promising candidates.

Next we called on the Franciscan Sisters of St. George. They are called, simply, the Black Sisters, to distinguish

them from the White Franciscan Sisters of Mary who are also in the city, in care of the hospital. Six of these Black Sisters we found very busy studying Japanese. This difficult language requires from three to six years to master completely, so as to be able to teach it. These nuns had as yet no school of their own, but were hoping to have one soon. At the time of this writing, a report has reached me that this school is now not only a reality but is also in a most flourishing condition.

Our third visit was to the Guardian Angel Mission Station, where Father Timothy, O.F.M., was pastor. We found the church here a real model. It cost about 10,000 yen at the time of its construction; but if it were to be built at present, it would surely cost three times as much. Father Timothy also held the editorship of a periodical called *"Komyo"* (Light), which was circulated influentially, especially in the near countryside. Sad to relate, Father Timothy, since our visit, met his death from a stroke of lightning.

We found the city of Sapporo very attractively laid out, with broad, intersecting streets. There is one thoroughfare, one hundred and thirty yards wide, that completely halves the town into northern and southern sections; and there is another broad street, crossing the former at right angles, which divides the city into eastern and western sections. All along the sides of these roadways acacias and other beautiful trees grow.

The *Toyohira-gawa* flows through the eastern part of the city, and the Moiwa mountain range towers over the south and west; while from the foot of the mountains a plain stretches eastward and northward, far away, until it melts into the waters of the sea.

There are many fine buildings — business houses, colleges, schools, temples, and museums. Nakajima Park.

which nestles close to the river-bank, is beautifully laid out and landscaped, with artificial mounds and a pond. Old pine trees grow on a tiny isle within the pond, and there are rest-houses on its shores. As the months fly by, they bring here their regular procession of lovely flowers. All these things contribute to make the park a very attractive place of recreation and rest.

After our visits and our sight-seeing, we returned to the mission station and enjoyed the very congenial companionship which was to be found there. Msgr. Kinold is a most amiable man, is quiet and kind, and possessed with the wide and extensive experience of the *seasoned* missionary. From his conversation we gathered a great deal of information suitable to apply to various problems confronting us in our own apostolic districts.

The next morning I said the community Mass in the White Sisters' chapel in the hospital. Here there were fifteen Franciscan Sisters of Mary consoling and caring for the sick. After Mass I inspected the institution, together with Msgr. Kinold and Father General. The entire hospital compound comprises a fine group of buildings, including a convent, an extra house, a chapel, hospital, and other structures. The whole seemed quite complete in every way, and impressed one with its atmosphere of serene cheerfulness. Msgr. Kinold provided everything for the Sisters (that is, the whole institutional outlay), and when all was arranged and in readiness, turned it over entirely to their charge. He was expecting to follow the same policy with the Black Sisters, having in contemplation the building and equipping of a school to be given over solely to their management: thus their building and working problems were to be solved for them.

During our stay at Sapporo we had the pleasure of meeting six Fathers and two Brothers, O.F.M., all of

whom we found to be most worthy men. There seemed to be a real spirit of charity among them — a spirit that manifested itself in innumerable ways; and there was system and unity of action in all that they did. As a mission field, the territory itself appeared to me to be much better than ours.

CHAPTER XIX

Silence and Prayer

Bishop Berlioz and the work in Hakodate — The Monastery of Notre Dame du Phare *— What good do Trappists do for Japan? — Conversion of the Ainos — The Trappists' daily rule — The Trappists as butter-makers — Return to Akita.*

At nine o'clock we left again, for Hakodate. After a two-days' stay with the Franciscans at Sapporo, we wished to spend the same length of time with the Trappists at Tobetsu, of whose splendid work in Japan we had heard much.

We traveled all night on the train, without a sleeper, napping fitfully, and awake a great part of the time, until, at 6.25 in the morning, we arrived at Hakodate. From the station we went at once to the cathedral residence of the Paris Mission Seminary, where we had the pleasure of meeting two of the Fathers. While Msgr. Reiners was saying his Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of St. Paul of Chartres, Father General and I said ours in the cathedral, or, to be exact, in the cathedral sacristy, which had been changed into a temporary chapel while the cathedral (which had burned to the ground for the third time) was being restored.

Bishop Berlioz was in Europe when the last disastrous fire consumed the church so dear to his heart. Upon receiving the sad intelligence, he penned, in answer, the following words: *"Incensum istud a te benedictum ascendat ad te, Domine, et descendat super nos misericordia tua"* ("May this thing burned, blessed by thee, ascend

The Trappist Monastery of Tobetsu, in Hokkaido

Trappist Brothers at Work

before thee, O Lord, and may thy mercy descend upon us"). Bishop Berlioz, by the way, resides for the greater part of his time, in Sendai, this being the new episcopal residence. At the time of our visit he was absent from home, being in the United States, collecting (while there, he visited Techny).

After our Masses, the kind priests served breakfast in the rectory; then, one of them accompanied us to the near-by harbor. From this place a tiny boat carried us to a little steamer which, each day, plies back and forth from Hadokate to the village near which is the Trappist Monastery, as well as to other quaint, small towns along the coast.

Just one hour after starting, we arrived at our destination. The white lighthouse from which the Monastery, *Notre Dame du Phare*, has its name, greeted us from afar with its friendly warning of dangerous reefs along our path through the water. From the landing-place there was a steady climb of about forty minutes before we reached the Monastery itself. About halfway up we had a restful visit in a little, rotunda-like church, where Father Corrigier, a priest of the Foreign Mission Society (formerly of Aomori) was stationed. Again resuming our upward course, we heard the music of a bell. It was ringing during conventual Mass, and flooded the clear air with the sweetness of its melody.

All at once we found ourselves arrived at the Monastery. Msgr. Reiners had previously announced our intended visit, and we were most cordially received. We went at once into the chapel, where we assisted at the last part of the conventual Mass. It was an inspiring sight — the picture of the Trappist Fathers and clerics in pure

white, and the Brothers clad in brown, singing the plain chant.

The average person might feel that the introduction of this silent religious Order into a pagan country for the purpose of evangelization bordered somewhat on the fantastic or absurd. The man who forges his way ahead, he who has plenty of what we Americans call *pep* and *push,* would according to human reason be more assured of success than these quiet members of a religious Order who spend their days in chanting heavenly praises and tilling the fields, far off from the beaten track.

But the person who makes this observation does not give a thought to the unlimited power for good that lies in prayers. That the missions have had any measure of success lies truly in the prayers of the world, and especially in the supplications of the self-sacrificing cloistered communities of monks and nuns. Then, also, there is the great force of example; and this quiet life, going on day after day, has wrought wonders, indeed.

In the beginning of their residence in Japan, the Trappists, in their daily life, their prayers, their occupations, were objects of great interest. The peasants, going to their labor on the mountain, passed and repassed the Monastery, night and morning. Though mysterious, there was no secrecy about anything concerning the monks. At any hour of the day, or even at night, the inmates of the Monastery could be observed. The grounds about their place were not walled; the public road ran beside the building; through the open doors and windows there was a complete view of the interior. And the observers saw that the Trappists were always there, always the same — calm, tranquil, industrious, praying or working, courteous and considerate of every one. So the conclusion was reached that these remarkable men had nothing

to hide or fear, and that their coming to Japan meant peace and good for all. It was not long before the institution was known through the length and breadth of the empire and the monks and Brothers had become objects of veneration and respect to those who came in contact with them. The contemplative life appeals greatly to the Japanese. Their impressionable minds cannot but absorb the beauty of such a life, devoted to elevating thoughts; and to this interest may be attributed many conversions of the educated people in the Orient today.

The plan of bringing the Trappists to Japan did not originate with the Order itself. Strangely enough, it came from a certain Captain Brunet, in 1869. The Captain was official instructor of the troops of the Shogun Tokugawa. This officer, thinking of the future of the Japanese, as well as of their present skill with arms, presented his request for the coming of the Trappists to M. Armbuester, then in charge of the Christian center of Hakodate. Should the Shogun troops prove successful in the war then raging in the empire, Captain Brunet wished to colonize the land, in order to hold it more securely for his chief, the Shogun Tokugawa; and he wished the Trappists brought from China, to act as a faculty on a farm school, the buildings of which should be supplied by the Shogun. The plan was, however, abandoned, as the Shogun was defeated.

It was twenty-five years later when the Trappists were called to the Kingdom of the Rising Sun, to evangelize the Ainos. This, the original race of the empire, had formerly covered the whole land. The Japanese, however, had forced them to the islands of the north, from which they have not ventured nor held any com-

munication since their conquerors had thus isolated them. They worshiped the bear as their divinity.

Bishop Berlioz, from the first years of his episcopacy, exerted every effort to bring about the conversion of this race. He bought the land which the Monastery now occupies, and asked the Trappists to come to Japan and work for the salvation of these pagan souls. Accordingly, in October, 1896, the first group arrived from the Monastery of Our Lady of Consolation in China, and took possession at once.

The Ainos came in great numbers to the Monastery grounds, expecting to follow their usual pastime of fishing and hunting. They were, in consequence, apportioned grounds by the monks, but with all their savage nature, they loathed the white man's implements of labor, and were only with the greatest difficulty persuaded to use them at all. They had a fault of often dropping their work for foolish reasons. If a bear ventured on the premises (and one occasionally does), the Ainos ceased whatever they might be doing, and would not return to their tasks until after the animal had been killed. Of late years these people have quite disappeared from the countryside.

In the beginning the Japanese were suspicious of the Trappists, fearing they might be Russian spies; and the shrewdest of the police in Japan were sent to investigate. But all suspicion was lulled by the blameless, quiet life of the gentle monks, who serenely followed their rule, from day to day.

In appearance the Trappists are very dignified. The heads are shaved, with the exception of a crown of hair, and they wear a long white, woolen garment that covers them from head to foot. Over this garment a wide band of black, with an opening for the head, and with a cowl,

falls front and back as far as the knees. A leather belt, four inches broad, holds the robes about the body.

Among themselves they communicate by signs, without the sound of words. Usually they walk with downcast eyes, looking neither to one side or the other. If they meet any one, they bow profoundly in salutation. This deep bow is accompanied by a kindly glance and a smile, but with unbroken silence. The feeling a person experiences on meeting one of these monks is of the greatest respect mixed with awe, as if he found himself in the presence of a being from another world.

At one o'clock in the morning on Church festivals, and at two o'clock on other mornings, the hand-bell rings through the quiet house. Immediately all rise from their mats, fully dressed, the mats being separated only by light wooden partitions. Five minutes after the sound of the bell, they come forth, robed in white copes, their heads cowled, their arms hanging in the wide woolen sleeves which reach almost to the ground. Seeing them move so quietly and softly through the long corridor, lit only by the glimmering of a lamp, one might think they were spirit shadows.

Arrived in the church, they have the Office of the Blessed Virgin, Canonical Office, Angelus, and private Masses. At half-past five o'clock there is Prime, Capitulum, then manual labor for all, including the Fathers. From a quarter past nine to a quarter before eleven follow Tierce, conventual High Mass, Sext, and examination of conscience. At eleven o'clock dinner is served; and after the meal there is prayer, then siesta. At five minutes after one o'clock there is None; from two to half-past four, work; at five, Vespers and other prayers; at six, supper, at ten minutes after seven, spiritual reading, Com-

pline, Salve Regina, examination of conscience. Eight o'clock brings bedtime.

When the hour for work arrives, these men group themselves about their chief (whose only distinction is a wooden cross hanging from his neck), to receive their orders for the day. When he has assigned the various tasks, all bow respectfully, without spoken word, and meditative and silent, their robes gathered about them, go forth to their labor: one, to cut grass; one, to plow the field; one, to cultivate land already cleared; some, to sew or to wash clothes; some, to milk the cows, to feed the stock, to tend the poultry. For they are required, as much as possible, to make their own labor supply their needs.

They do the hardest, most laborious work with an air of distinction and refinement as surprising as their manner of praying in the church. Their minds are always occupied with higher thoughts, while the labor of their hands is conscientiously and well done. People watching these monks doing menial work while yet seeming so different from ordinary farmers, ask themselves: "What manner of men are they? Who are they? They themselves would never tell; but others, who *know*, might reply. Formerly they were men from every station in life — scientists, writers, peasants, army officers, mechanics, well-known professors: all these things they were in the world. Now, by voluntary choice, they are all the *same*. They have freely surrendered to a common rule, and live together in brotherhood and equality, love for one another and forgetfulness of self being their only distinction. Silence covers the rest.

Their food is bread, vegetables, fruit, and milk products. Fish is permitted only by exception; eggs and meat, never, save in cases of severe illness. They labor six hours, and pray a little more than six hours, daily,

the remainder of the time being devoted to domestic affairs or to reading. In the winter months study occupies a great part of their time. They have seven hours of sleep, an abundant meal at midday, and a light collation at night.

Today the Monastery of Notre Dame du Phare is known everywhere in the empire. Its guest house has numbered among those who have enjoyed its hospitality men whose names loom big in the social, the educational, the political, or the scientific world. Its grounds are filled on every holiday with seekers after truth; and though all who come are not converted, grace finds an occasional home in a groping soul; and many who have left paganism to follow the gentle Christ owe their first thought of the Faith to a visit in Tobetsu. Besides, the pleasant moments spent among the "men who never talk" gradually melt the ice of prejudice which keeps many away from the beauty of Christian Catholicity.

The Japanese journals and reviews, in telling of the Trappists, always speak in an idealistic manner of the silent monks, throwing the glamour of romance and mystery over the long building, the quiet fields, the lone mountain, and the men who keep perpetual silence.

The picture is very attractive to the Oriental mind, and many applications have been received for admission to the Order. While some of these applicants have been attracted by the quiet, serene life, they have not realized that, to enter the peaceful haven, they must lay aside their own religion. Others have a real desire to become Trappists, and from these the lay Brothers are chosen.

At the time of our visit there were forty-five Brothers, all of whom were Japanese with the exception of one, Brother Jean Baptist, who was a Hollander and was manager of the famous Trappist dairy. Altogether there

were eight priests in the monastery, all of whom were French. Father Hyacinth, the guest Father, took good care of us; and Father Gerard, the prior, was also very kind.

The Trappists have a property of nearly a thousand acres, all of which was acquired by Bishop Berlioz for the settlement. Most of it is unproductive, only about fifty acres, so far, having been cultivated. A great mountain is included within the acreage.

The place is noted for its splendid dairy products: and the Trappists are known all over the land for their excellent butter, which is sold to the best hotels. (The Trappistines, a community of about sixty nuns, in their convent of Our Lady of the Angels at Yunokawa in the Hakodate diocese, are also famed for their delicious cheese.) We found thirty-eight cows in the stable of the monastery. But the Trappists, on account of a certain amount of agitation stirred up against them, have been obliged to cease actively carrying on their butter business. All is now turned over to a Japanese corporation in which the Trappists are important stockholders. The business has greatly grown; milk is brought in from farms all over this portion of the country; and many of the largest and best hotels and supply houses receive their products from this butter company which is the outgrowth of the Trappists' enterprise.

About one hundred Catholic Japanese have settled near the monastery, and are helping to cultivate the ground. It is very hard work. Few, perhaps, realize that the monks have a difficult task to support themselves, despite their "great property" and their "business" associations. For the present, they are holding their heads above water by means of American stipends. Every year about three thousand visitors come here; but most

of them abuse the hospitality of the good monks. That is another drawback, financially.

We were shown around the monastery buildings, and were most favorably impressed by everything we saw. The chapter room, especially, appeared to us as a wonder of perfect arrangement and order. The dormitory and the cells were neat, clean, and simple. The discipline was extremely good, and perpetual silence was well kept.

At last we inspected the grounds, the stables, the dairies, etc. All showed marks of painstaking labor, perfect cleanliness, and simplicity. We ourselves were lodged in the guest house during the two days of our stay.

On Saturday Father General got up with the Trappists, at two o'clock in the morning, to recite the Divine Office, while Msgr. Reiners and I slept peacefully until five o'clock. In fact, our Father General, always ascetically inclined, quite lost his heart to these gentle and silent religious. At six o'clock the three of us said our Masses. We intended to leave that day, but on account of a storm our boat did not proceed to the farther villages, and therefore left three hours before schedule: in this way we missed it.

On Sunday morning Msgr. Reiners preached in Japanese to the community, in the chapter room, and to the parishioners in the parish church below. After dinner we left the kind, hospitable Trappists, to return to our settlement in Akita. We were accompanied by Brother Jean Baptist (from whom I had purchased three boxes of butter), and by Father Corrigier. We also enjoyed the companionship of the great Catholic poet of Japan, Paul Michi. Msgr. Reiners and I had had quite a pleasant talk with this gentleman in the morning, and I had

asked him to write a poem for the approaching convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in the United States; and he complied with my request. He also gave me his photograph, and presented me with a short sketch of his life. Mr. Michi is married, but has no children. He lives in a pretty little villa not very far from the parish church.

CHAPTER XX

How to 'Catch Fish' in Japan

A sloppy sea — Engagements in Akita — A retreat and missionary conference — The religious faculty of the Japanese challenged and answered — How to capture the interest, attention, and confidence of the Japanese — How to awaken their desire for 'better things.' Many ways, yet one great way — the school — Is Japan going to become predominantly Protestant or Catholic? — Why the Protestants outstrip us — A call for lay co-operation.

Our little steamer left at exactly two o'clock. But, oh, what a change came in the weather! Scarcely had we moved out into the wider water, when a heavy wind set in from the northeast. The boat was badly loaded, the freight being heavy and not well distributed. Besides, there was the added weight of forty passengers. In the wild tempest our craft lay so far over on one side that we really feared the worst had come.

Having with me the precious relics of the three Jesuit martyrs of Nagasaki, I began begging their protection for the boat and its occupants. The women and children, hiding their terrified faces in their veils and kimonos, were moaning in fear. With the fierce wind, the high sea, and the unsafe vessel, it seemed as though we had looked our last on Japan. But finally we reached the port, safe and happy to step again on dry land.

A little past three o'clock we were in Hakodate; and an hour later we boarded the train which was to take us to Aomori. Tired after our harrowing experience, we lay down on our mats for a little rest.

Before half-past nine o'clock we arrived in Aomori. We were hungry by this time, and sought a restaurant near by. Here we enjoyed a good Japanese supper served in Japanese style. There was just sufficient time to partake leisurely of the meal and to make our Akita train, which left at 10.25.

The train was a fast one, but at best we would have to journey for some five and a half hours; therefore, we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and really succeeded in napping for the greater part of the way.

The next morning, Monday, at 4.05 a. m., we arrived in Akita. It was 4.30 when we reached the mission station, and then we gave the community a surprise. They had just risen, and had not expected us until the next day.

On April 10 Father General and I were invited to the Teramachi Mission Station, where the Mothers' Society had their meeting. These Japanese mothers apparently took a very great interest in everything that was proposed to them for their good. The following day there was a reception in Narayama, for Father General, and from the 12th to the 19th he gave a retreat to all the Fathers.

On the first evening of the retreat, while Father General was delivering his introductory sermon, I gave a talk to the Aishikwai (native sisterhood) in Teramachi, and then had Benediction. All were present at the retreat, excepting Msgr. Reiners. He had to go to Tokyo for a Bishops' conference, to prepare for the synod which was to be held in that city next year. We were pretty well crowded in the otherwise large Japanese house which serves as the mission station. During the retreat I said Mass in Narayama and Teramachi, and gave four con-

ferences to the Sisters in Teramachi and two to those in Narayama. On Sunday I had High Mass in the mission church, Father Puhl and Father Oertle assisting, the other Fathers and the community singing the plain chant. During this Mass two dear children received their First Holy Communion, one of them being the daughter of Judge Yasuda.

April 13 was a cold, wet day — the last big snowfall; whereupon, a flood set in, and — spring: spring for sure, this time. I had been wondering whether I should be privileged, before leaving Japan, to see the lovely cherry blossoms of song and story. On my first fleeting trip through this beautiful country, in November, I had enjoyed the sight of the famous chrysanthemums in all their glory. But now spring was here; spring would bring the cherry blossoms, and I rejoiced at it.

Immediately after the retreat — in fact, the very morning that it ended — the mission conference set in, Msgr. Reiners taking an active part in the discussion. The subjects discussed took quite a long time. They were gone into very thoroughly and carefully. It was evident that there was a great need of delving deeply into pending matters of common interest. At times the talks were quite lively. The religious situation was entered into, as well as the problem of the best manner of propagating the Faith in Japan.

Mission work in the empire is by no means an easy or a pleasant task. The missionary laboring in this territory must be prepared to face the criticism of the whole world, because his efforts are not crowned by a success that can be gauged statistically. The number of conversions annually in Japan is comparatively small. But missionaries have accomplished much during the comparatively short period of the last half-century, under

most trying circumstances. They have labored unceasingly to enlighten the people; and as a result, Christian ideas permeate Japan more than any other pagan country. That the religious problem has reached the acute stage which demands a decisive solution, must be credited to the work, by word and writing, of the missionaries.

It is not true to say that Japan is irreligious. Of course, there are irreligious people in Japan, but they are the exception. Atheistic tendencies, imported from Europe and America, find less foothold in Japan than many suppose. Often the missionary meets people, mostly students or young folks, who snicker or shrug the shoulders when the word "religion" is mentioned. The Japanese considers it highly important to be regarded as "educated," to be spoken of as a man up to the highest mark of the times. Some of these "religiously indifferent" look upon religion as an exploded idea, beneath the dignity of a man who makes pretense to culture and modernism. But the heart, the inner sanctuary, is not equally indifferent and cold in matters pertaining to religion. Actual facts speak for themselves. After impartially observing the great mass of unsophisticated people, for the most part belonging to the artisan, laboring, and agricultural class, the conclusion forces itself upon us that this nation is not only religiously inclined, but that religion is made practical among them. Cities and towns are filled with temples. Wherever one finds a cozy nook, whether it be on the seacoast or in the quiet valley or on the charming mountain top, one is almost sure to find a temple, a monastery, or at least a chapel. Without exception, the temples are well kept, tidy, and clean. And in the temples worshipers are nearly always to be found; and they are not necessarily persons belonging to 'the weaker, more pious sex,' but they are frequently

men, and not seldom students. In many places special halls have had to be built to accommodate the multitudes that come to fulfil vows. The feast-day celebrations at the temples are always well attended. Many who scoff at religion in public, — merchants and doctors and "educated" men, — bend their knees in prayer and offer sacrifice before their private house-altars or in the miniature temples erected in secluded spots in the gardens. Even the upper "ten thousand," at the festival of the commemoration of the dead, invite the pagan priests to the graves of their departed, and unite in prayer and other ceremonies with them. Another proof of the deep religious spirit is the spectacle of the penitential processions, when groups of people may be seen walking through the streets almost naked, even in midwinter. These wait in the courtyard of the temple, to have icy water poured over them after which they resume their devotions immediately after, without drying themselves. But the Kobo-daishi and Kwannon pilgrimages are still more popular.

Furthermore, the governmental system is theocratic. It is the cult of the Emperor, of the tenshi, the son of the heavens, the direct descendant of Amaterasu, the sun goddess, the ancestress of the whole Japanese race; and this devotion to the Emperor unifies and strengthens Japan. It is the foundation of Japan's solidity and the explanation of Japanese unselfish patriotism. The Emperor is the truth, the Mikado, the "holy majesty." The schools are non-sectarian; but the law obliges them to instil reverence and loyalty to the Emperor and his commands into the minds of the pupils. The leading men in Japan emphasize all the more strongly in this century, the reverence due the Emperor, because the modern European ideas, the logical results of an irreligious education, and the spirit of independence and "enlightenment"

have begun to tamper with the fundamental principles of Japan's governmental system.

Truly, Japan is a religious nation. The perusal of the literary activities, papers, periodicals, magazines, and books proves this assertion even more conclusively. The "Japan Mail," published monthly at Yokohama, features in each issue a digest of all religious articles that have appeared in the principal newspapers and the most influential Japanese magazines. Formerly the "Melanges Japonais," published by the Catholic missionaries, contained likewise a highly instructive review of religious issues; but this paper through lack of proper financial backing, was forced to cease publication. A constant reader of such "religious columns" does not doubt the existence of a religious problem in Japan. Religion is discussed by friend and foe. The work of the missionaries, the lively communication with America and Europe, the disappearance of "bushido" (old chivalrous spirit), the strongest support of the Japanese government, the declining morality and other similar forces, have been instrumental in making religion the burning topic of the day. Paganism is still virile and strong in Japan; but, conscious of imminent danger, she has been roused from her lethargy and is fortifying her position. She has mighty supports, because private and public life are moulded according to her standards. But nationalism alone would be a strong inducement to Japanese scholars and statesmen to support the old pagan religion. Numerous Buddhist publications point out the weaknesses of the old religion, and suggest remedies to avert its destruction. Beast, bird, and fish are deposed from shrines by Imperial order. The monasteries have inaugurated reforms. The "abbot" of one of these monasteries, a few years ago, visited France with the express purpose of

A Gathering of the Fathers S.V.D. of the Apostolic Prefecture of Niigata (April 23, 1925)

The Reception at the Vatican of the Japanese Crown Prince (now Emperor) of Japan

studying the Catholic seminary system. On his return he introduced the Sulpician method among his seminarians. Paganism, therefore, has armed itself for the decisive conflict. And it has the advantages of being recognized as national, whereas the Christian religion is looked upon as foreign and anti-national.

How shall we go about the task of winning these souls for our dear Master? How shall we begin? How shall we meet the difficulties? How shall we cope with them? First the mission must be made known in the city and in the country. Second, the prejudices and unfavorable impressions which still abide with the pagans, as a heritage of the days of exile and persecution of the Christians, must be removed. Third, Christianity must be spread, Catholic ideas must be spread among all, and especially among the young folks: Catholic ideals must be made known far and wide.

Different methods may be adopted; many have already been attempted. One method consists in an active contact and association with the individual families of the city. But this requires much skill and no little tact. This plan of action was formerly pursued principally by French missionaries. They gained admission into the very best circles; but as soon as the subject of the Christian religion was touched on, then all progress was blocked. The priest became a burdensome guest. Indeed, after his departure, the pagans would strew salt about the house, as an indication that they feared the Catholic religion and cared to have nothing to do with it. Hence private contact alone cannot accomplish the desired result. However, this method of approach is not to be disregarded entirely; on the contrary, genuine progress without it is almost impossible.

Another method that was once successfully pursued consisted in giving private instructions of every kind. Quite true it is that the mission is thus made known to the people. By this means, too, does the missionary gain access to certain circles from which he would ordinarily be excluded. This method has frequently been attended with some success. But such propaganda costs the missionary much time and energy. If a fee is asked for the instruction given, the attendance is rather poor; if the instructions are given gratis, one may expect students enough, but as soon as the instructor departs from the domain of the profane branches and touches on the subject of religion, the attendance begins to shrink.

A third method is constituted by means of so-called wayside sermons, especially on the occasion of heathen feasts. The Protestants still adopt this method in a large measure. Perhaps it is suited well enough to make the mission and the missionary known among the people; but success from it is very meager. With the Catholic missionaries this means is now considered too antiquated and inefficient.

Then, some missionaries, knowing this to be the age of specialization, consider it best to specialize on religion alone. They argue that if a brick-mason were to explain wonders of astronomy, or a tailor to teach of surgery, very little attention would be paid to him. The specialty of those who would spread Christianity is religion. Let them make an earnest study of the best manner to approach the Japanese regarding this great subject, — a study of the mode of explanation that would make clear the superior points and vital reasons why it is so necessary and salutary to worship God in the religion He gave us, in a Faith that is pure as truth, being truth itself.

Others argue that, though dissemination of knowledge and specialization are good, there are two other things that reach deeper into the Oriental hearts, — kindness and confidence. Kindness that is not fawning adulation, but that which springs from love. At first the Japanese may look on this fellowship with an eye of doubt; but they are a sensible people, and able to see beneath the surface. If we love them as our Savior taught, they must eventually be moved by this attitude of charity. Moreover, a wise confidence is also a heart-attracting magnet. The Japanese are a very self-respecting race, and lack of trust in them engenders a hostile feeling which is almost impossible to overcome. We must trust them as we would one another, and, in return, they will repose a confidence in us that may lead to the saving of many souls.

There are other methods, too, besides those that have been touched upon. They have been used at certain times by individuals. Chief among these is the spread of Catholic reading matter and pamphlets. Protestant Bibles and books are sold in all bookstores. If the Catholics do the same, it is quite reasonable to suppose that one reader or another will find his way into the Faith. But this method entails the outlay of much money, very naturally; for Catholic books in Japan, as elsewhere, are expensive.

Nor may we forget to make mention of the various charitable institutions which accomplish much good and thus win many a soul. The hospitals and infirmaries are especially effective in this particular. However, most converts thus gained are deathbed converts. It is most consoling to win even such souls for eternity; but our business now is to spread the kingdom of God on earth.

Each of these mission methods has its advantages, and all may be well combined in any one station, so contriving to achieve a certain amount of well-merited

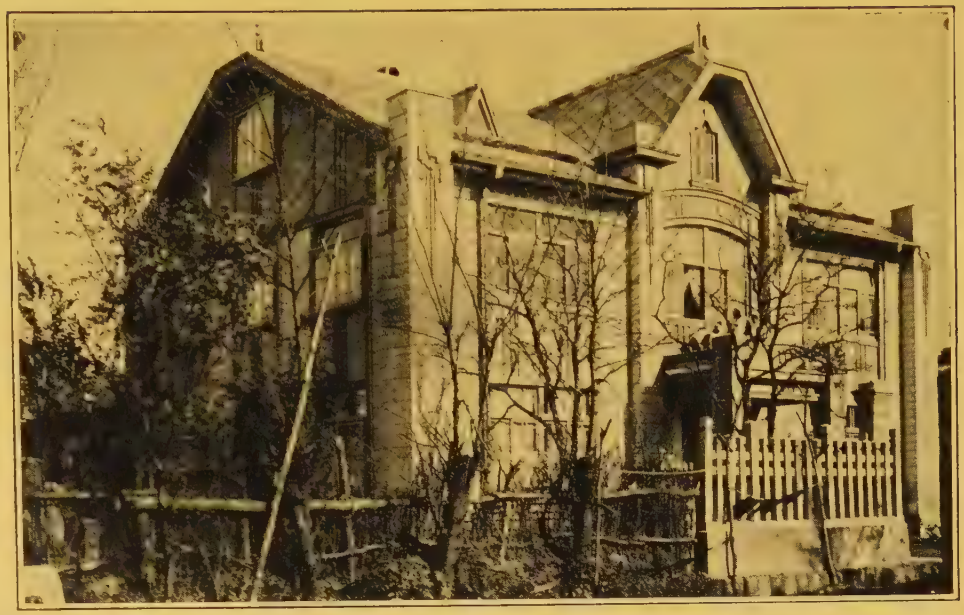
success. But there is one method, actually extant, which embraces the advantages of each and all. Above every other, such a method is represented in the *school*, especially the *boys'* school.

The conversion of the older folks — for example, the parents — is rather a rare occurrence. The entire surroundings, the manifold points of contact, the influence of pagan relatives, the power of the bonzes — all of these things are of such weight as to render conversions to Catholicism next to impossible. It is evident, too, that a religious system like that of Buddhism, which has become part and parcel, so to say, of the nation, cannot easily be eliminated — certainly not in a few years.

It is the missionaries' chief concern to approach the youths of the country, and especially the educated youths, with Catholic principles, and to win them over to Catholic ideals.

The present-day schools of Japan are irreligious. They offer naught to the youth of the land but the dead letter. Certainly such a scheme of education is not fitted to rear noble and magnanimous characters such as the Catholic Church rightly boasts of. For this, religion is absolutely essential. And only the Catholic religion can show genuinely ideal characters, true saints, to the youth of any nation.

Demands such as these are adequately met only by the school. The school — be it elementary, intermediate, high, or commercial — makes the mission known far and wide. Due happily to the school, prejudices against the Catholic Church vanish, so to say, of themselves. And the personal geniality, agreeableness, and friendliness of the priest must play their part. Thus are Catholic principles unconsciously made a part of the instructions; thus will they gradually impregnate the



Front and Side View of the Sacred Heart Hospital in the Teramachi District, Akita: the hospital is in charge of the Seishin Aishikwai.

Before the Entrance of the Sacred Heart Hospital, Akita

souls of the young people. And without offending against the law in any way, opportunities of making an occasional remark, if only in an indirect manner, soon enough and surely enough present themselves; and remarks of this sort may easily give the young student real food for thought. Citizens of the better class prefer sending their children to the American or European places of learning. Behold how these candidates might be gained for our schools!

Hence, — and the conclusion is obvious, — the outstanding and most obvious means of successful propaganda for the Faith in Japan are largely to be found in the carrying on of educational enterprises.

Hence, we MUST build schools.

Certainly the spread of the Faith in Japan, as elsewhere, stands in need — first and above all things — of prayer. The propagation of the Faith depends on the grace of Almighty God. We must pray, *pray,* PRAY for Japan. The Christian religion must place its only hope of victory in the victorious power of truth. By persevering and intensive work, by the living word of the Gospel, by the far-reaching and influential power of the press, the truth, the beauty, and the superiority of the Catholic religion must be brought home to Japan, and the deep prejudice that the Catholic Church is anti-national and an enemy to culture must be wiped out. A gratifying advantage to the missionary is the healthy, truth-seeking spirit of the nation. Paganism will crumble when it shows its incompetence to uphold modern government, to defend authority against the encroaching false notions of independence, to preserve morality and patriotism (the sinews of a nation), and to deal successfully with social problems. Many among the educated classes are beginning to realize more and more

that Christianity, in essence, is far superior to paganism. For some time past there has been noted in certain quarters a more or less conscious effort to create, as it were, a Japanese national religion by effecting a union of the two, by blending Christian ideas with paganism. If Christianity is to emerge as victor, this attempt at a national church must prove itself a failure.

Christian America and Europe and the missionaries must be patient, and must grant Japan leisure; quietly and energetically, and still more intensively than in the past, they must continue their work of instruction. The success in the future will be unexpectedly great. Once the educated classes are convinced of the incompetency of paganism, of the superiority and truth, of the necessity and advantage of Christianity, — once the prejudices are battered down, — the era of prosperity for the Christian religion will begin. When the Japanese *sees the necessity* of something, and when he wants anything, his work is quick and thorough. Viewed from this perspective, the labor of the Catholic missionary appears more encouraging.

Which Christian church will Japan accept? Will Japan become Catholic or Protestant? That depends largely upon the intensity of the work and on the native support. Till now, Protestantism has had all the odds. Protestantism, especially American Protestantism, has long ago grasped the importance of mission work in Japan. Understanding thoroughly the situation, they centered their labor, not on making individual converts so much as on influencing public opinion, on spreading Christian ideas by distributing Bibles and religious tracts, using the press, building schools, orphanages, and charitable institutions, and above all, by itinerant evangelization. Now they have a large number of educated native cate-

chists and ministers, who show marked success in their activities, particularly in the press.

The Protestants have achieved such splendid results because they have received invaluable assistance from their co-religionists.

The Catholic missionaries have done the best they could. The success they have had is the result of their self-sacrificing economy and whole-hearted devotion to their vocation. If, nevertheless, they cannot report much progress in their presswork, in their schoolwork, in their training of native mission forces, this must be ascribed to the chronic lack of funds — and it makes one weep to see how our Catholic missions in Japan are lacking in funds. It is most unpleasant to be restricted constantly to the barest necessities (and often these are wanting), and in addition, to hear complaints raised that the Catholic missionaries in Japan are backward, that they do not keep abreast of the times. Paganism, Protestantism, and Catholicism are now waging the decisive warfare for religious supremacy in Japan. If Catholicism is to emerge victorious, our Catholics in America and Europe must come to our assistance more generously than they have in the past.

From a purely objective standpoint, the Catholic religion stands the best chances. Her solid unity impresses Japan. There is not a selection from among a hundred sects. The Catholic religion is congenial to the cheerful Japanese character, because its services appeal to heart and mind. But what counts by far the most in her favor is that she upholds the idea of authority, which principle the Japanese government stresses more strongly than do our American or European governments.

Of course, the Catholic Church must face all kinds of obstacles. Among these are: the decline of the Cath-

olic nations; the calumnies and slanders against the Catholic Church in the American and European press, incorporated even into scientific works; but especially the ingrained prejudice that the Church is a menace to the government. To this prejudice must be attributed, in first order, the cruel persecution of the infant Church in Japan. Three hundred years ago this prejudice was officially disseminated among the people: and today it is fostered, especially by the Protestant historians who strongly stress the fact that in the Middle Ages the Pope appointed and deposed rulers, released subjects from their oath of fealty, etc. This prejudice is kept alive by the statement of European statesmen, scholars, politicians, and journalists, that the Catholic Church is a State within a State, that the clergy is doing its level best to subdue the political power and to rule alone. The Japanese read this and conclude: the Christians of Europe say this, therefore, it must be true. Europe has sinned dreadfully by misleading the truth-loving Japanese. First of all, therefore, this prejudice must be battered down. Then the Catholic religion will have fair prospects in the Land of the Rising Sun.

It is to be regretted that the Catholic publishers do not put forth stronger efforts to place Catholic books with the dealers in Japan. In this the Protestants excel. The numerous Japanese bookstores have all kinds of English and German and French books on sale; but no Catholic books are listed among them.

The establishment of a good Catholic press is an urgent need. The historical lies and falsehoods and misrepresentations must be cleared away. Periodicals, papers, and tracts of an apologetic nature must be circulated to prove the necessity of religion, the trustworthiness of the Catholic religion. The Japanese must be

taught that the Catholic Church has contributed to civilization and culture and learning; how she has solved social problems, and what she has done to alleviate human suffering and human misery. It must be made clear to them that the Catholic Church has made loyalty to civil rulers, patriotism, and the observance of civil laws a matter of conscience; that she is universal, but adaptable to every nationality. Such literature will gradually clarify the atmosphere of prejudice and pave the way for the acceptance of Christianity. The Japanese people have a remarkable fondness for reading. Mission work, to be effective, must be adapted to the characteristic temperament and to the degree of intelligence of those among whom the work is done. The missionary in Japan is dealing with the most educated and learned pagan nation. The Japanese can be Christianized only by a clear demonstration of the truth. Of course, it is not an easy matter to establish a Catholic press. Above all, the necessary funds must be had. What a glorious act of charity it would be if some of our noble Catholic Americans would place in the hands of the missionaries sufficient support for this laudable work.

Sooner or later the time is coming when Japan will be forced to adopt the Christian religious culture, even as she has already adopted the Christian profane culture. Therefore, every effort must be put forth to spread the light of Catholic Faith; lest this nation that, according to all appearances, will be teacher and educator of the entire Mongolian race and perhaps also of Asiatic India, be misled by the false glimmer of heresy. But what can a few poverty-stricken missionaries accomplish in this gigantic conflict, without the assistance of American and European Catholics? The tremendous odds the missionaries face in their great and difficult work makes it patent

to the clear-thinking mind that the mission labor rests not on them alone; but that all the members of the Church must cooperate, according to means and power, to fulfil the will of Christ. It is not sufficient merely to interest oneself in the work of the missionaries. All must co-operate and assist financially the self-sacrificing spirit of the missionaries, even at the cost of personal sacrifice. Catholic Christianity has at all times been conscious of this obligation, and the glorious pages of the history of our holy Church record that the faithful were magnanimous, sacrificing their all, even shedding their blood, when their Church had an important and difficult mission to fulfil. Catholics of the twentieth century surely do not want to be outdone in generosity and the spirit of sacrifice by past centuries. The Catholic Church needs the zealous cooperation of her children now no less than then. The people of the eastern part of Asia have been awakened from their lethargy; Japan has progressed rapidly; the Catholic Church has the prodigious task of converting these.

This is, undoubtedly, the greatest mission problem confronting the Church today.

CHAPTER XXI

The All-pervading Feminine Charm of Japan

A detour and a resulting conversation — The charming dress of Japanese women — Getting married in Japan — Where woman reigns — The Geishas — A prolonged journey — A stop-off at Aomori — Beautiful country through Fukushima and Utsunomiya — Arrival at Nikko — We put up for the night — A ramble through Nikko, and a visit to famous sites.

The conference was over on Saturday evening at five o'clock. The next day I decided to journey southward; for I wished to see Nikko and Kamakura, to which places Fathers Willmes, Zimmermann, and Migdalek were to bear me company.

After bidding good-bye to all, including the communities of Teramachi and Narayama, our quartette set out for the station, accompanied by six Fathers. But, lo, when we arrived, the unexpected confronted us. On account of a mountain slide near Yokote, the scheduled train would not leave that day, and moreover, it was quite uncertain whether or not it would leave within the next day or two.

What were we to do! On inquiry we found that a train was about due to leave in a northern direction. We held a swift consultation, and on the moment decided that Father Willmes and I should take this train, making the considerable detour of some two hundred and fifty

miles, via Aomori, Sendai, etc., but thus reaching points desired, after all.

Traveling comfortably onward, our conversation drifted into miscellaneous topics, until I made mention of the neatness, simplicity, charming manners, and cheerful attitude of the Japanese women who had come under my limited scope of observation. The subject became even more interesting when my companion told me many things concerning the customs of these fair daughters of the empire.

I had noticed in the attitude and dress of the women whom I met in the streets and at the railway stations and the shrines a beautiful modesty that impressed me deeply; and I learned that, although this present period of transition in our Western civilization is producing the loud-mouthed feminist in many parts of the world, here in Japan woman retains, to some extent at least, her old code of etiquette, her sweet courtesy, and the exquisite womanliness so becoming to her sex.

Her dress is always graceful in its simple lines which conform to the same plain, kimono style, year after year. Of course, wherever there is the feminine idea, there must be some change in the fashions; but the Japanese woman exhibits her good taste in retaining the beautiful lines, and varying only the color and designs of the material used.

The obi, or sash, changes its hue with the season, and this girdle is often rather costly. However, 50 to 100 yen usually suffice to pay for a sash that we should consider a very splendid bit of finery; and the majority of women are satisfied with something much less expensive. Yet sums of this size are often thus expended in the Orient. True, this sash is five yards long and a half-yard wide,

Teramachi Kindergarten of the Seishin Aishikwai

Doctor's Office, Sacred Heart Hospital, Akita

but it is so folded and tied that only a wide band and a huge looped knot of the rich brocade is visible.

Many times, the American woman traveling in Japan hails the native costume, as the charm of its simplicity contrasts with her promiscuous attire; but as often she is outdone by the tastefulness of this classic note of perfection.

Here, however, as nowhere else in the world, is such elegance justified. Nowhere else is there a woman so perfectly groomed from the top of her shining head to the tip of her small sandal. Her hair, burnished and brushed into brilliant smoothness, is coiled and looped and made to sparkle with gay-colored pins. Her face is round and smooth with carefully applied cosmetics; her kimono, flaring just a trifle to show the bright silk lining, hangs in perfect folds; and her embroidered collar peeps above it in a soft, flowered line. Her flowing sleeves are of exact length; her obi is rich and glowing; her stockings are pearly white; and her little sandals have a touch of gay color. She might be a part of a lovely picture, a picture that one associates with far-away dreams; and so she looked to me.

But aside from her good taste and her wholesome cleanliness, she is always so sweet and docile that obedience is one of her well-known characteristics. And this obedience she practices, not as a stern duty, but as a pleasant privilege, for her gracious smile beams over all difficulties. Even in the matter of marriage, her own choice is seldom consulted, though she becomes a most dutiful wife and mother.

Getting married in Japan depends on the social position held by the bride and groom, and also upon the state of their finances. When nobility weds, it is a matter of state, with all the pomp and elaborate state eti-

quette of ceremony. When a coolie marries, there is little or no ceremony, and even the formality of registering is sometimes dispensed with. But between these extremes is the great middle class, — the class I had specially noted.

With them, marriages may vary from the simple home wedding to the pretentious celebration at a favorite, or famous, shrine. The one feature that is common to all is the legalizing of the pact, and the only legal requirement is registration. Notice must be given to the registrar by both parties and by two witnesses who are of age, and this notice may be given either verbally or by a written document bearing the signature of all. The registrar does not marry the couple. He simply records the fact that the marriage has taken place.

There are also a few requirements made by the Civil Code, such as regards relationship, age, etc. The man must be at least seventeen, and the woman fifteen, years old. They cannot be blood relations, and a man under the age of thirty and a woman under twenty-five must have the consent of both parents or the family council. This last clause, however, is really superfluous, as it touches one of the most deeply rooted features of Japanese marriage custom. Seldom, indeed, does it happen that the principals have anything to do with choosing for themselves.

The thought of an eligible young person remaining single is never entertained. When the time seems ripe, there is a meeting of the family council, to decide how the son or daughter of the home shall be provided with a mate. Accordingly, the head of the house, the father or older brother, going to a friend, speaks to him somewhat after this manner:

"My child is of an age when we think he (or she) should be married. What can you do for me in the matter?"

The friend, either a man or woman of mature years, accepts the commission, and finds a candidate. Thereupon all facts concerning the character, social standing, wealth, employment, etc., of the young person proposed are laid before the family council. If there are no faults found on either side, a formal betrothal is entered upon. If there are objections perhaps two or three names of candidates are submitted before the general satisfaction of all is gained.

No Japanese wedding is ever arranged without the aid of a go-between. If a family chances, perhaps, to move into a strange section where there is no friend to undertake this delicate task, there are professional go-betweens to whom they may apply. So, there is no excuse for not getting married!

The trousseau of the Japanese bride is much larger than that of her Western sister; for not only does she take with her a goodly supply of clothing (for, with the unchanging mode, she can wear the same style of garments for many years, even for a lifetime), but she also brings most of the furniture for the new home.

As soon as the betrothal is announced, the exchanging of gifts between the two families begins. The exchanging of gifts in Japan is a very prevalent custom. Every occasion is made a reason for this courtesy, — a funeral, a birth, a festival, even an afternoon call. So, naturally, a great event like a marriage means even richer and greater presents than looked for upon any other occasion.

After the preliminaries, the exchanging of gifts, etc., the next thing in order is to choose a lucky date for the ceremony. Certain years are considered of ill omen, unless

the horoscope of both bride and groom show certain conjunctions. Certain months, also, such as January (especially January 16) are considered unfavorable. December is considered a lucky month; and among the Japanese it is as well favored as June is with the Americans. Next in approval come, in order, November, October, March, April, and May. Certain days, even in the most lucky months, are also avoided, according to the almanac and the horoscope of bride and groom. On this account it is generally considered wise to consult a fortuneteller who is expert in these matters before appointing the wedding day.

If a simple and conservative marriage is chosen, the ceremony takes place at the home of the groom. The idea to be conveyed is that the bride leaves her own people to come and live with her husband's family. Arrayed in her bridal dress and accompanied by her go-between, she arrives at her husband's home, and is ushered into the room prepared. A likeness of a happily wedded pair may be enshrined in the alcove, with a vase of plum, bamboo, and pine before it. Fresh cushions on the floor and a hibachi (brazier) at the side complete the furnishings. First, the groom formally seats himself on his cushion; then the bride and her go-between take their places. A little maiden brings in a stand containing three shallow, red lacquer cups. From these the bride and groom drink the *sansan kudo,* alternately, *three times three.* After this interchanging of the sake (rice wine) cups, which is really the principal part of the ceremony, the young couple offer sake to the parents and the go-betweens. Then follows the wedding feast. After three days the newly married couple visit the home of the bride's parents, where another feast is served.

If a more elaborate or more fashionable ceremony is desired, the marriage takes place at one of the shrines. The celebration usually begins when the reibu, or second priest, ceremoniously sweeps the room and places offerings of sake, fish, and dried fruit before the altar. After this the bridegroom, entering, seats himself on a cushion near the front on the left side. The bride, following, takes a similar position on the right side, both, of course, facing the altar. Next come the parents and relatives, those related to the bride seating themselves back of her in the rear of the room, the groom's parents also in the rear, back of their son. Behind both bride and groom is an attendant attired in blue and white, who whispers low-voiced instructions during the ceremony. From the right and from the left enter girl dancers, clad in white and vermilion, and musicians, all in white. Their undulating, slow movements are supposed to be those of the dances of the gods of that mythological period before the earth was made; and the wailing flutes and pounding drums are also believed to have come down to the empire from that far-away past. There is incense burning and the reading of a prayer by the priest; then the sacred oath, that is supposed to unite man and wife, is repeated. After this the tray of sake is removed from the altar, and both drink in turn, first from the smallest cup, then from the second in size, and finally, from the largest of all.

After the ceremony the participants file out in regular order, and the sake is passed around. It is poured from containers with long spouts, now obsolete, into unglazed earthen cups almost as shallow as saucers, as it was from such vessels that the first Emperor, Jimmu Tenno, drank, about twenty-five hundred years ago (660—585 B. C.). After this the marriage feast is sometimes held in the home

of the bridegroom's family, and sometimes in a popular restaurant.

The bride is always gorgeously attired. The rich silk of her dress is of brilliant color, her expensive obi is intricately and wonderfully looped, her coiffure the result of hours of skilful labor.

In our western land, the bridal veil forms the distinctive mark of the bride, but in the Orient, the little Japanese girl wears what is called her "horn-concealing band." This is a strip of white silk, folded, and often padded, which is fastened across her forehead. The origin of this peculiar article of apparel is lost in the dim mists of obscurity.

The Japanese husband usually treats his wife with kindness. Early in life he founds his little home among the many; and each evening, when he returns, he expects to find her at the door to welcome him. The woman of the old regime still walks three feet behind her lord and master, and carries all the bundles. While her husband does not condemn her to a shut-in life, he feels that she should not be too much in evidence. Yet, he may occasionally be seen with her and his children at the theater or restaurant, or walking in the park.

Behind the shoji — that is, in the house — she is mistress, commanding her servants, serving tea to her friends, and even, perhaps, wisely advising her husband about his affairs.

The day, for her, begins with the sliding back of the wooden shutters which really form the whole front of the house. For, by a strange anomaly, the Japanese, while they have the interior of their homes open to the public view all day, shut themselves up in an air-tight box at night. Then she stands before her husband, with his folded garments on her extended arms; after which

she proceeds to dress him as a mother would a small child. At breakfast, even though there is a maid, her wifely duty is very evident; for pleasantly she serves him and, if she has boys, refrains from eating until her husband and sons have finished. She then respectfully follows her husband to the gate, and bows him ceremoniously on his way.

When he returns, she is at the door to greet him. His bath is ready, and though this is a daily affair, no member of the family may bathe before the master. His kimono is laid out, and the business suit he has worn all day is folded away for the morrow. Then she serves his supper. After this meal, if friends call, she disappears while the men smoke their cigarettes and talk, to return presently with a tray of tea (in tiny cups) and small cakes, which, on her knees, she pushes toward them. If the husband goes out in the evening, no matter how late the hour, the wife remains awake to meet and greet him at the door on his return.

The Japanese woman is always sweet and amiable. She loves her home, her husband, her children. She loves pleasant gossip with a friend over tea cups. She is always dainty and fragrant and well groomed. There is no very extensive movement that I have heard of in this country for woman's suffrage or woman's equal rights; and if there were to be, I am sure that the most of these little ladies would themselves be the severest opponents of such a measure. I say this despite certain recent pronouncements to the contrary.

Besides these interesting women of whom I have spoken, there is, in Japan, another distinct and significant class, equally commanding careful consideration. In many places, but especially in the larger cities, I noticed young women of great beauty. Their raiment was al-

ways exceedingly rich, their kimonos heavily embroidered, their obis of bright colors, their fluttering silken sleeves hanging longer than the ordinary.

I asked who they were, and I was told that they belonged to that typical Japanese class of which I had often heard, the like of which is found nowhere else in the world, — that of the geishas.

The Oriental code of social life is formed on very different principles from that of the Occident. For instance, the Japanese honor and respect the wife and mother, but consider her place to be principally in the home, safe and sheltered from the great outside. One of the tenets of Confucianism is that it is lacking in dignity for the wife or mother of a family to appear at a public feast or function. Yet no such function would be complete if all the bright complement of femininity were excluded: hence, the geisha.

These girls serve the guests, and entertain them through the long hours of various pleasure. Today, their silken raiment and rosy smile undoubtedly add charm to every celebration, large or small. They are really the national entertainers of Japan.

The ranks of these lovely girls are recruited from the poor families or lower classes of the empire. Their parents, seeing the promise of unusual beauty in their small daughters, and being without means to educate them, bind them out to the keeper of a geisha house. A sum of money is paid to the father and mother, to make the bondage complete; and never again may they reclaim their children, unless this contract price is refunded, and all expenses as well that have been connected with the education, training, and upkeep of the young people. Such a reclamation seldom occurs.

Room Decoration for a Marriage. To the left is seen the Mountain of Happiness; to the right, the Ship of Good Luck; and on a stand in front of the latter are the three bowls from which the couple partake thrice of the rice wine.

Three with one accord; Sweet servants of the Lord

Warriors brave With souls to save

The training of the geisha girl begins when she is about seven years of age. Besides the ordinary education, she becomes accomplished in dancing, singing, in playing the samisen (a guitar-like instrument), and acquires proficiency in the art of making pleasing conversation.

This educational training is so complete that, though she may have sprung from the common class, the geisha girl is at perfect ease in any company, from that of the nobles to that of the rustic and poor. She charms all with her sparkling conversation, the graceful steps of her dance, her clear singing voice, and the sweet tinkle of her samisen.

She carefully adorns her beauty, which is preserved by every art she knows; and her garments are of the richest and loveliest.

But what of her position, and what of her future? While she is not considered a woman of the highest social standing, neither is she looked upon precisely as we should consider those of the demi-monde. It is a matter of fact that the ostensible services of a geisha girl are not of themselves detrimental to morality; but almost inevitably the very publicity of the life drags along with it distinct moral drawbacks. And frequently a tragic note is introduced when a young geisha, forced into her position in early childhood, comes to tire of the glitter and moral laxness about her and to long for the peace and quiet of a humble home. But she may in nowise forsake her surroundings until the last farthing of her bondage price is paid. If her parents sold her in her childhood, they as a rule will not be able to redeem her should she desire it. But one may ask: Does not she herself earn a great deal, entertaining, night after night? And we answer: she does; but she is obliged to dress according to

her position, and frequently she finds herself in debt rather than with a bank account.

Yet she sometimes marries, her husband first paying off the expenses the geisha house holds against her. But perhaps more often the geisha girl does not wish this. Marriage would mean settling down into the serenity of a Japanese housewife. She has tasted of greater freedom. She constantly visits the theater and moving-picture houses. She witnesses wrestling matches. She is often taken on long picnicking jaunts or extended trips to places of interest. She rides in automobiles, and sees and enjoys many of the pleasant things of life in which the mother of a family may not participate. All these things render her days so full of varied excitements that she would not change her life if she could.

I often think, when the picture of the Japanese women rises before my mind, what wonderful followers of the gentle Savior they would make. They are so sweet and gracious, such devoted wives and mothers, so cheerful and smiling, in the face of every difficulty, and so clean and wholesome! If they would but raise those loyal, loving hearts of theirs close to the great Heart of Him who died for them, how much higher and nobler and happier would be their gracious cheer and glad self-sacrifice; for the peace of God would rule their souls.

Is it any wonder that, during my stay in Japan, at each morning Mass when my unworthy lips pronounced the mystic words of the Consecration, — is it any wonder, I say, that from my deepest heart welled forth the prayer, "God save Japan"?

But disappointment seemed to pursue us. We arrived at Aomori late, so that we could not take the connecting train scheduled for Sendai. We were obliged to wait till 11.20 p.m., when a fast train, over another

route, would be due. Six hours of waiting was surely no joke, but we made the best of it. First, we treated ourselves to a modest supper at the station, then walked to the Catholic mission, where Father Cournier of the Paris Foreign Mission Seminary was in charge. We found there a very fine settlement and a very pleasant host. So, the evening hours passed by quickly enough, after all. At ten o'clock we returned to the railway station, in the company of Father Cournier.

At last we found ourselves on our way again, trying to sleep as best we could on the train.

The next morning I had reason to be glad, after all, that we had come later by the fast express; for this arrangement made it possible for us to enjoy during the daylight hours, new and most attractive views of mountains and streams, villages and towns, and also to avoid the miserable, dangerous-looking passage through the mountains of the Itagaya pass, which had made me shiver on the previous journey to Akita with Father General.

Arriving at Fukushima, I looked eagerly for the group of islands for which this place is famous; but there was only disappointment again: we were too far from the coast. From Fukushima, south, and especially from Sendai and onward (Bishop Berlioz' domains), I enjoyed the sight of the cherry blossoms. How beautiful they were! Scattered all about were groups of two, three, or more of the trees. Sometimes a whole hill was clothed in their fairy loveliness. To say that the blossoms are either white or pink, single or double (the former with leaves, the latter without them) is to offer but the coldest of descriptions of such floral daintiness as I observed at this time. The blossoms are like masses of sun-kissed snow, soft, ethereal, *Japanese*.

At Utsunomiya, where we had to change for Nikko, we arrived at 2.30 p.m. During this part of our journey the train, moving onward and up a gradual ascent, carried us through a glorious avenue of cherry blossoms. On every side was just a picture from fairyland. And then, as we drew nearer to Nikko, we passed through another wonderful avenue — that of giant cryptomeria trees, for which the city is noted.

Arrived in Nikko itself, it was too late to make any farther excursions; so we went to a Japanese inn, and here we prepared to settle ourselves for the night.

The hotel we sought was a wide, rambling house, set in the midst of a lovely miniature garden. I could not help admiring the picturesque entrance — a broad porch or veranda whose gabled roof drew protectingly over beautifully carved wooden figures. There were three steps, on the first of which (built of cement) were a number of geta (Japanese clogs); and the floor of the veranda itself was of polished planks.

As we turned into a lovely garden, we were greeted by a chorus of voices crying "Irasshai" ('Deign to enter'); and here we came upon maidens kneeling in the entrance-way and, at each repeated "Irasshai," bowing till their foreheads almost touched the floor. After we had seated ourselves on the lowest step, and had removed our shoes, we were greeted by the proprietor, a dignified gentleman in a black silk kimono, who added his bow of welcome to the chorus of young voices.

There is some formality to be gone through in securing accommodations in a Japanese inn. First, in accordance with police regulations, we were required to fill out a blank form, showing our age, nationality, place of residence, business, probable length of stay, etc. After this there followed a discussion as to whether we wished our

bill submitted in the Japanese or the foreign style. I may add that the *Japanese* manner is to present a bill of ridiculously small consequences, with the expectation that the departing guest will supplement this by some fifty to one hundred per cent additional, after which he will in turn receive a present. The foreign style is to offer a reasonable bill and receive a small tip. As both systems are about the same in the end, we requested the bill according to the Japanese way.

After these preliminaries were settled, we were shown our rooms by the *neisans* (Japanese maids), who had been, among themselves, making smiling comments on the appearance of the *"seiyojins"* (foreigners). In our stocking feet we went up a narrow flight of polished stairs and through a long corridor, to two connecting rooms where we were to spend the night.

These rooms were very bright, and exquisitely clean, but startlingly bare to our Western eyes. On each of the four sides were the shoji, sliding paper walls, one side with tiny glass panes set in panels, and the other with a recessed nook containing a *tokonoma* (good shelf). On the floor were soft, straw mats; and a number of small cushions lay about the hibachi (charcoal brazier), over which a kettle bubbled merrily. Beside each cushion stood a wooden tobacco receptacle, and on a lacquered tray a few small, handleless, saucerless teacups.

After we had sipped our tea, dinner was served. A table about eighteen inches high was brought in, and cushions were placed beside it. The neisans then brought tray after tray of good, appetizing food. As we found the chopsticks *impossible,* we disposed of our soup by lifting the lacquered bowl with both hands and drinking from it. Then we enjoyed the remainder of the meal,

which, after a number of minor dishes, included fish in various forms and ended with rice.

After dinner we went for a stroll through the town. Truly has it been said by the natives of the Sunrise Kingdom,

"If you have not been to Nikko,
Then you know not what is *kekko*"

kekko meaning *splendid* or *magnificent*.

Nikko is like a great, straggling village, with tiny houses clinging to the mountain side, and a torrential river rolling down from the hills, over the rocks, through the twisting streets, and spanned in several places by picturesque bridges. These bridges may all be crossed and used by the daily throng, — all except one, the Sacred Bridge; and this the august footsteps of the Emperor only may press.

Walking through the crooked streets, we made our way to this wonderful structure. Ah, what a graceful piece of work it was, with curving arch of lacquered loveliness, red as the heart's blood, rising in a full, round sweep over the sparkling waters beneath! While we stood there, admiring this magnificent work of architectural art, Father Willmes narrated the legend connected with it.

Long ago there dwelt a holy man of Japan, Shodo Shonin by name, who incessantly searched for the sacred mountain of his dreams. In his travels he reached Nikko, but found his way barred by the wild waters of the Daiya-gawa. While he prayed for help, a dragon appeared and asked what he wished. The holy man answered that he wanted to cross the river. Immediately the dragon went to the god of the shrine — the shrine that may still be seen near the Sacred Bridge; and at once the god came, holding in his hands a red and a blue

dragon. These he flung to the farther side; and immediately they formed themselves into a bridge over which Shodo Shonin walked. It is to commemorate this miraculous joining of the shores that the red bridge trails its ruby loveliness over the blue water.

We are told that the only foreigner ever invited to walk over this beautiful structure was General Grant. When, on his famous trip around the world, he visited Japan, this great honor was conferred upon him. But with exquisite tact the General refused to desecrate what to the natives of the empire was so holy.

Even the children refrain from stepping on the glowing span that, to an American small boy, would be irresistibly tempting. They play beside it; but, though there is neither guard nor gate to bar their entrance, the spirit of obedience and awe is stronger within them than the lure of adventure.

Returning to the inn, we signified our wish for a bath before retiring. The neisan first brought us a small cotton cloth, which was to serve both as wash cloth and towel, and then conducted us through a long hall to certain double-glassed doors which opened into the bathhouse; here, with a low bow, she left us. When we returned to our rooms, we found that thick padded quilts, known as *futons*, had been spread on the floor (there are no beds in Japan), and freshly laundered kimonos laid out for us. Our steaming bath had made us drowsy, and soon we were comfortably asleep.

The next morning we started out to see some of the pagan shrines, chief among them being those of Ieyasu and his grandson, Iemitsu; both these men were famous persecutors of Christians.

It is said that when Ieyasu lay dying, he asked his grandson to build a shrine which would be for him and

his family a final resting-place. With unerring judgment Iemitsu chose the mountain-crowned valley of Nikko.

When Iemitsu began his work, he levied on all the daimyos such taxes of gold and treasure and labor as would keep them in straitened circumstances and prevent them from making war on him and his possessions. One of these daimyos, too poor to give costly offerings to the shrine, proffered a more laborious way of meeting the requirement. He said that he would plant an avenue of cryptomeria trees. Today, after a lapse of three hundred years, this avenue of noble trees, with their giant trunks, their interlacing branches, their perpetual green, stretching twenty-four long miles, is, it is said, the most wonderful way of the kind in the whole world.

The shrine itself is a marvel of loveliness, with black and red lacquered doors, double and fan-shaped rafters, and beautiful stone lanterns. On frieze and panel, door and rafter, wall and entrance, are artistic carvings of flower and bud, of bird, beast, and dragon, in colors like broken rainbows; and the medallions of the Tokugawa are blazoned in royal gold. The gates, marvels of beauty, with gilded characters, with brackets of peonies and lions, with figures of sages and immortals, lure with a fascination so strong that one might well be led to spend a whole day in admiration of them alone.

Iemitsu's mausoleum occupies a higher, more retired position than that of his grandfather. Here also the decorative art is evident in the exquisite carvings, the red lacquered galleries, the rosy peonies under roofs, on ceilings, doors, and panels, the white storks and gold dragons and lions' heads, and gilded arabesques, the yellow, white, and purple chrysanthemums, the fences with friezes of pines, bamboos, and birds, the old lacquered prayer-desks, the tortoise-shell lanterns, and lovely vases that would

A Class in Embroidery in the Narayama School of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost

Juvenile Instruction in the Orphanage

almost make the beauty-lover commit the sin of covetousness.

There were a number of other Buddhist temples near by. We visited six of them, all such dreams of beautiful colors and marvels of persevering labor that I could not help giving a thought to the patient hands, long since gone to dust, that had wrought these wonders.

We wished to go higher up the mountain, to view Lake Chuzenji and Kegon Falls, far famed and sung; but we had tarried so long amid the glories of the shrine that there was no time for this. So, along the road we went, back to our inn.

The scenery was so beautiful here that my heart veritably ached with the magnificence of it. There were such sparkling rills, such laughing waterfalls, such winding paths luring into mysterious wilds of promise, such pine and cryptomeria trees, such mountain vistas, such sweet, spring-laden air! How glorious and beautiful is Japan, I murmured inwardly; and how beauty-loving are the Japanese!

CHAPTER XXII

From Capital to Port, and Between

Arrival at the 'East Capital' — Hands across the seas — Yokohama and "The Bluff" — Kamakura: Temple of Hachiman; 'Aka-bashi Bridge,' the music hall, the icho tree, and attendant legends; the Great Daibutsu — Enoshima or 'Picture Island' — Omori, with Father Breton and his native congregation of nuns — A call upon Admiral Yamamoto — The Seishin Gakuin *— The havoc the earthquake wrought upon missionary labors — Father Mark McNeal, S.J. — Ueno Park in Tokyo; the Imperial Museum, and Asakusa Temple — Archbishop Rey — A formal call upon his Excellency Msgr. Giardini — A chance meeting with the prefect apostolic of the Caroline Islands — Statistics of the Japanese missions — The Catholic University of Tokyo.*

In the morning we proceeded by train as far as Akabane, on the way to Tokyo, the late capital city (Kyoto, it will be remembered, had been capital till 1868: this is why Tokyo is called *Tokyo* — that is, 'Eastern Capital'); from Akabane we went by electric line straight into the heart of the city.

Speeding through the streets, stopping here and there, to leave or take on passengers, we were carried along through this place of magnificent distances; for Tokyo was, prior to the great earthquake, the largest city as well as the capital of Japan: it now ranks second in population. It is built mostly of small houses, few being more than two stories high. Moreover, the municipality is spread over the great area of about a hundred and fifty

square miles. As for the mass of the buildings, they are but 'airy, fairy' wooden structures, with paper walls which naturally fall a ready prey to numerous fires and seismic disturbances which have all too frequently visited the city in times past. But the Japanese inhabitants, with their characteristic traits of energy mixed with a certain cheerful intrepidity, always smilingly rebuild.

The main artery of Tokyo contains the Government Buildings, the Diet, the Army and Navy, and the Foreign, Departments, etc.; and near these buildings are the different Legations, each in its own compound.

Close by is the Emperor's palace, though this cannot be seen from the street. One can see, however, the beautiful garden which serves as a setting, and the gray walls and curved roofs of the towers on each corner, where, in the old feudal days when this was a Shogun castle, a lookout was kept against the approach of an enemy. Around the walls is a broad moat, with picturesque drawbridges crossing here and there; and, lining the shores, there are cryptomeria trees which have been trained to bend downward till their soft green branches trail in the shining water.

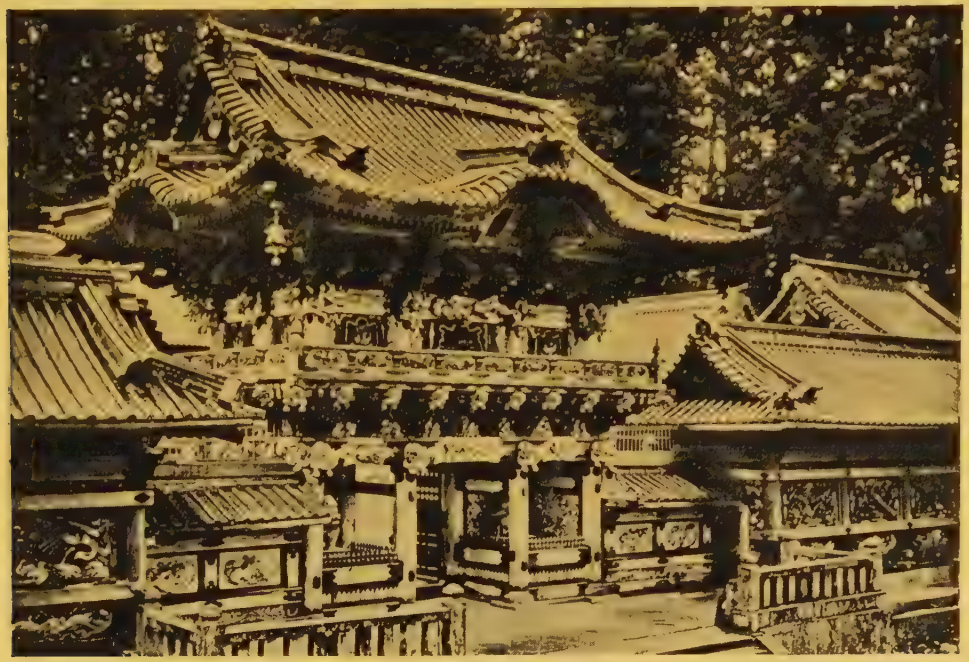
It was three o'clock when we reached the Jochi Daigaku, which is the Jesuit University. Awaiting our arrival I found the mother and sister of a Japanese friend at home, Miss Yasuyo Inouye; they had been advised of our coming, and appeared most anxious to greet us with cordiality and to receive a personal word as to the prospects of the member of their family whom I had come to know well in the Middle West. Miss Inouye had formerly been a governess or teacher in one of the princely households, had become a convert to Christianity through the Presbyterian Mission, had subsequently gone to America to study medicine, and there, under the direction of

one of our mission Fathers, had subsequently made her submission to Holy Church. Her relatives (parents and sisters) were all Christians (Protestants); and therefore, despite our inability to talk together freely (as I was more unfamiliar with Japanese than they were with English), we managed to get on very well. Mr. Inouye was interested in industrial enterprises and in insurance, and had an office in the modern Maronouchi Building, just opposite the Central Railway Station. We had refreshments together, within the building, visited Mr. Inouye's office, and returned to the Jochi Daigaku, where Fr. Willmes and I remained overnight.

At the evening meal we met all the Fathers of the faculty, including Archbishop Doering, S.J. (formerly of Bombay, India, recently appointed bishop of the newly erected vicariate apostolic of Hiroshima), and Professor Aufhauser, of Munich. Father Aufhauser is well known as an authority in Buddhistic studies. With Father Pockstaller, S.J., I had a helpful discussion concerning the Japanese mission in San Francisco, which the Jesuits, at that time, wished to hand over to the Society of the Divine Word.

The next morning, after saying early Mass in the University chapel, Father Willmes and I were off, by electric car, to Yokohama. Arrived there, we unburdened ourselves of a number of packages (of curios, souvenirs, and the like) that had gradually accumulated: some of them I had even brought with me from China. We left them all at the Procure of the Missions Etrangères, which is "No. 44," on the Bluff. Here I arranged for their delivery to the *gowdown* (warehouse) of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company, and also secured our final steamer arrangements for the voyage home.

The Stone Torii and Pagoda of the Nikko Shrine



The Yomei-mon (in Nikko), the Most Beautiful Gate in all Japan

While at the Paris Mission Procure we met Fathers Lebarbey and Lemoine. We were kindly greeted; but their names linger in memory with very particular prominence, for Father Lebarbey, noble priest that he was, met his death in the terrible earthquake of 1923. R. I. P.

"The Bluff" was, before the earthquake, the great beauty spot of the city; and it has since been very largely restored. It is reached either by a road or by a high stairway called the "Hundred Steps." A mixed population of Japanese and foreigners occupy this beautiful site, with its noble residences, hotels, hospitals, cemetery for foreigners, and a number of consulates. On account of its delightful location Americans and Europeans whose business interests require residence in Japan find it greatly to their taste.

The city of Yokohama lies on the Bay of Tokyo, and is the main port for transpacific steamers. Passing through the principal business streets, one sees many faces of his own countrymen, though some sections are filled entirely with Japanese; but Yokohama enjoys high favor for its cosmopolitan spirit, as well as for being one of the most important cities in the empire.

The day was rainy and dreary, and was not very pleasant for getting about; but time was precious to us, and we could not afford to be deterred in our plans by any vagaries of weather. We had dinner early, and, after having satisfied the inner man, we were off again, Father Willmes and I, for Kamakura and Enoshima Island.

Kamakura, a lovely, fertile spot, is situated on the shores of Sagami Bay. During the Japanese Middle Ages it was the second capital of the empire, and its population is said to have been a million souls. Though Kamakura has long since declined from a great city to a rather

unpretentious watering-place containing many summer villas of wealthy Tokyo residents, it evidently has not lost, and never will lose, a certain wondrous charm that possesses it — a sort of magic delight that reaches out to one from everywhere, from tree and shrub and laughing water. The Beach itself is also very attractive, and there are exquisite views across the bay and through the wooded country beyond, which are precious to treasure in memory.

Here we visited the temple of Hachiman, the most notable shrine in the town. It is dedicated to the Emperor Ojin-Tenno (A. D. 270—310), commonly called the God of War, and to his mother and to another deity of even more ancient origin. The entrance leads from the sea beach of Yui-ga-hama through a beautiful avenue of spicy pines which are bridged over in three places by stone torii. Then comes a dimpling lotus pond, spanned by 'Akabashi Bridge'; and on the far side there is the music hall which is associated with the legend of the twelfth century maiden, Shizuka, mistress of Minamoto Yoshitsune (younger brother of Minamoto Yoritomo, founder of the Minamoto Shogunate), who is said to have danced and sung and improvised ditties in this place, in order to convey to murderous seekers after her lover that she was ignorant of his whereabouts. This tale is a favorite theme with Japanese story-tellers and painters.

Just past the music hall is a flight of steps leading to the temple itself, before which a red painted torii and a colonnade on either side inclose the oratory and main edifice. A giant icho tree (Gingko tree), beside the stone steps, marks the spot where the Shogun Sanetomo was assassinated by his nephew, Kugyo, the high priest of the shrine from which the Shogun was returning: the mur-

derer had hid himself behind the great tree trunk. This took place in 1219.

In the colonnade many interesting relics and treasures are exhibited. The main edifices, enclosed by a low stone wall, with pillars, beams, and rafters of vivid red, stands outlined against a small eminence whose large evergreen pine trees form a magnificent setting.

It would be a delightful place to spend a long time, — to watch the pilgrims coming and going, to feed the cooing pigeons, or simply to rest and enjoy the natural beauty of the landscape as supplemented by the picturesque buildings. But there was the Great *Daibutsu* which we wished to visit, and the hours were flitting.

The stone walk that leads to this, the most awe-inspiring monument in Japan, does not carry one directly into sight of it. There are some obscuring trees, and the walk bends in a little curve. So, when we did come upon the image, it was an abruptness I shall never forget. Yet neither its size nor its age at first impressed me; for the features are admirably proportioned, and age has only mellowed the perfection of the original work. Even the sublime inscription written on the entrance gate failed to prepare me for the thrill which the work itself, as art, and as symbol, stirred in me at first full look at this mighty statue. This inscription, carelessly read by thousands of visitors who, afterwards, find new charms, new expressions, and new points of interest in the great Amida, reads as follows:

"Stranger, whosoever thou art, and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this sanctuary, remember that thou treadest on ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the Gate of the Eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence."

It is the expression of the placid face that first appealed to my sense of the beautiful — a tranquil, detached, passionless expression that is beyond words. The wondrously shaped head of Daibutsu bends slightly forward, as though in meditation. The face is of pure Hindu type, with eyes half closed, and a glint of gold between the heavy lids, giving a strange, detached, impression of utter peace. The lips are pressed together, and the hands rest in the lap with thumbs touching each other. The whole pose and the perfect features portray blissful self-abstraction, sweet serenity, absorption in the infinite.

The Daibutsu has sat in this silent contemplation for seven long centuries. It was cast in the year 1252, in plates about an inch thick, and these were joined together with such skill that only a few of the seams are visible after the sun and storms of hundreds of years. It stands over forty-nine feet high, the width of the face from ear to ear being over seventeen feet. Each eye — and the eyes are of pure gold — is four feet wide. The boss on the forehead, which represents a jewel shedding radiance over the universe, contains thirty pounds of silver. On the Buddha's head are eight hundred and thirty curls. These, according to an old legend, represent the snails that crawled up on the original god, to shelter his bald head from the hot sun.

When the giant image was first finished, it was incased in a gorgeous temple. But twice tidal waves destroyed the shelter; and since the last devastation, in 1494, the great image has been left exposed to the elements. War and fire, wind and storm, earthquake and tidal wave have swept by, leveling all else; but the mighty Daibutsu still remains seated serenely on the lotus leaf, with the wisdom of ages in his quiet face.

It was raining when we finally turned away. But despite the weather, we took a street car for the islands of Katase and Enoshima.

An interesting historic incident is related of Katase. It is said that emissaries from the court of Kublai Khan penetrated into Japan as far as this point, and there made a demand upon the Shogun that he should submit himself to the Mongol prince; but the story seems to show that these ferocious ravagers met their match for once, for they were given a blank refusal and were subsequently beheaded.

Moreover, Katase is marked as the site of the miraculous deliverance of Nichiren, founder of the Buddhist sect of that name. The order had gone forth that he should be put to death in this place, and the act was just about to be put into effect when, without warning, a decree of clemency was proclaimed and the order reversed. In thanksgiving for his rescue, a magnificent temple was built on the heights above. This we visited.

Enoshima, or Picture Island, also called 'Island of the Lovers,' is, in reality, a peninsula. At low tide, the neck connecting it with Katase is left bare, making it possible to walk over on foot. It is of rock formation, hemmed in by cliffs and precipices, and from the distance, looks like pure mother-of pearl.

We reached Enoshima after a walk of twenty minutes over a wooden bridge and beyond, and ascended the single street, lined with inns, restaurants, and shops (the latter displaying shell-work, curios, and *miyage* or 'souvenirs' of the place). Finally, up a long flight of stairs, and out upon a terrace, we came to Enoshima Temple.

This is of 'provincial temple' rank, and consists of three shrines. West of the innermost shrine is the *Chigo-*

ga-fuchi (Pool of Maiden Attendant), where, many years ago, a maiden of the temple drowned herself, in an endeavor to escape from a would-be lover, a young priest of Kencho-ii.

Following a narrow path and rocky beach, we came to a cave where Benten, the Buddhist Goddess of Luck, is enshrined.

From the summit of Enoshima a wonderful view of Oshima with its active volcano is visible on the south; while in the west one may see (if the day be clear) the snow-capped glory of Mt. Fuji. Then, too, there is the beauty of the changing sea itself, gathered all about the pretty town of Kamakura with its parked avenue of cherry blossoms and its green lanes where once stood mansions of the great.

We paused long to enjoy this wonderful view, then hurried again to the electric car station. Soon we were back in Yokohama, arriving there just in time for supper.

The next day there was a brief visit to the establishment of "Kelly and Walsh" (publishers), to the bank, and to a certain Mr. Wagner, a Bavarian, typically approachable and an excellent Catholic. This gentleman joined with Father Lebarbey, and they together accompanied us to the residence of the procurator of the Hakodate diocese. Then we four took the electric car to the rectory of Father Breton, who resides in Omori, a little, aristocratic suburb station between Yokohama and Tokyo.

Rev. Father Breton, whom I had met several times in the United States, had, after his return from California a year before, opened a new parish in this place, including a settlement of Japanese Sisters who are called Sisters of the Visitation. They had in Omori an old people's home, a home for working girls or girl students, a kindergarten for children of the wealthy families, and other

In the Ueno Park, Tokyo, during Cherry-blossom Time

Japanese Sisters of the Visitation, Established by Father Albert Breton in Omori, near Tokyo. In August, 1923, they numbered 6 Sisters and 7 Postulants.

departments; the old people's home, however, has since been discontinued.

There were six Japanese Sisters in all. So tiny, dainty, and demure are these little Japanese women that their religious habits were most becoming to them. Three of these same Sisters are now in California, working for the Japanese immigrants. They have, besides, thirteen candidates in their community at Ōmori. All receive a specific training in the various branches, such as kindergarten, music, etc. Also, each morning, from seven to ten o'clock, Father Breton gives them lessons in religion, liturgy, and Latin reading. I must say that I received the best of impressions of this settlement.

After a noonday meal Father Willmes and I went to visit the *Seishin Gakuin* (Academy of the Religious of the Sacred Heart.) The Mother Superior and also Madame Martha Heyden were very hospitable in their reception of us. I was again introduced, in the academy, to a group of my 'Little Missionaries' — a hundred and twenty-five of them there were, in all. Father Willmes met two of his Catholic girls from Nagoya. So, altogether, we had a very pleasant time of it. I arranged for Mass and a little talk, the next morning; and then, accompanied by Father Gettelmann, S.J., who had just finished hearing confessions there (this priest is now back in America, for good), we returned to the Jochi Daigaku.

At five o'clock Father Hoffmann, rector of the Jesuit University, Father Willmes, and I, left for Admiral Yamamoto's residence, where I was introduced by Judge Yasuda whom I had met in Akita. Here we were received with all Japanese courtesy, first by a servant, then by the Admiral himself. He is a gentleman of simple manners and fine education, and speaks both English and French with fluency. He is the only Japanese Catholic official

of real influence in the empire. He it was who accompanied the Prince Regent (now Emperor) on his trip to Europe at the time a special visit was paid to the Holy Father in Rome. Madame Yamamoto we found to be a most charming lady, and the five children of the household were delightful. The oldest and the youngest of these bright young folks are girls, and between them in age are three boys.

I was well repaid for this visit. It was an honor to become personally acquainted with Admiral Yamamoto, who is the greatest Catholic leader in Japan and who is at the head of the *Seinenkwai* (an organization of Catholic laymen which is doing a vast amount of good for Catholics in the Orient). There were present four other gentlemen able to converse in English with ease. They had been specially invited to enhance the conversation. After a half-hour's pleasant interchange of ideas, supper was announced. This meal lasted over an hour, and was a really delightful occasion: even chairs were brought in, to make us the more comfortable. After supper copies of a number of books and booklets relating to the activities of the Seinenkwai were given us. We left this Catholic home greatly edified; and we thanked our Lord and prayed that He would provide more such splendid Catholic leaders in Japan.

The next morning a young student (a candidate of the Jesuits, studying at the Jochi Daigaku) took me to the Seishin Gakuin. We started on our way at five o'clock and, after an hour's ride on the street car and many roundabout turns, arrived just in time for me to say the Mass at half-past six, as planned. Mr. Yamamoto, a lawyer and brother of the Admiral, served at Mass, and many of the dear little girl pupils received Holy Communion from my hands. Then I had breakfast with Fa-

ther Pockstaller, S.J., who had said Mass before me. After breakfast all the 'Little Missionaries,' with some of the Religious, assembled, and I gave them the promised talk on my trip and on our missions, finally imparting to them my blessing.

Then we left the pleasant, hospitable academy, to pay a visit to Father Mark J. McNeal, S.J. This indefatigable priest had spent recently about a year in the United States, collecting money for the Catholic University of Tokyo, and was now on a bed of illness and exhaustion in a Japanese (pagan) hospital. It seemed to me incongruous indeed that there should be no Catholic hospital whatever in a great city like Tokyo; but so it was. But today, thanks be to God, there are two small Catholic hospitals established within the precincts of the city.

A long and poignant, yet intensely interesting story might here be told of the experiences of those in charge of the Catholic University of Tokyo since the earthquake; and the same may be said of the struggles of the Religious of the Sacred Heart, under the most adverse circumstances, to rebuild their institutions and start afresh with their labors. But these narratives rightly belong to others, and I must not encroach upon privileges that I cannot here justly assume. Let it suffice to recall once more what has elsewhere been said about the Catholic University — that all the monies collected by Father McNeal, when on his American tour, were necessarily requisitioned for the re-erection of temporary university buildings, after the ruin of the old quarters; and the Jesuit Fathers have thus been as far away as ever from obtaining the desired recognition of the Japanese government for their institute of learning, because they have as yet been unable to make a minimum deposit of $250,000, which

the government requires for such official recognition. The real facts of the case show that, had not the government waived this requirement for some years past, the conditions would have been much more difficult to cope with. But of late a number of Protestant and secular corporations have been able to inform the government that they possess the required endowment and more; therefore it is highly probable that the Jesuit Fathers will soon be asked to meet the demand or consent that their institution shall sink to the level of a private educational enterprise. This certainly looks bad in the sight of the Japanese. It seems to prove to them that the Catholic Church is unable to maintain even one little university in the empire, while the Protestants successfully conduct a number. So, in spite of the auspicious circumstances under which the institution was started and has continued, later conditions have become more and more ominous. Since my visit, attendance at the university has each year gradually decreased, owing entirely to the difficulties here mentioned in securing a proper endowment. But in some slight amelioration of the Catholic situation as I have stated it, it is but fair to pass on a report received at the moment of writing, to the effect that the Jesuits have now prospects of obtaining the sum required.

As to the Religious of the Sacred Heart, their struggles, both in Tokyo and Kobe, have been tremendous since the catastrophe; for their wonderful and most complete and beautiful property known as the Seishin Gakuin was almost totally reduced to ruins; and the resulting lack of almost everything required to carry on their exemplary work crippled not only the operations in Tokyo, but, as I have said, in Kobe and elsewhere also. However, I am told that a new and very splendid institution is now already all but completed in Kobe, the credit for the suc-

The Jochi daigaku, the Catholic (Jesuit) University of Tokyo, as it Appeared before the Earthquake

The Seishin Gakuin (as it appeared before the great earthquake), in Charge of Mesdames of the Sacred Heart. The splendid school has recently been entirely rebuilt.

cessful accomplishment of this enterprise being very largely due to the Reverend Mother Mayer, R.S.H., a native of Wuerttemberg, Germany. The new buildings have already cost a half-million of dollars. Everywhere throughout Japan — that is, in Catholic circles — the marvelous confidence which these Religious of the Sacred Heart have implicitly placed in the Lord, with equally marvelous consequences, is being wonderingly talked of. One missionary priest wrote to me, rather wistfully: "Perhaps we men might well summon up a little more of this splendid trust in Divine Providence."

After a pleasant and profitable visit with Father McNeal, we left for the Archbishop's residence, intending there to join Father General and Father Mohr (the regional superior of our Japanese Missions) who had arrived the day before: together we expected to call on the Apostolic Delegate Msgr. Giardini. We were, however, informed that his Excellency was not at home, so we postponed this call till later in the afternoon.

In the meantime Father Willmes and I went to the famous Ueno Park. This vast pleasure ground, the foremost in Tokyo, is dotted and terraced and wooded with cherry and fir trees. One first passes over a small triple bridge to a broad square which leads into the park through a cherry avenue. Just at this time this avenue was a bower of pink loveliness. Under blossom-laden trees we went up a broad flight of stone steps to a small plateau which was also *billowing* with pink and white glory. Here we came upon a red painted temple, a gallery of the Fine Arts Society, and what is known as a Panorama Building. However, we had not time to pause at any of these places, so we turned to the left and, retracing our steps along the wide cherry-bloom avenue, found at its eastern extremity a massive Japanese gate, and beyond it a

red brick building. This we knew to be the Imperial Museum, and it was here we wished, above all things, to enter.

There are so many things of interest in this wonderful museum — rooms and rooms and rooms with glass cases filled to overflowing with treasures of the past and present — that it would require days and weeks to view them properly, and pages and pages of text to adequately describe them. There are marvels of embroidery and weaving, delicately tinted pieces of lacquer work, artistic wood carving, tortoise-shell work, statues, images, masks of cunning device, carved and cast metal pieces, swords inlaid with gold and crusted with jewels, relics of all the different ages, old coins and weights, spears and glowing banners, musical instruments, exquisite porcelain and cloissonné, etc., etc.

But what I wanted especially to see, to carry back in memory to America, was the *Fumie* — that is to say, those pictures of our dear Lord on which Christians in persecution times were called to trample as a proof of their apostasy. And when I finally found these, lying in the glass cases before me, thoughts and emotions came so thick and fast that I stood speechless.

There they were, small prints of the different phases of Christ's earthly life — the Babe in His mother's arms, the Teacher of His disciples, the Victim on the cross; and I could fancy how, during those terrible days of persecution, this blasphemous desecration was annually required before a magistrate, — how, with bare feet the suspected Christians were commanded to stamp upon the holy face of their Savior. Oh, how many hundreds and thousands of those noble followers of the gentle Nazarene suffered death rather than to deny their crucified One in such a shameful manner!

Finally we left. There was time only for a fleeting glance at some other interesting treasures of the museum; for we intended also to visit th Asakusa Temple.

The entrance to the grounds of this temple is a short lane lined with small brick stalls in which toys, souvenirs, and eatables are sold. The grounds are beautifully laid out with leafy bowers; and there is an ancient belfry whose bell still swings back and forth, and a towered gate with two images of Nio (god of the road) in two niches. These niches are protected by netting, and in front of them hang many sandals, offerings of those who have desired to become good walkers. Inside the gate are stone lanterns. Then comes the main hall, dedicated to Kwannon. There is a principal altar in this hall, with a tabernacle, and side altars and niches, each with its own image. One of these — a small statue two feet high — is worn smooth from rubbing, as this act is supposed to ward off illness.

But we had to leave all too soon. At three o'clock we were back at the Archbishop's home, in the section of the city called *Sekiguchi*, where, for a few minutes, we saw Archbishop Rey, a small, very friendly, very hospitable man. Then Father General, Father Mohr, and I were off for the Apostolic Delegation, in the section of the city called Tsukiji.

We met the Apostolic Delegate as he was walking in his garden: on our way to him we had stopped to visit the old Tsukiji church. We found his Excellency to be an exceedingly friendly person: he led us, almost immediately, to his room, and there we had a heart-to-heart talk concerning our Niigata mission. Msgr. Giardini specially showed his interest in the further development of the Aishikwai congregation, and promised to do all in his power to secure the approval of the Holy See for this

native sisterhood (since secured, as stated). Upon my request he gave me his photograph and his signature, which I later published in our home paper, *Our Missions*. We departed with his Excellency's giving to each of us the double kiss of peace.

The Apostolic Delegate is a religious. He belongs to the Order of Barnabites, and has a lay brother of the same community with him. And I must not forget to mention that at this time he occupied only the upper floor of his house for his apartments. But since then his personal accommodations have completely changed. At present his Excellency occupies a residence with appointments fittingly in keeping with his official position as personal representative of the Holy Father.

After leaving the Apostolic Delegate, we lingered for a little in the more official quarters downstairs. Here we met Father Steichen, scholar and writer, who gave me a copy of his classical and historical work, "The Christian Daimyos." Father Steichen is also editor of the "Koe," a Catholic periodical with an influence out of all proportion with its rather small circulation.

Then I returned to the Jesuits, where I met the Apostolic Prefect of the Caroline Islands. This meeting gave me another opportunity to 'talk missions' in a manner decidedly advantageous and informing for me.

Looking over my notes, I find that, in the archdiocese of TOKYO, having the Paris Foreign Mission Society, there are 10,801 Catholics, 46 foreign priests, (of this number only 20 are actually members of the Paris Foreign Mission Society; the remaining number comprises priests in the university, schools, etc., who may be religious of other Orders, or even secular), 4 native priests, 33 foreign Brothers, 22 native Brothers, 119 foreign Sisters, and 31 native Sisters. The NAGASAKI diocese

has 62,584 Catholics, 63 foreign priests (24 only are Paris Foreign Missionary Fathers; and of the remainder, 9 are Franciscans from the Kagoshima mission), 28 native priests, 45 foreign Brothers, 30 native Brothers, 39 foreign Sisters, and 299 native Sisters. In the OSAKA diocese are 4,629 Catholics, 23 foreign priests (18 are Paris Foreign Mission Fathers), 4 native priests, 9 foreign Brothers, 3 native Brothers, 37 foreign Sisters, and 6 native Sisters. In the HAKODATE diocese are 2,790 Catholics, 27 foreign priests, 4 Japanese priests, 44 Brother Trappists (all Japanese), and 91 Sisters (of whom about 66 are Trappistines). In HIROSHIMA there are 1,204 Catholics, 8 foreign Jesuit priests, and 6 foreign Sisters. In the apostolic prefecture of SHIKOKU there are 561 Catholics, 7 foreign Dominican priests, and 3 foreign Sisters. In the apostolic prefecture of NIIGATA there are 477 Catholics, 13 foreign Fathers of the Divine Word, 11 foreign Sisters, and 47 native Sisters (this latter number comprising novices, postulants, and candidates). In the apostolic prefecture of SAPPORO there are 1,712 Catholics, 14 foreign Franciscan Missionary Fathers, 4 native Brothers, and 22 foreign Sisters. In the apostolic prefecture of NAGOYA there are 233 Catholics, 7 foreign Fathers of the Divine Word, and 11 foreign Sisters.

Sometimes I ponder over these figurs, wondering how we may increase the number of Catholics in this fair land; for the addition of the faithful in the archdiocese, the several dioceses, and apostolic prefectures, reaches only the pitiful sum of 84,991.

In Tokyo the Marianists have a flourishing school. They have won the confidence of many Japanese parents, and have made many converts: their most noted convert is, of course, Admiral Joseph Yamamoto.

The Jesuit University, where I had been spending some very pleasant hours, was at the time struggling in a sea of uncertainties: I have already reported on this subject. Father Hoffmann was at the time head of a faculty which consisted of twelve Fathers. The number of students was 12 in 1913, but had since increased to nearly 200. Only applicants of approved ability were considered for admission. Though religious instruction was (and is) prohibited, the example of the good Fathers, as well as their capabilities and the conduct of their Catholic students, exercises a splendid influence. Of late three students had joined the Society of Jesus, and were receiving their training in philosophy and theology in Germany. The Japanese Government had given proof of the high esteem in which the work of the Fathers was held by inviting two of them, Father Dahlmann and Father Overmans, to teach in the Imperial University of Tokyo.

After supper I had to say good-bye to the friendly Jesuits. I left, with Fr. Willmes, for Yokohama, after having first stopped at the Marunouchi Building to say a last farewell to the father of my friend, Miss Inouye.

HIS EXCELLENCY MOST REVEREND MARIUS GIARDINI
Apostolic Delegate of Japan

The Catholic Rear Admiral Yamamoto

CHAPTER XXIII

Homeward Bound

The last night and next morning — Wind and rain and high waves — A friendly call from 'somewhere' — Victoria, Puget Sound, Seattle — Reminiscences — The great international 'superiority complex' — The significance of the Japanese attitude in intercourse — The overland trip home. — A missionary's 'home sense' — The Techny pulse again.

My last night in Japan was spent on the Bluff in Yokohama.

I went to bed with *Christian* Japan's great Prayer to Mary tugging at my heartstrings:

"O Mary, bright Morning Star, who, in thy very appearance upon earth didst signify the speedy rising of the Sun of Justice and of Truth; shine sweetly upon the people of Japan, so that, shaking off the darkness of their minds, they may faithfully acknowledge the brightness of Eternal Light, thy Son our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Then, as it had been a busy day and I found myself very tired, sleep soon carried me away to regions indicating my subconscious anticipations of the homeward journey.

The next morning my last Mass in the Land of the Rising Sun was said in the Yokohama Sacred Heart Church on the Bluff. I shall never see that church again; for, during the disastrous earthquake, it crumbled to pieces. After Mass I started with Father Willmes for the wharf where the S.S. *Empress of Russia* had been waiting

since the day before. "Cabin 334," according to our tickets, was to be for Father General and me a place of rest and retirement on our way back to the North American continent. Father General and Father Mohr soon made their appearance, having remained until that very morning with his Grace Archbishop Rey, in Tokyo. We were practically ready for embarkation, but were reminded of a few necessary, final, preparations, one of particularly amusing significance to us being the shaving off of our beards which we had worn since the early days of our arrival in the Far East: in fine, the beards were at least a year old. Oh, how good it felt to be clean-shaven again! I could imagine myself returned to young boyhood. After being put in perfect condition to meet the Western gaze, we found Fathers Breton and Noialle waiting to wish us God-speed. They remained with us until eleven o'clock: then, at twelve (noon) sharp, the great vessel slowly drew out of Yokohama harbor, faced the open sea, and fairly entered upon her long run 'homeward.' "*Sayo Nara*" — Farewell, Japan! Anon we were well on our way, first moving south, then around the southeastern corner of the peninsula, and thence taking a northerly course.

I watched the receding land through tear-dimmed eyes, while prayers and hopes and dreams throbbed with each heart-beat.

'Japan, Japan, land of loveliness, shall I ever see you again? Land of immortal souls in most mortal array, shall I live to know of your conversion to the true Faith? Land graced with thousands of blessings, shall I ever learn that you have recognized the gracious Giver of all good? Land of industry and refinement, shall I ever rejoice in the knowledge that you are using these God-given traits for the honor and glory of your Creator? O wonderful, lovable, — pagan Japan!' This was the trend of my apos-

trophic, farewell address to the land that had won my heart in many ways.

W were moving on, farther out into deeper waters; yet each view of the shore brought new phases of beauty to my wistful eyes, until, finally, dim and misty, even the sun-kissed, snow-capped mountain-tops faded into purple-gray shadows, with nothing else but a foreground of the blue waters of the ocean and the great ship moving tranquilly on. Turning to my companion, I began to take some interest in our floating shelter and carrier. On board there were but 190 first-class passengers, and 62 second-class.

So long as we kept moving in a northerly direction, — that is, for the first three days, — the weather continued to be foggy, rainy, and cold. Then came May 2. This, being meridian day, was a *neutral* day; so I said Mass twice, in honor of the Finding of the Holy Cross (which feast falls on May 3). The following two days were also very cold and stormy; but our great steamship plowed serenely and steadily through the wind-roughened waters, making an average of about 440 miles a day (the minimum being 421 miles during the rough weather, and the maximum, 457 miles). Entertainments of various kinds helped to while away the tedium of the long hours. One night we had a moving picture show; another night, a concert; and the Filipino band played for us also during the dinner hour each day.

On Friday, May 4, I received a wireless from a good friend, advising that we should disembark when reaching home shores, not at Vancouver, but at Victoria. The following Sunday evening land was sighted. What thrills this evoked! How glad we should be to step ashore once more! I was fretting a little, though, about my many packages and trunks containing all the

curios from the Far East. But after asking St. Christopher, the patron of travelers, to care for all these things that I was sending to my own country, and expressing my full confidence in his powerful protection, my mind became perfectly at ease on the subject.

When we disembarked, on the morning of May 7, we went first to the Cathedral at Victoria, there to thank our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for bringing us safely through the past eighteen months, from mission to mission, to this our near journey's end. It was a great and glorious feeling, even though mingled with pangs of regret, to realize that our visitation tour had come to an end; and we were correspondingly grateful.

Father General remained about two hours in the Cathedral, while I attended to the business of purchasing our tickets for the trip through Puget Sound to Seattle. Then we went to the beautiful park of Victoria.

All about us budding trees and tender grass-blades and early blossoms whispered entrancingly of spring. We drank in the sweet loveliness and enjoyed the superb view of the great expanse of water until it was time to entrust ourselves once more to the mighty deep. The great sea leviathans of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company are invariably named "Empress": the steamships that ply in lesser waters are named "Princess." So we now boarded one of the "*Princesses,*" and were off again, this time on our way to Seattle — 'Hame, hame, hame, to our ain countree!' as Allan Cunningham loves to sing.

It was a beautiful sail across Puget Sound. The waters, peaceful and shining, seemed to bear us on and on, much more surely than when we were out in open sea, and one fairly felt the quickening sensation that, with each revolution of the great wheel of the steamer, we were being urged just that much nearer home. Floating tranquilly

on the quiet bosom of the Pacific, my thoughts kept turning backward, living over again the past eighteen months, specially the time passed in that lovely land of Japan.

In the cool of the evening of that first day out of Victoria, I walked up and down the long deck, lost to all about me. The western sky was still afire with a last reflection of the sun now sunk to rest beneath the horizon. The beautiful glow of evening cast wonderful magical lights over the dreamy waves, and a pale wraith of a moon smiled wanly from the water.

I could fancy the Japanese land where I had so recently stood, could fancy the tiny houses on which dark shadows of night were gradually descending, with lights flashing here and thre. I could fairly sense an approaching night procession, the ranks of paraders still indistinguishable, but torches of exquisite and fantastic shapes looming up everywhere, with sounds of jubilation, as of some popular festival being celebrated. Alas, it was less easy to conjure up these imaginative occasions, a few months later.

But who is there, having once visited Japan, able afterwards to deny a tribute of admiration to this people and this land of the Far East? It has transplanted the culture of Europe, vigorous with life, to its decaying soil, and has transplanted with apparent success. Yet to one like myself, who had been able to penetrate to, and to read, the secret longings locked up in the hearts of this exulting people, its prouder and more self-satisfied moments of triumph presented no riddle. I could readily understand its exultations. And yet, I could also perceive how idle and hollow was this joy, resembling only a glistening soap-bubble which is ready to burst at the least breath of wind! All the external pomp and display of Western culture has, indeed, been transplanted to Japan-

ese shores; but Western culture's vitalizing, ennobling source and fountainhead, Christianity, which has lent that culture its distinctive worth, has been very generally ignored by Japan, as something lightly to be dispensed with. Great, indeed, has this nation grown; but its very greatness carries with it the germ of decay. The evil consequences of its failure to rest its civilization on sound foundations are always revealing themselves, in most unexpected ways, with a shocking clarity; but the eyes of its people are yet unable to see where their only hope and source of salvation lies. When will these eyes be opened?

I could fancy the shouts of jubilation stilled, the lights extinguished, and dark night settling over the towns. The starry heavens extended in a wonderful arch above me. Myriads of golden lights, with their glorious beauty, undimmed since creation's dawn, shone down. These silent witnesses, with their sublime messages of man's successes and mishaps in every age and clime, brought a soothing balm to my troubled soul. From far away I could hear the soft murmur of breaking waves, still singing, as in the primeval days, their old but eternally new song of jubilee to the Lord of all creation before whom all things once bent in fear and awe. And *these* waves, breaking against the Islands of Japan, will also sing their song of jubilee, but in an infinitely more joyful mood, when tested and taught by suffering, the people of this land come to turn to Him who alone can bring joy to their hearts — hearts that, after all is said and done, are even now thirsting and longing for a happiness neither evanescent nor merely transitory.

Again, during this trip across the Sound, I varied my meditation to consider what the Japanese might think of *us*, as a nation. It is sometimes very difficult to find out the feelings of an *individual*, for he can mask his senti-

ments under assumed expresssions of countenance; and this is a special accomplishment of the Japanese. But of a *nation,* we judge by its newspapers its official utterances, and its official acts. So, when I tried to fathom Japanese sentiments, as in the rôle of a sister-nation, I went farther back, and pondered on what the Japanese had, first, come to think of themselves.

Their history tells us that the first emperor, Jimmu-Tenno, ascended the throne in the year 660 B. C., and that he was descended from the Sun-Goddess. Behind this is the legend that Japan was the *first* land, and that other lands were formed in later ages, thus making this country the 'first-born,' the most beautiful, and the supreme over all. Jimmu was not an outsider placed over Japan, but a child of Amaterasu, the real head of a *people* of the gods in the *land* of the gods. People of other nations are supposed to be of baser origin. While the children of Israel consider themselves to be the "chosen people," the Japanese considered themselves as being, not merely *chosen,* but, simply, as *being* the predominant race. Another tenet held as an actual part of their historic record is that the rulers have descended in a direct line, from that shadowy Jimmu to the present emperor. Sometimes a son, sometimes a daughter, has ruled; but the old line continues.

But we know that the first definite knowledge of Japan was not until the year A. D. 461; and even then, facts are not found to have been established with definite and accurate clarity: an absolutely scientific historical record is not to be had until after the sixth century. We know, also, that the lineal descent from Jimmu had to be strengthened by a number of adoptions. Yet most of the Japanese believe this historical fiction; but not all, of course. Those who have received scientific instruction on the Western continents — in fact, most of the edu-

cated Japanese — have learned to doubt or deny the story of what happened prior to the year 660 B. C. But later history they accept as gospel truth.

So it naturally follows that the Japanese mind, steeped for ages in mythical legends of a divine origin, a godly people, and a sacred land, carries, above all, the *superiority complex*. However, truth compels one to admit that this particular complex, as we now speak of it, is by no means confined to the Japanese alone. Take a citizen of Great Britain, France, Germany, or of our own United States, and fall into conversation with him. Nine chances to one it will soon become evident that he considers his country better than any other. The greatest difference between Japan and other countries is a *religious* difference. While other nations have parted from their primitive paganism, Japan still clings to her racial creed; for Shintoism, the way of the gods, is still fostered and protected by the Government and the State.

Seventy-five yars ago the ancient Japanese belief was universal throughout the empire. The people lived and died in the glow of Old Japan, ignorant of the outside world. Then, one day, a fleet of American warships came into the Bay of Jedo, and its commander, Commodore Perry, politely but firmly demanded protection for American sailors who might be shipwrecked on the Japanese coast. Of course, this was merely a final outcome of diplomatic relations which had been carried on for some time previously, as has been intimated before in these pages. The Commodore sailed away to China, but returned after two years, when a treaty was signed by which the Japanese agreed to receive an American consul at one of their ports.

Thus was Japan opened. Her early experiences with other nations had been bitter ones, and she had learned

that the Western nations, though inferior in godly descent, were more powerful in coercive action. So the Japanese statesmen resolved to build on the foundation of the old nation a new one that would hold its place with any other on earth.

The resolve was carried out. There was international reorganization. War with China, war with Russia, and participation in the Great War, helped to bring Japan quickly to the foremost rank among world-powers. The methods of the West were adopted, not because they were better liked, but as one would submit to a painful operation to ward off greater evil. Yet, while even now they are continuing the process of adapting themselves to modern ways, the Japanese still feel that they are children of the gods, that their Emperor is of divine origin, and that their country is holy and superior to all others.

What of the stranger within her gates? Japan accepts him, as she accepts other foreign innovations, not because she loves him, but because she feels that she must do as other countries do in order to reign supreme. Beneath the veil of courtesy she is studying him, seeking, from his person and from all things with which he surrounds himself, to find new ways of elevating herself to a supreme position of ascendancy. She is not specially antagonistic to Germany, nor to England, nor to France, nor to America. Her picture is not large enough to contain each separate nation: she recognizes at one sweep but two groups, — that of the Japanese, and that of 'foreigners,' — and thus she comprehends the whole wide world.

These known latent sentiments are instruments in the hands of Japanese statesmen who are internationally concerned. When such things as, for instance, the immigration question or the treatment of the Japanese in California are brought to the front, then this sleeping dislike

is wakened into life, as, say, against the United States. The Japanese press takes up the story. There are mutterings and threatened hostilities. Indeed, happenings have occurred which have caused the newspapers of the empire to blaze into flaming words against our country. But through it all the American residents in the Sunrise Kingdom have gone about their business, just as usual, with no apprehension of danger. And no American has ever been molested in the slightest manner.

This latent animosity is not exhibited. The visitor is always politely treated. He is welcomed in shop and inn; and if he delves into obscure corners where the foreigner is seldom seen, he is met with the same dignified courtesy. Curiosity may be evident in the shy glances of the women, and frank wonder in the clear gaze of the children; but the stranger is welcomed, — and his welcome rings genuine and true.

To me there is encouraging evidence, even though it be very slight, in Japan's attitude toward the Head of Christendom. As a result of the peace Conference and events subsequent to it, the Japanese Government came to a full realization of the world-wide influence exerted by the Holy See in these modern times. It also learned what a prolific source of information is opened up to nations maintaining an official representative at the Vatican. Moreover, the fact that France, having previously severed all diplomatic relations with the Holy See, was again seriously endeavoring to secure a peaceful settlement of former difficulties with Rome, made a strong impression in official and governmental circles in Japan. For these reasons, when the Budget for 1923—24 came up for discussion in the Japanese Diet, an item of 116,000 yen ($58,000) was found listed for the maintenance of an envoy at the Vatican.

Of course, there followed a controversy and a merry war in the world of journalism. Opinions were expressed and arguments flung back and forth. Meantime, both houses of the Diet had commenced their sittings. It became necessary, therefore, to adopt heroic and speedy measures, if the Government's proposal was to be defeated. The Buddhists sent Mr. Otani, president of the Higashi-Hongwanji, the principal temple and headquarters of the Shinshu-Buddhist sect at Kyoto. Mr. Otani, coming to Tokyo, was deputed to reason, using the most persuasive arguments, with each individual member of both houses of the Diet. This form of propaganda proving ineffectual, threats were used; so that the majority of the members understood that, if they voted for the appointment of a papal envoy, they would be certain of defeat at the next parliamentary election. When the matter was introduced for official consideration in the lower house, there were irrelevant questions and a welter of arguments for which the Government had no ready nor facile reply. Of course, when it came to a vote, the proposal was rejected. The Government, though, did not hesitate to declare that it was sheer nonsense to say that Catholicity was incompatible with the conception and spirit of the Japanese State. Needless to say, this declaration was most agreeable to Catholics, for the very opposite had formerly been asserted by the same authoritative body.

Yet, looking at Japan through the eyes of a Catholic priest, there is very much yet to be hoped for, and to be prayed for.

Somewhere I have seen a picture from the brush of a renowned painter. The artist has depicted Christ with the crown of thorns on His head, the reed-scepter in His hands, sitting on a stone in a deserted, barren place. It is a compelling picture: it is called "The Suffering Christ at

Rest." Oftentimes, during the trip home, did I compare the Japanese Mission with this picture. Suffering and lonesome! An old French missionary who labored many years without apparent success in Japan used to say: *"Il nous faut souffrir."* And a good bishop made at the same time remarks even more significant. They were, in effect: "Dear Fathers, we have labored with the labors of a St. Francis Xavier; we have prayed; we have suffered; we have turned ourselves in this way and in that way, to meet these people, and all with a result amounting to zero."

In the Nagoya mission district conditions are worse than anywhere else. So the mission problem in Japan is the hardest of all problems — a problem requiring, simply, patient, watchful waiting, with a readiness at all times to grasp the slightest opportunity that may present itself.

Moreover, modern culture has given to Japan a pride of arrogance which is not truly her own; but this culture has blinded her by means of its external luster. Then, the Japanese are really old-fashioned in their customs and religion; and because of this they have no keen sense of 'outside' obligations, or even of the right sort of obligations to themselves. No cultured nation records so many divorces. And the people are as superstitious and idolatrous as the Africans. In persecuting the Christians they were as barbarous and persevering as the old Romans; and traces of the same spirit are not wanting today. Three hundred years of persecution have instilled this into them. It is a disgrace to become a Christian; and a convert is ignored by relatives and loses favor everywhere with his superiors. Acknowledgment in the schools of the cult of the Emperor is demanded by the Government, and Government officials are obliged to take public part in all Shintoistic demonstrations (though in private life a Jap-

anese is no longer interfered with as to his religious predilections).

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the way of the Lord in Japan is stony; and that the missionaries are lonesome, as lonesome as the voice of the one crying in the wilderness, — yea, as lonesome in their degree as the thorn-crowned Savior on the stone.

They are alone in the wide world, although members of the universal Church. Organically and hierarchically united with the Head of the Church, — that is, with Rome, — they are detached, as it were, from the great body of its members, the Christians in the world.

Let us be quite frank for a moment. How many Catholics in our country have any real sympathy for Japan and the Japanese? What can the missionaries record? Can they give a glowing, enthusiastic account of their successes? And again, financially, Japan is the most expensive mission; and from the missioners' point of view, the most difficult regarding language and characteristics of the country. These missioners are lonesome even in their own religious Society: the Society is too busily engaged elsewhere. It has not sufficient time, money, nor missionaries, for the barren mission field of Japan. During the War the missioners over there were objects of hate, even from least expected sources. And yet they have gone on, patiently, perseveringly, prayerfully. Oh, some day, those mighty efforts will be, must be, rewarded. Some day that generous self-sacrifice of the missioners must be proved effective. Therefore, I say, God bless our noble missionaries in Japan!

Finally, this last, long, quiet passage on the water was over. We touched the western coast, landed at Seattle. On the pier we were met by two good Jesuit Fathers.

They had an automobile waiting for us, and after a drive through the city, brought us to their college. There our Father Provincial Janser made his appearance; and our welcome back to America was very cordial.

While in Seattle, we visited a number of institutions, and also called upon the Right Rev. Bishop O'Dea. But at last we were ready for the overland journey, and boarded a train on the Northwestern Railway. Could it be that Techny was but three days off? For the moment nothing quite met my thought like the long hackneyed but ever dear old phrases which John Howard Payne composed for his opera of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," —

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which sought through the world is ne'er met with elsewhere.
An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lovely thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

And lest any one should think such sentiments unseemly in a priest whose life has been given to mission work, let me say that the missionary is taught just this thing: to make the place of his chosen mission appointment, in so far as it may be possible to him, the very home of his heart's desire. There is a sort of demand upon the missionary to extend the Scripture passage where it says, "A man shall leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife," to mean, "A man shall leave his fatherland and his home countryside, and shall learn to cleave unto that land to which his mission labors and loves are assigned." The United States of America had, from the days of my early priesthood, been ordained as the future home of my life's labors for the Cause to which I had

given myself. I had originally longed to be sent to China. Had I gone there, doubtless God woud have given me a love for China above all other loves of country. As a matter of fact, a missionary returning home on furlough soon becomes dissatisfied. He longs to get back 'home,' as he calls it, where his love's labors are. But America had been chosen for me: so now, although I had traveled abroad, visiting with keenest joy and affection all the mission fields of the Far East and South Seas, I felt, on making this cross-country trip to Chicago and Techny a thrill of home-coming that was joy indescribable.

On, on, we traveled, over mountains, through tunnels, running along the shores of rivers, dipping into valleys, over bridges, on the edges of canyons, and finally across the familiar prairie-land that every moment whispered, "Home, sweet home."

At the Chicago terminal we were met by our Father Joseph Eckert, S.V.D., pastor of St. Monica's (now of St. Elizabeth's) Church, and by a number of friends; and we were at once carried off to the rectory, where a hearty dinner had been prepared for us. After doing ample justice to the good meal, there was a last dash, by auto, to Techny. The car rolled swiftly through the busy city, along Lake Michigan, up to Glencoe, and then westward home.

Techny! Techny! Soft spring tints showed in the budding trees, the fresh young grass, the mingled hues of early blossoms, and there was a baby breeze that wafted sweetness from wood and field. Oh, this was, *surely home!*

All the Fathers, Brothers, and students, assembled in front of the new building, gave us an enthusiastic welcome. Then, with full hearts, we entered, for the first time, the new church in honor of the Holy Ghost (it had come to

completion during our absence), to offer thanks to God for His wonderful protection during the eighteen months of our visitation tour. There was a universal expression of gratitude, after which Father General gave his blessing to all assembled.

During the remainder of the day we were stormed on all sides with demands to give some of our experiences. So many questions were asked by eager young voices, with crystal-clear souls looking through eager young eyes, that my heart leaped with gladness. For I sensed, back of the eyes and voices, the deep-seated wish, the earnest prayer, the high aspiration that, like the good missionaries we had visited, these fresh laborers in the field might be found strong and brave and zealous enough also to be placed in the forefront of Christ's glorious army.

When I got a moment of quiet to myself, I found myself humming Father Lynk's Techny Song:

Where verdant groves on golden wheat fields border,
Along the red man's half-forgotten trails,
There lies a spot of beauty, peace, and order,
And over it the starry banner hails.
O blessed spot, O Techny dear,
Wherever I shall be,
I shall forever cherish thee.

This little Japanese person is not a mendicant, in spite of appearance. Note the massive stone lanterns.

Along the Shore of Yokohama Harbor

CHAPTER XXIV

Aftermath

Counting the costs — Going over the lessons learned: of Sacrifice, *of* Lack, *of the curse of* Nationalism *and* Congregationalism *on the missions — What about our American Contingent in the Far East? — The 'Old' and the 'New' — A consideration of army matters — Summary of impressions, and resumé.*

Well, it doesn't take long for a soul but little accustomed to roam abroad, to settle down after a momentous journey and begin to live the old life again, just as though strange sights and scenes and strange vicissitudes had not been one's portion for at least a marked period of life. And yet, even for the most prosaic, things are not the same after such an experience, — never can be; there will always be, thereafter, a more or less different outlook, a new gauge by which to measure life as it flows on from this point of departure.

Besides, there is always the 'clean-up' to face, not only after a 'good time,' but after any event that, in one way or another, calls for unusual undertakings and expedients which must be 'balanced' after the affair is over.

So it was with me. I was anxious that the whole tour should be found to have been made at a minimum cost: not that I feared that my friends or enemies might possibly think I had been traveling uselessly at 'public expense,' but simply because it is an ingrained trait of missionary training to 'count the pennies.'

It will be recalled that I had purchased many curios, here and there, along the way. And I would also refer, in this connection, to the many cloisonné articles that I had been able to purchase in Peking and elsewhere in China. These had been secured (through 'proper intercession') at a most reasonable rate; and after settling down once more at home, I was able to dispose of them at a sufficient profit to more than balance the entire cash expense of all my travels, for eighteen months (I left Techny on Nov. 2, 1921, and reached home on May 12, 1923) abroad. Totaling up the mileage, I found that I had covered considerably more than the distance around the globe at the equator combined with the distance from Pole to Pole — the whole tour covering approximately 45,000 miles. And the entire jaunt had cost me not more than $1,800. Of course, I was much more fortunate than many could possibly have been, in that I was almost everywhere received with a large-hearted hospitality, as a guest in one religious house or another, so that the greater part of my expenditure consisted in transportation charges solely.

But there were other reminders of the trip than just these. I found that the greatest value of the whole experience came, after I had been home a while, in a gradual summing up of the full significance of all that had come under my scrutiny during this world-mission journey, considering the matter from various angles and attitudes.

For one thing, I learned that I had known, heretofore, very little of the meaning of the word *sacrifice* — that is, of the meaning that the term takes on after one has come directly in touch with mission life 'as is.' Of course, one may very pertinently interpose here that I have already spoken enough of sacrifices, in this book, and in all the volumes that have gone before. But I want to be per-

mitted to speak now, even at the risk of repetition, just a little of that *change* in significance the term *sacrifice* came to have for me. Particularly in Japan were my ideas of this term rather rudely jostled. I found that *sacrifice* means very many things; and that the things we in the West are most wont to look upon as sacrifices may seem to be renunciations of but little moment to the missionary, while other requirements, of which we at home have but little knowledge and often less concern, constitute the real conditions of sacrifice which are most keenly felt by those who are in the midst of foreign missionary work. But as all knowledge of the good and true conduces to respect, so I came to look upon the missionaries as the very noblest among men and women, in spite of the absolute disclaimer to any heroism whatever which every missionary makes.

As to sacrifices themselves, of course there are always those of enforced adjustments to utterly different climates, languages, customs, intellectual and spiritual outlooks, ways and methods of doing things, preferences, etc., etc.: I have a long time since spoken of such things. But all such sacrifices are *looked for*, in advance, and are therefore met easily, with comparatively little thought being given to the sweeping renunciation of life's offerings that are thus demanded. However, almost every missionary with whom I had an opportunity for conversation at length, confessed to me that one of the greatest, greatest sacrifices, which actually comes upon them as *a sacrifice indeed*, is that which accompanies the consciousness of utter loneliness which falls sometimes, and of utter isolation from an understanding sympathy on the part of one's fellow men. This, I was assured, is a condition which at times creeps upon one in spite of every effort to resist it, and produces an effect of depression and abject discouragement which

one has to fight against as against the "wild beasts of Ephesus."

Of course, such a condition of mind has the more chance of winning its way with a person in the proportion that his labors are frustrated or thwarted, either because of lack of response to the message broadcasted, or because the response is so great that one feels the hopelessness of being able to meet and supply the resulting needs of the applicants with the inadequate forces of personnel and other means which the missionary knows to be available.

And so, in Japan, the REAL sacrifice means that sense of things which comes upon one after strenuous and impetuous labors have been made to deliver the message of Holy Church, and after one sees that these efforts have met with scarcely a semblance of response to what has amounted to almost ecstatic appeals to "come and see where the young Child lies."

In China the conditions are, frequently, exactly the reverse, with, however, not dissimilar attending sensations of frustration and consequent discouragement. In this case a response to missionary efforts comes often in a wholesale manner; whole villages and even sub-sections of the country turn to receive the Word, at the same time appealing for instant and adequate instruction and spiritual ministration. But this is the very thing that causes a great sense of discouragement through frustration, because the missionary feels overwhelmed with the vastness of his spiritual enterprise, and with his obvious inability to cope with it with the means he has at hand. For in mission life as we generally find it, such a laborer usually has little reason to hope for much in the way of reinforcements, or of means or personal assistance, as likely to be forthcoming either through his bishop or through the

support of the faithful at home. This is by no means to say that either the bishop or the faithful are to be considered always at fault, but rather that the means at hand is always woefully inadequate to meet the demands under such conditions as are here related.

For instance, the proportion of missionaries to the pagan populace is simply ridiculous. The statement thus baldly put probably sounds trite enough. But when one comes to mingle in the midst of teeming throngs, made up of millions upon millions of human beings, — when one walks abroad among these people, I say, and then turns his thought to consider the bare sprinkling of mission workers almost swallowed up in the sea of this packed human spectacle, — one begins to have it dawn upon him, for the first time, what the missionary means by SACRIFICE — hopes sacrificed, ambitions thwarted, dreams swept to one side, and vast plans renounced, all without a whimper, without a word of complaint, but with simply a disposition to bow meekly before the force of events and to henceforth shape his whole course with infinitely greater modesty and decidedly more moderate expectations!

No wonder that he is overwhelmed at times at the stupendousness of his task. No wonder his cries for assistance come to sound hackneyed to us at home, when we have never once had an opportunity to contemplate the paltriness of his position (that is, from all human standards). We have never seen how he stands as a grain of sand in a desert, perpetually being caught up in a whirlwind of paganism and vice all about him, and under the necessity of maintaining his place and exercising a real influence upon the mass of which he has, in his coming to the mission field, become an involuntary ingredient.

Yet there is a very perceptible *glory* which 'shines through all,' in mission lands. The missionary's leaven

does work; and as in the case of the yeast in the bread, when it once begins, it works marvelously.

So one comes to look intently upon the Christian communities, built here and there as island mountain-peaks dispersed amid a seething ocean of paganism; and because of the very fact that the contrast between the Christian island and the pagan watery waste is so extreme, one begins to learn as never before the meaning of the Christian life in the midst of a world of woe. Nothing like it is to be observed in Christian countries. The contrast in each phase of life — in atmosphere itself, then in *all action,* and at last, in *all expression* (especially personal features) — is so great that one stands filled with awe, yet with great joy and gratitude, for all that the inexhaustible mercies of our Lord, delivered to us through all His earthly life and death among us, signifies.

But to come back to the question of lack of workers. The subject deserves one more attempt to bring it home vividly to the minds of Christian readers who dwell far from mission centers. And we cannot do better than to take as an example China which we have just alluded to, with its myriad population amounting to about four hundred millions of human beings. In order to properly extend the Gospel message to these people, and to minister to them spiritually, there would be required (using the same proportionate basis of priestly distribution as obtains in the United States — a priest to a thousand souls) *four hundred thousand priests.* As a matter of fact, there are about *two thousand and five hundred* priests only, throughout the entire extent of the Chinese territory. This means that we are short some 397,000 priests for the necessary spreading of Christianity among the Chinese people. It means that we need, NOW AT THE PRESENT TIME IN CHINA, some 397,000 priests, if we are

to hope to convert them within this and the coming generation.

Yet, simple as the mathematical problem appears in its expression, it seems not to be in accordance with the will of our Lord that the solution should be worked out in precisely these terms and at this time. And what is more, even as matters stand in China today, so do they stand, in varying degrees, all over the mission territories of the world.

Salvation for the multitudes still groping in the shadows and dense darkness of paganism and sin will, for the most part, come, so it appears, through the ministrations of a growing native body of priests and of religious. Therefore, the fostering of native vocations, as soon as it is possible and practicable to expect them and to nourish them, must become a matter of paramount importance for all in authority in mission work in foreign lands.

In this particular it seems almost incredible, as we look back upon mission history for generations and even centuries, to observe how the whole paraphernalia of European culture, as modified and differentiated by the separate, biased, and prejudicial outlooks of its several nationalities, was made to become a sort of inclusive criterion of the establishment of Christianity in any new and pagan soil where convert-making was the desideratum. The very bearers of the message of the *catholicity* of the doctrine of Jesus Christ denied, in effect, that selfsame catholicity by insisting that the religion they preached must, in all its external and internal aspects, bear the stamp and reveal the brand of some European nation which they, through the longsuffering providence of God, chanced to represent. Thus we have the spectacle, as we read history, of clash and spiritual competition, of accusation, denial and counterdenials, in the very midst of the ranks of Christendom;

and all this between missionary laborers in all other aspects showing themselves intrepid heroes and even martyrs to their sacred calling. And thus we have the panorama before us of *competing* nations, as represented by their *missionary* sons, working coterminously in certain mission fields of the East and Far East: India and China are the lands that have most severely suffered under this blight of spiritual blindness to one great and essential principle which marks Christianity off from all other religions past and present, in a most outstanding manner. Of course, the principle or characteristic here referred to is the life-giving doctrine which, in proclaiming itself the Way and the Truth, declares itself to be, at the same time, perfectly adaptable to the traits, customs, habits, outlooks, and cultural levels of all tribes and peoples upon the face of the earth. "Go ye and teach all nations" is the message — *not* 'Go ye and teach your particular national bias or development of thought, manner, method,' etc. Rather, 'Go and teach the great universal truths, susceptible of application by all men of good-will, in accordance with their present fitness and readiness to make use of them, and in accord with their own precious heritage of cultural outlook and racial variety.' This is the Gospel message, just as St. Paul delivered it in Asia Minor in the beginning of our Christian era; and Christians are ever called upon to revert to it, if they would convert the world.

And just because of this spiritual color-blindness, so to speak (which is bigotry, in fact), missionaries frequently lost sight of the distinction between utter uniformity of method and the unity of spiritual integrity of motive and purpose. Thus but little was done, as was so *radically* done in the days of St. Paul, to foster 'native' vocations — that is, to rear up in the mission fields at the earliest possible moment, natives capable of carrying on the work

of the Church in their local centers, and capable of becoming priests and confessors among their own people. Impossible as it seems to us in the present day, St. Paul was able, upon several occasions, to leave a newly founded church-center, after six months, with sufficiently trained and prepared converts to admit of their ordination to all the rites and ministrations of the holy priesthood and other orders required for the carrying on of the work of the Church and the supplying of the Sacraments. To be sure, such rapid action would be utterly impossible under our modern conditions; but the ancient fact serves to mark the distance our missionaries have traveled, all in the *other* direction, during the late centuries.

But a great change in attitude concerning these things has taken place in recent years; and this needful change received its greatest impetus during the reign of the late Holy Father, Benedict XV, of sacred memory, with the issuance of his Apostolic Letter, *Maximum Illud*, (May 3, 1922), covering the whole subject of missions. Today Rome is exacting in its demands upon missionary bishops and superiors in general, requiring that they shall use every means in their power to advance the religious life, and shall bend every legitimate effort to raise up a pious and holy priesthood in their mission territoreis. Seminaries are to be founded wherever there is the slightest chance to fill them with worthy aspirants; and the gradual establishment of native sisterhoods and religious congregations in general is decidedly encouraged.

Closely allied to this spirit of nationalism is the petty vice of "congregationalism." Sad to say, traces of it are still to be found (but, thank God, the traces are growing rarer and rarer, day by day), here and there on the missions. I mean here to refer particularly to the spectacle of one religious Society or Order engaged in fierce competi-

tion, with another or with others, or within its own confines, over questions of spiritual gains, or over the acquisition of spiritual supervision of contested territories, — all this as yet, however, not wholly separated from considerations of nationality or culture. Within the last few years Rome, in official pronouncements (see Apostolic Letter, *Rerum Ecclesiae,* of Pope Pius XI, Feb. 28, 1926), has dealt with this condition of affairs in very strong terms of disapprobation, denouncing as hateful certain resulting influences that have arisen because of such prevalence of party spirit between missionary groups of the same or different religious Orders. But as has been admitted, the diminution of all such rivalry is becoming noticeable in the proportion that seminaries and convents for native priests and religious are being established on the missions, and in the proportion that priests of other nationalities are being called upon to join hand to hand with older workers. Most prominent among encouraging *changed* conditions of this sort are those of the rapid influx of American missionaries into China, and the growth of the native clergy and native religious orders there, together with the very recent consecration of a number of native Chinese bishops.

There would seem to be but just one more thing to say on this matter, that thing, however, pressing rather closely upon the conditions which have already been discussed somewhat at length. A question is often put thus: What about our American boys and girls going out to these missions, that have been, in many cases, established and maintained for generations under the predominant methods of certain religious Orders manned by loyal sons of respective European nations? Can we expect them to make good, even under the transitional conditions as they have been described? Will they be able to take and stand the

medicine required of them during this most trying period, and even, possibly, to teach the lessons of a newer, higher, and better motivation, comporting more exactly with the very tenets of the Catholic Faith? How often these questions (not *all* of them, to be sure, nor always in precisely the terms I have used in stating them) have been put to me, especially by missionaries from other lands who are now laboring in foreign fields! Of the number of such questioning missionaries, most have come out of some one or another of the five predominating countries of Europe. Many of them have been prone to look askance upon the recent requisitions of young missionaries from America into these mission fields. They seem to feel a sort of distrust and suspicion of the qualifications of these men to cope with conditions as they are bound to find them.

On the other hand, I have learned that not a few of our American missionaries, who have now been working in raw mission territories for some years, are ready to declare that the older forces among European missionaries are bringing about a real stagnation of mission life through their non-progressive methods.

And so, taking all things into due consideration, I have invariably answered all such questions, when put to me on the mission fields, to this effect: that it is of no use making any prognostications whatever at the present time. Let time itself show what there is and what there is not to be commended on both sides of this problem.

Undoubtedly, to my mind, the future will show that exemplary and invaluable traits are to be found both with the 'old' and with the 'new.' It only needs a little more prayer to bring about that magnanimity of spirit which will enable future scions of *both* schools to select the best materials from each, and, after making due use of them,

to transcend the significance of both, while rising to new heights of spiritual efficiency in the missionary life.

Now here just a final word about LACK on the missions. Many missionaries worry themselves nearly to death, while living a hand-to-mouth existence, wondering from day to day how they are going to procure the bare means of sustenance. So it frequently happens, as I have already intimated, that all thought of expanding their work has to be given up absolutely; and all too often it becomes impossible even to consider the chances of keeping up with their present, hard-earned, mission attainments: matters soon get far beyond this point of miserable anxiety. The question becomes merely one of getting enough to keep body and soul together, in order to *hang on* and to continue the work in so far as human persistence may be expected to sustain it.

How different the picture here presented from that of the whole Protestant missionary organization, with its businesslike and well-managed system in more or less effectual operation everywhere throughout the foreign mission fields! At least, one *seldom* finds Protestant missionaries in the dire predicaments of LACK with which our Catholic missionaries are *usually* encumbered.

Very often, in giving missions or conferences on the home ground, I have been moved to make a comparison between our Catholic army of mission soldiers and the recruits that go out to war when the mother country calls for defense. What should we say if patriots and volunteers were placed under the necessity, not of facing the enemy valiantly, not of bearing all the hardships of army life and of battle? All these things are what the men of a country go out for: but suppose, after they were well out on the battle line, and in the very midst of fatally determining engagements, they were compelled to send heart-

rending appeals to the home base for needed reinforcements, for ammunition to continue the warfare, and even for food and clothing wherewith to make it possible for them to remain on the field at all! In the event of such existing conditions (and one must admit that there have been such), what would be the cry of scandal and shame that would go forth from the populace? and what the finger of scorn that other nations would be ready to point at such an infamously delinquent and culpable government? Yet is not the situation in the Catholic missions, usually, practically identical with this? Our priests, brothers, and sisters go out eagerly, willingly, anxiously; and they enter into the fray and do valiant, glorious service. But, — and let's make a long pause on the *but*, — are they adequately furnished with recruits during the crucial periods when glorious victories are being won? Do we send them out an adequate number of missionaries, priests, to enable them to hold positions already gained, and to go on to victory? Do we keep them supplied with ammunition (funds) with which to make their offensive engagements against the powers of Satan truly tell? Do we even supply them with the means whereby to 'live and stay on in the battle field,' or, finally, give them even the slightest tokens of our interest, sympathy, and spiritual support? In Batavia, Java, I came upon a monument, long ago erected to the memory of a pioneer; and the monument bore this inscription:

"In silentio et spe
Erat fortitudo ejus;
In laboribus plurimus
Certavit et vicit."

("In silence and in hope
Was his strength;
And in multitude of labors
He struggled on and conquered.")

The first two lines are obviously adapted from Isaias, 30:15.

"In silence and in hope shall your strength be": well, that is a proper motto for a missionary; and usually he follows it well. But what of us at the home base? Are we to be merely onlookers and critics of the great, self-sacrificing work going on in those far lands? Surely, if heroic men and women give up all that life holds dear to spread Christ's kingdom on earth, something is also expected of us, who remain sheltered, comfortable, and well nourished, in our native land. By all means, then, from the warmth of our charity, let us send them a generous tithe of the worldly goods with which the good God has blessed us.

But it is a fact that in this direction also attempts are to be noticed in many quarters looking toward a decidedly better establishment of what I should like to call *a procedure of orderly, Christian, businesslike method.* There is a determination to ascertain and make permanent ways and means to take care of our missionaries' living needs, while the missionaries themselves are being more and more allowed to devote all their time and efforts to the spiritual work for which they are Divinely destined. The establishment of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith at Rome, and the thoroughgoing reorganization of this Society throughout Christendom is a decided move in this direction; but the end is not yet. I fear that it will be yet many a long day before every missionary will be adequately provided for to such an extent as to permit him

to urge to the limit all his forces and gifts for the advancement of the noble enterprise to which his life is pledged, without being compelled in any way to dissipate spiritual gifts through resort to the most unfitting and odious occupation of sheer beggary.

But now, in coming to an end, I propose to give, in as succinct a manner as possible, a statement of my personal impressions of the most important considerations to be dealt with at the present time when endeavoring to come at a solution of the missionary problem as a whole, and from the Catholic standpoint. After presenting these considerations, with brief comment, it will be well to pass in rapid review the five great mission fields visited, in order to recall what we have found to be their more distinctly significant marks of interest for us, and also to take note how the considerations to be previously mentioned very directly and patently apply to them and, presumably, to most other mission fields as one may come upon them in almost any part of the mission-world.

First then, let us say, comes the predominance of the need for a representation of Western missionaries sufficient in numbers and in culture to provide for the deliverance of the Message to the immense hosts of the population, for the procuration of a native priesthood and a body of native religious, at the earliest possible moment that this can justly be accomplished, in order that the Gospel may become indigenous, as it were, to the particular soil and racial cultures of the people.

Second comes the need for a full realization that anything and everything in the nature of nationalism and congregationalism is a thing of the past, already negatived and made a thing of nought, and a thing never again to

be mentioned with impunity in association with missionary activities, if these activities are to endure — that is, to having *lasting* value and, finally, to triumph.

Third should be mentioned the need for the adoption and full carrying out of orderly and systematic business methods throughout the entire missionary program, leading to the time (God speed the hour) when missionaries, as such, will be allowed to pursue their God-bestowed labors unhampered by the petty necessity of interrupting their all-important spiritual labors to turn aside and beg for the crust to keep them in existence.

Fourth in order is the educational need, neglected by our missionaries in times past, that is, when compared with the over-emphasis which Protestant workers have placed upon this department of mission service. The Gospel today can neither be proclaimed, gained, nor retained, without trained minds to deliver the Message and trained minds to receive and hold it against all subtleties of destructive criticism. What is imperatively needed in the Catholic missions is a complete and thoroughgoing educational system, from the kindergarten and primary grades up to the highest courses of learning of our modern universities.

Fifth, consideration must be given to the crying need of a Catholic press, powerful enough and capable enough, and sufficiently well financed and disseminated, to guarantee its predominant influence in every mission field where inroads of modern materialism, secularism, socialism, hedonism, extreme pragmatism, and atheism are being made, practically without check, among a people all too ill trained to be able to cope with the sophistications and sensual and egotistic inducements they offer.

These five considerations, I should say, represent the high-lights of the missionary issue today, upon which depends almost utterly the question of the success of the Christian portrayal of life as it is being undertaken by our missionaries of this time. They hold within their comprehension and adequate disposal all the questions of certainty and doubt as to whether Christ's Truth is to conquer in this hour, among foreign and pagan powers.

But now let us in imagination take a rapid flight, revisiting, momentarily, as it were, the actual fields we have more or less leisurely visited heretofore.

Behold the Philippines, with its millions of people falling away from the Holy Religion which, centuries past, was delivered to their fathers, and has been handed down to them. Note the changes of political circumstance and condition that have tended to bring to pass this frightfully dangerous state of affairs, all because the population is so shockingly ill administered to as to priestly guidance and the distribution of all the sacramental consolations of our Holy Catholic Faith.

And hasten onward, over the spice islands of the East and the Dutch East Indies, till we come once more to the group of the Little Sundas; and there look down upon a people so willing and ready for what the good missionaries have to give them that the whole need becomes principally that of being able to get the Good Tidings sufficiently before the people and fixing them in their hearts, thus securing them in the Faith, before the garish torch-bearers of Mohammedanism have a chance to stampede the territory and intrigue the minds of a credulous and easily beguiled multitude.

But we must be on our way, over the skirt of the Indian Ocean and into the vast waters of the South Seas, to New Guinea. There, sharply observe the rough and raw work of Christianizing an indolent and all but primitive population.

Then, veering about and swinging northward, avoiding all typhoons and castastrophic conditions of either wind or watery element, let us make our way to that vast "Middle Kingdom" of the Asiatic continent and of the world. Here we come upon the classical mission field *par excellence*. Here the problem seems to be all one of facing an ancient culture now appearing as in the birth-throes of a changing order, and of succeeding in administering to them the milk of Christian teachings before their *ancient paganism* has a chance to come to a recrudescence in a *modern paganism* of far more rank and noxious materialism than anything their old life threatened — a paganism more utterly fatal to all prospects of a future spiritual development and ultimate salvation than their older civilization, even at its worst, had ever threatened.

Then, finally, we'll flit over the China Sea to Japan, the land of aesthetic charm and graciousness — a land needing only to know (but as yet, apparently, unequal to the knowledge) that Beauty, as well as Truth and Goodness, is to be preserved to the sight and everlasting joy of mankind in but one way — by steadfastly and habitually looking upon the Face of the "One altogether lovely."

So, it has come to pass that, in pursuing our travels through the five great Districts of the mission Society of the Divine Word, we have come upon the missionary problem in practically all of its most characteristic presentations. Therefore the things which we have seen and the conclusions we have drawn will doubtless be seen to apply, more or less pertinently, to missions the world over.

We have found that, everywhere, no matter *how* the problem has appeared, it has always shown itself as a problem for the Church Militant to deal with — that is, for the Church *struggling* and *wrestling,* amidst the very toils with which the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, would entangle and defeat it. But on the other hand, we have found that in the Orient, more than anywhere else, the theories of philosophers who would do away with the supernatural entirely are found to be simply impotent and fit only to be cast into the discard; for there, surely, one regularly meets with conditions where contact between the natural proclivities of race and hoary custom comes into such vivid contrast with the supernatural evidences of the blessed teachings of our Savior as either to appall and cure or to make mad and damn. Thus, even as of old, the missionary's life history is summed up in the words of the Psalmist, —

"Euntes ibant et flebant,
Mittentes semina sua.
Venientes autem venient cum exsultatione,
Portantes manipulos suos."

"They went forth on their way and wept:
Scattering their seed.
But returning, they shall come with joy:
Carrying their sheaves with them."

Psalm 125: 6,7

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